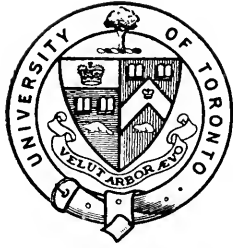


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An Illustrated Magazine
of Fine & Applied Art



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1917

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THE STUDIO

EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME

Contents, Feb. 15, 1917

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"A VIEW ON THE RHÔNE."
BY ALEXANDER COZENS.

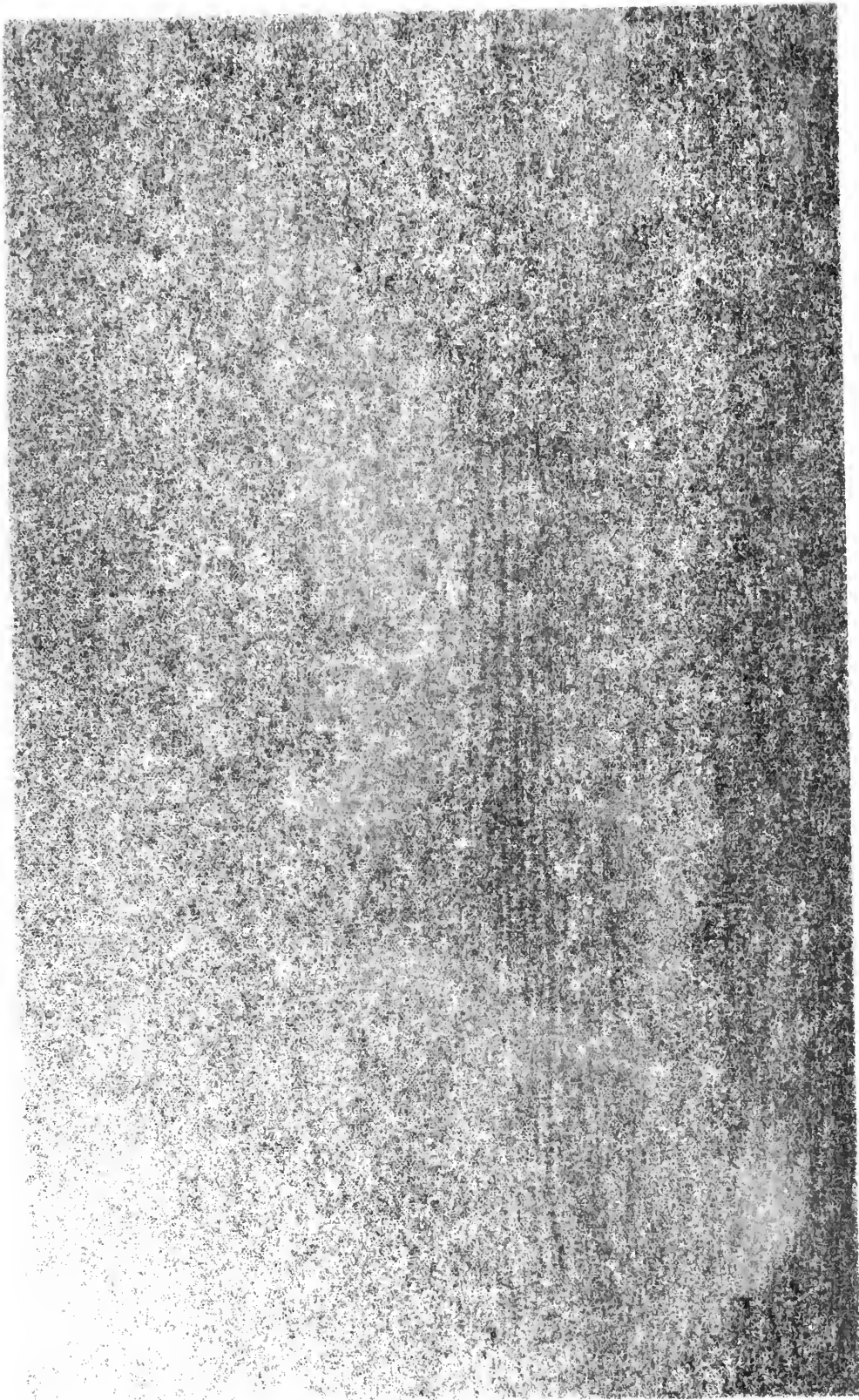
THE STUDIO

THE ART OF ALEXANDER AND JOHN ROBERT COZENS. BY FRANK GIBSON.

IN the work of these two men there are many points of excellence. They were important artists, especially J. R. Cozens, and were among the very first to contribute much that was great and beautiful to English landscape-painting in water-colour. Their drawings, too, greatly influenced landscape painters of all like Turner and Constable. An interesting comparison can be realized between the aims and achievements of father and son at the exhibition of their drawings now being shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Here the

art of Alexander and John Robert Cozens is shown in its fullness. The exhibition is a most interesting one, and will be a great help to those who are interested in the history of the art. It was a great pleasure to see the drawings of the two men, and to see the way in which they were done. The drawings are done in a very simple and direct way, and are very good. The same thing is true of the letters, which are also very good. The exhibition is a most interesting one, and will be a great help to those who are interested in the history of the art. The drawings are done in a very simple and direct way, and are very good. The same thing is true of the letters, which are also very good. The exhibition is a most interesting one, and will be a great help to those who are interested in the history of the art.





"A VIEW ON THE RHÔNE."
BY ALEXANDER COZENS.

(In the Collection of Thomas Girtin, Esq.)

THE STUDIO

THE ART OF ALEXANDER AND JOHN ROBERT COZENS. BY FRANK GIBSON.

IN the work of these two men there are many pictorial excellences. They were important artists (especially J. R. Cozens), and were among the very first to contribute much that was great and beautiful to English landscape painting in water-colour. Their drawings, too, greatly influenced landscape painters in oil like Turner and Constable. An interesting comparison can be realized between the aims and achievements of father and son at the exhibition of their drawings now being shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Here the

art of Alexander Cozens (comparatively unknown to most people) is especially well represented.

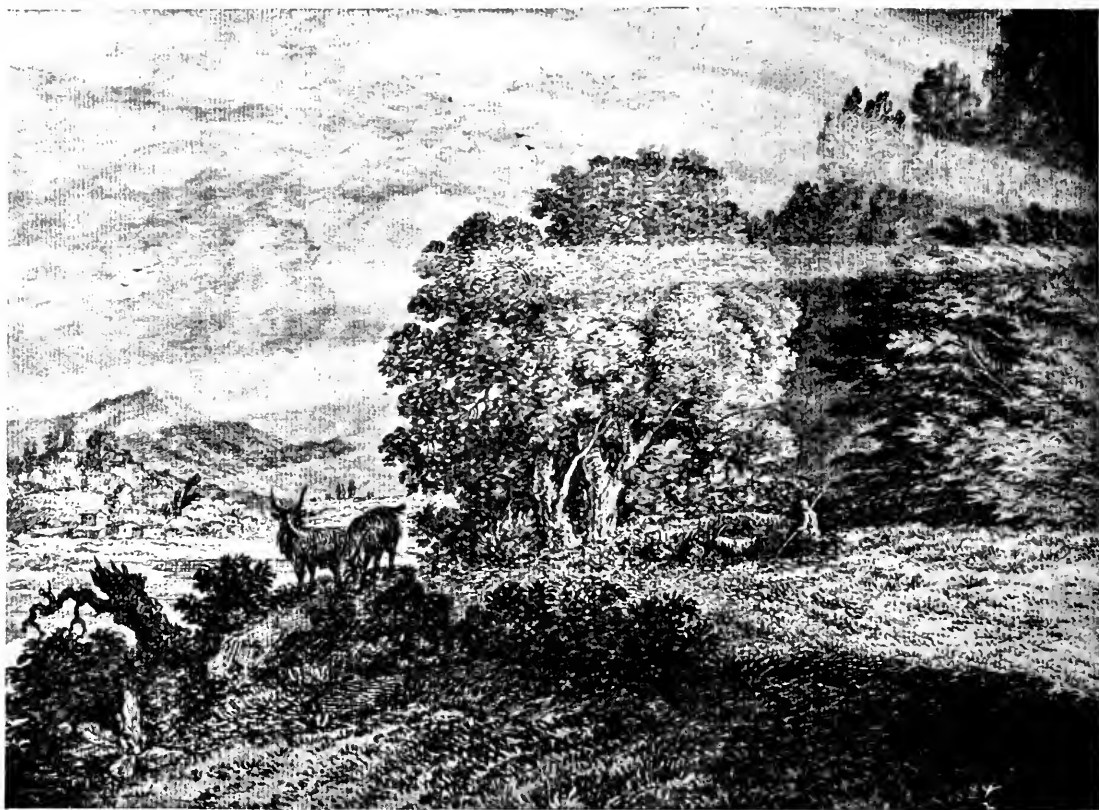
In spite of the gossiping stories of Henry Angelo and Edward Edwards, and the envious and bitter criticisms of Edward Dayes about the methods of the elder Cozens as a teacher, he was a highly skilled and firm draughtsman. He was accused by the above men of working up his pictures from smudges and dashes of colour placed at haphazard on paper. But the same thing is related of Turner, who on one occasion when he lacked inspiration for the foreground of a drawing, made three children dip their fingers in saucers of red, blue, and yellow colour, and then dabble their fingers on the white paper. These chance touches he worked



"FOREST SCENERY"

(Victoria and Albert Museum)

BY ALEXANDER COZENS



"VIEW NEAR ROME"

(Victoria and Albert Museum)

BY ALEXANDER COZENS

up into imaginary landscape forms. The theory that accident may help design was also held by Leonardo da Vinci, who in his writings recommends the stains on a plaster wall as aids to a landscape design. Cozens most likely got the idea from Leonardo, and this system of accidental blotting may have been a fashionable whim of the moment among his pupils. But it was certainly not the whole of his teaching, which is proved by some of his books, particularly one called "The Shape, Skeleton, and Foliage of Thirty-two Species of Trees," published in 1771. A book like this, which ran into a second edition, shows that he was thorough enough as a teacher in some essentials. At any rate very few of these so-called blottesque drawings by him have survived till to-day.

Alexander Cozens was one of two sons born to Peter the Great by an Englishwoman, the daughter of a publisher named Cozens, whose acquaintance he made when working in the dockyards at Deptford, and whom he took back to Russia. The date of Alexander's birth is unknown, and any account of his early life is

entirely lacking until he was sent by his father to study painting in Italy. From here he came to England in 1746, where he soon obtained a position both in art and society. He became drawing-master at Eton College and gave lessons to the Prince of Wales. He commenced to teach in the season at Bath about the time when Gainsborough left it, and had a number of fashionable pupils there. He knew many titled, wealthy, and illustrious people in his day, including Burke, Garrick, Flaxman, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other artists and connoisseurs by whom he was much esteemed. By his marriage with a sister of a fellow-artist, Robert Edge Pine, he left one son, the famous John Robert Cozens, whose art so captivated Turner, Girtin, and Constable. After a busy life as a teacher the elder Cozens died in London in 1786.

The art of Alexander Cozens is much less known generally than that of his son, though his early work can be studied very fairly in the comprehensive collection of forty-five drawings in the British Museum. These have a curious history. They were lost in Germany whilst the



(In the Collection of Thomas
Girtin, Esq.)

"LAKE AND MOUNTAINS"
BY ALEXANDER COZENS

The Art of Alexander and John Robert Cozens

artist was on his way to England in 1746, and were recovered by his son in Florence thirty years later. All these works, and also the very interesting collection of his drawings now displayed at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, show to the full his abilities as an artist. They prove him to be a clever and capable draughtsman in the style and manner of his time, with a sense for the composition of a scene, and also a considerable amount of poetical and personal feeling for natural landscape. His subjects vary, and his methods range from careful and elaborate pen-drawings, often as rigid as line-engravings, to rapid impressions of landscapes in pen and wash, or pen alone. Others with faint pencil outlines, which are almost obscured by washes, often possess luminous and aerial qualities. He attempted colour occasionally, but it is rather of a timid quality, and his water-colours in this manner are more like tinted drawings than anything else. Indeed his monochromatic works suggest colour better than his coloured ones. In this way he is much inferior to his son John, who on the top of a monochrome foundation could express wonderfully, with a very few tints, space, atmosphere, and colour. In the line-drawings of the elder Cozens

the pen and sometimes the brush is used with a firm, broad touch, and if elaborate in detail the result is often mechanical, though it seems less so when he reinforces his lines with washes. The two drawings entitled *View near Rome* and *Forest Scenery*, in the Dyce Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and which are here reproduced, show this. When he works with pure wash he often succeeds in giving atmospheric effects and a sense of vast distances, revealing the fact that he had a genuine sensibility for the beauty of light as it plays over a wide expanse of landscape, which is well shown in the drawing here illustrated and entitled *Lake and Mountains*.

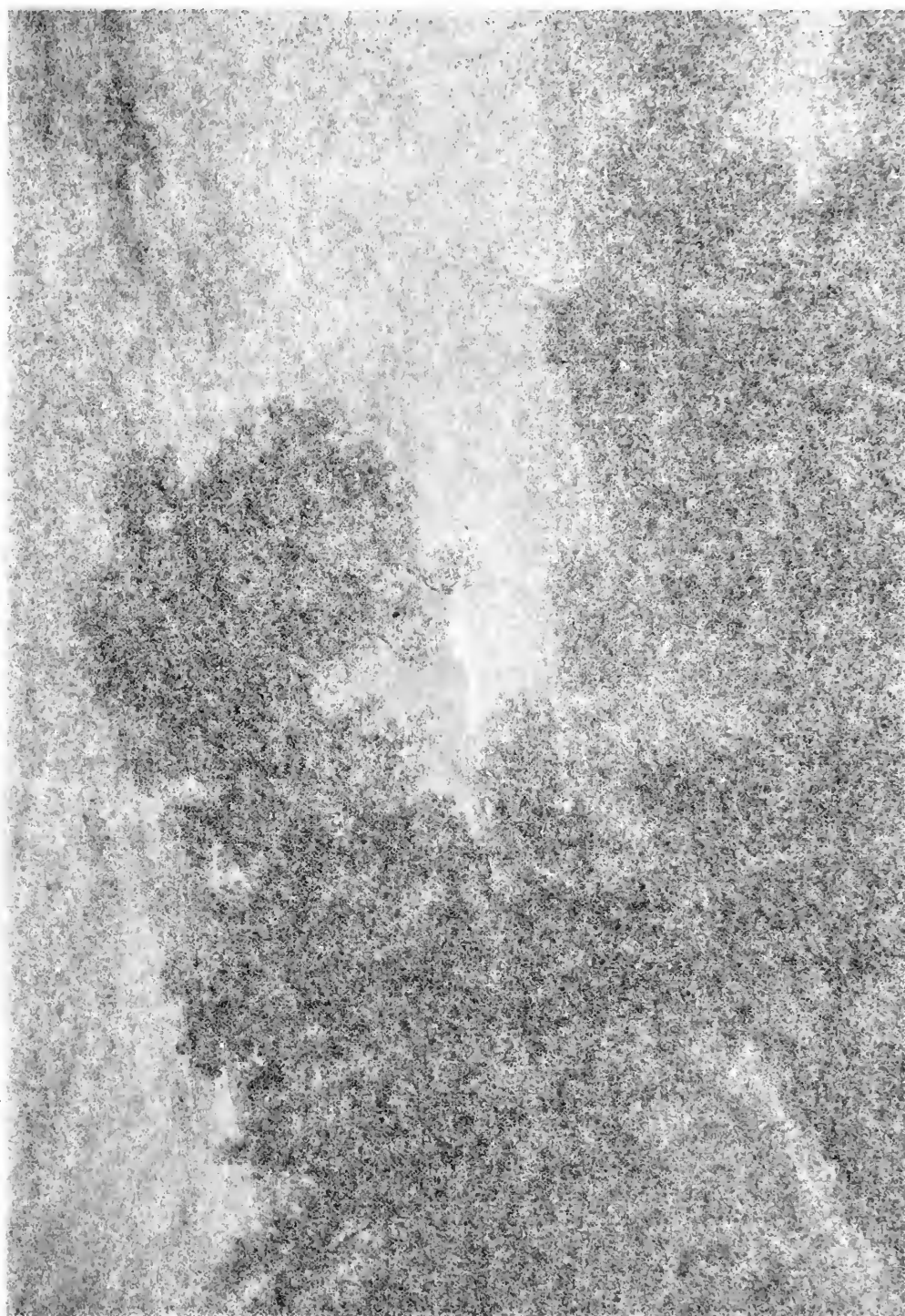
In the many studies he made of rocks and trees he reminds us very much of similar drawings by Claude, exhibiting the same facile, confident use of the medium and perception of the relations of light and shadow. He is like Claude, too, when he makes elaborate landscape compositions in pen and wash, yet the touch of Cozens is not so nervous or expressive as that of the older master, but is heavy and mechanical in comparison. Cozens is far more personal in his rapid impressions seen and noted down when travelling than in these careful but



"AN ITALIAN VALLEY"

(In the Collection of Thomas Girtin, Esq.)

BY JOHN ROBERT COZENS



The Art of Alexander and John Robert Cozens

and Cozens in the way to England in 1746 and stay in London till he got on in Florence thirty years later. He was a keen and also the very first of the English to draw and now this comparison with the Italian and the story to be told is not a new one. These prove that the English were not only in the front rank of the eighteenth century but that a new style was born in the eighteenth century. The English were not only in the front rank of the eighteenth century but that a new style was born in the eighteenth century. The English were not only in the front rank of the eighteenth century but that a new style was born in the eighteenth century.

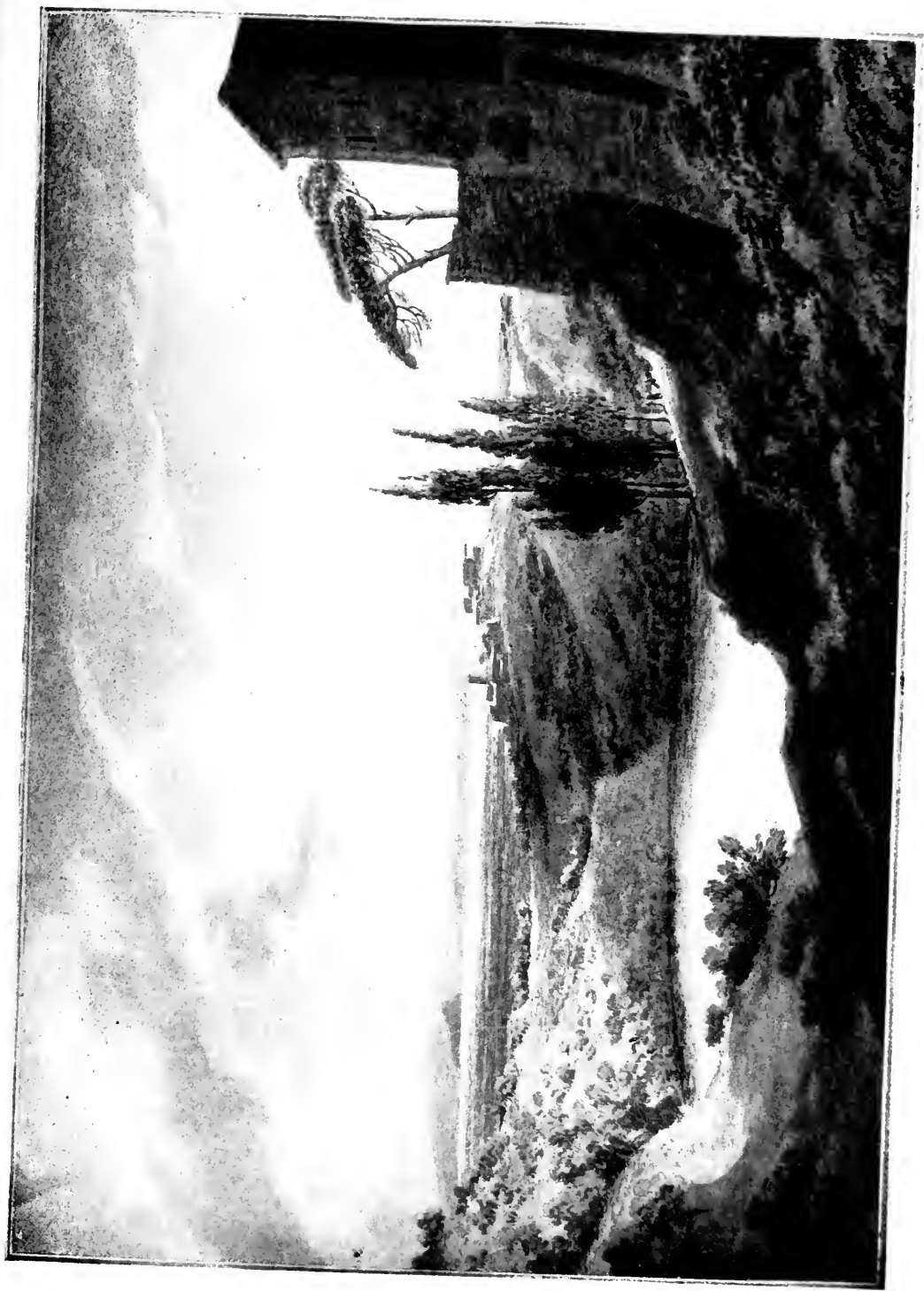
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*(In the Collection of C. Morland
Agnew, Esq.)*

"LAKE NEMI." BY J. R. COZENS

The Art of Alexander and John Robert Cozens



"TOMB OF THE PLANTIAN FAMILY"

(*In the Collection of Thomas Girtin, Esq.*)

BY J. R. COZENS (1789)

mannered pen-drawings. His best work was done when he observed nature for himself.

The art of his son, John Robert Cozens, is quite original; there is no trace in it of Claude, Poussin, or Salvator Rosa, the Dutch landscape painters, or even Richard Wilson, Gainsborough, and Paul Sandby. If there is the slightest likeness to anybody's work, it is to that of his father, and then only in method and subject, certainly not in sentiment or vision. This is only natural, for being carefully trained by his parent he became his most illustrious pupil.

What we know of J. R. Cozens's career we owe mostly to the account of C. R. Leslie, R.A., who, though a figure-painter, had a most thorough appreciation of good landscape painting. Leslie was an intimate friend and the first biographer of Constable. He possessed a few works of Girtin and greatly valued them. But above all he had such an admiration for J. R. Cozens that he said "there could be no improvement upon him when at his best." Born in 1752, the younger Cozens seems, like Girtin, to have worked hard and developed very rapidly, for when he was only fifteen years old he began to exhibit at the Incorporated Society

of British Artists, and at the age of twenty-four he was sufficiently skilled as a draughtsman and water-colourist to go with Robert Payne Knight, the archaeologist and art collector, to Switzerland and Italy to make sketches of the scenery. His first impressions of the Alps are wonderfully fresh, and his drawings are peculiarly interesting as being the first successful attempt at true representation of Alpine scenery. He seems to have been quite at home amongst mountains from the start, and gives the illusion of their height, bulk, and weight wonderfully well in spite of the difficulty of scale and proportion in dealing with large masses. Likewise he shows the valleys, snow-covered peaks, tree-clad slopes, the solitude of its lakes, mists, and clouds with great simplicity of means yet not at all in a commonplace or conventional way. This tour seems to have lasted from 1776 to 1779, when he returned to England. In 1782 he visited Italy again, this time in company with William Beckford, the famous author of "Vathek," for whom he executed a large number of water-colour drawings. This second visit apparently occupied about a year and extended over Italy and Sicily. Unfortunately the career of this poet-



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THE GIRTIN FAMILY

(after the portrait of Thomas Girtin, Esq.)

BY J. R. COZENS (1789)

of his drawings. His best work was done in the great natural beauties.

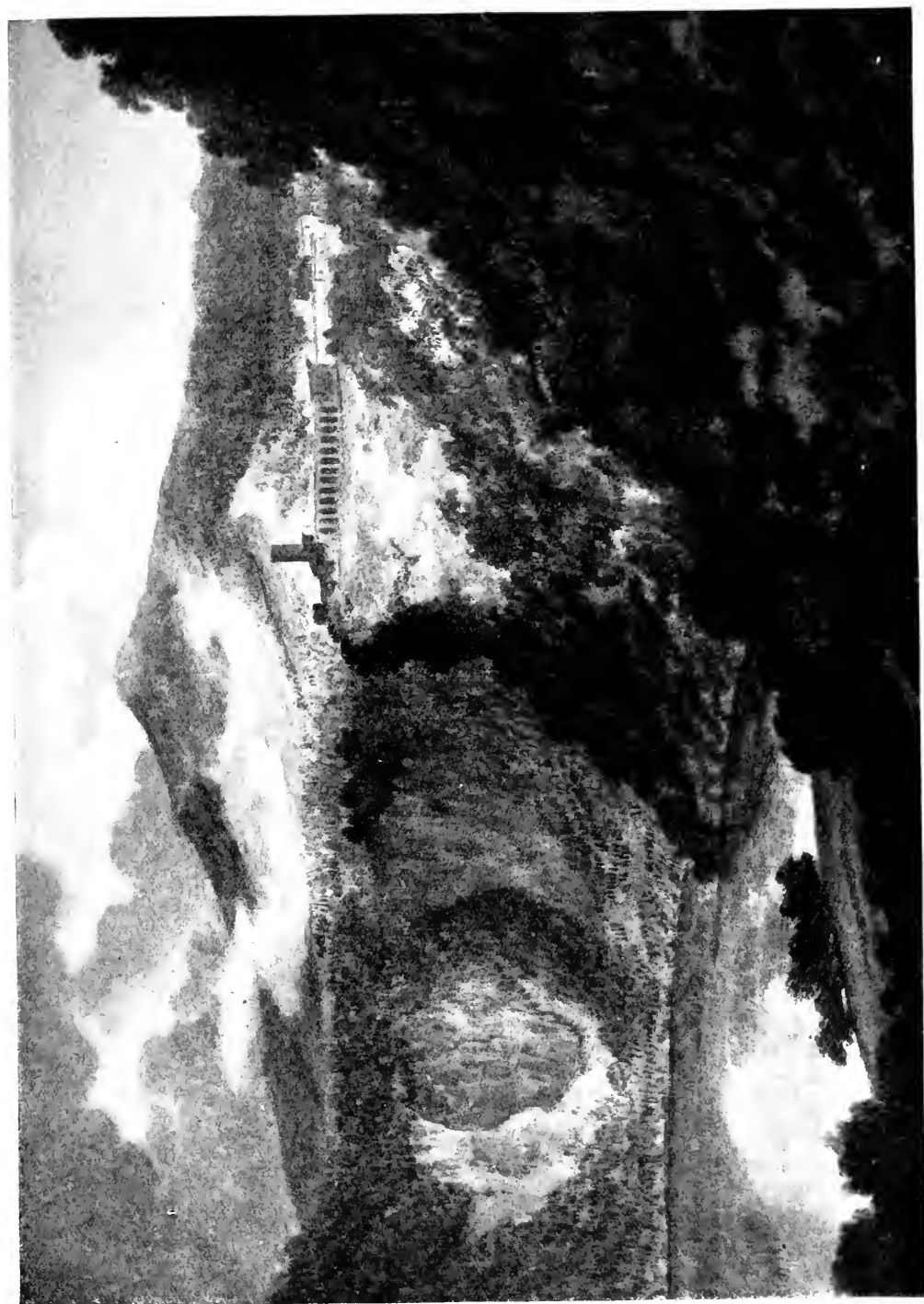
His first journey to the Continent was in 1764, when he went to France, and he returned in 1765. He was then in the company of Richard Wilson, who was a great admirer of his work. He then went to Italy, and he returned in 1766. He was then in the company of Richard Wilson, who was a great admirer of his work. He then went to France, and he returned in 1767. He was then in the company of Richard Wilson, who was a great admirer of his work.

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"MONTE CAVO WITH LAKE ALBANO"
BY JOHN ROBERT COZENS

*(In the Collection of Thomas
Girtin, Esq.)*

The Art of Alexander and John Robert Cozens

painter was cut short by insanity. He was under the care of Dr. Munro from 1794 until his death, the exact date of which is uncertain. It is commonly given as 1799, but there is evidence that he was living in 1801, for the paper of one of his drawings, called *Lake Nemi*, bears the watermark of that year.

The reputation of John Robert Cozens rests chiefly with his Italian drawings. Many of his grandest water-colours are of Rome, its neighbourhood, and of the country round Naples. Some of the finest of these are now in the collections of Mr. Thomas Girtin and Mr. C. Morland Agnew, and the most important ones are reproduced in these pages. Other phases of his art, such as the Swiss drawings, can be well studied in the Henderson Collection at the British Museum, and also at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Some of the Italian water-colours are of large size, such as the *Monte Cavo with Lake Albano*, which is one of three large drawings of the same lake from different points of view which Mr. Girtin possesses. The reproduction of this particular one shows how fine it is—perhaps the finest of its austere but beautiful kind which the younger Cozens ever did. Mr. Agnew has a similar version of one of these drawings, here reproduced in colour.

The reproduction of Mr. Agnew's other water-colours, such as the *Villa Negroni*, *Lake Nemi*, the beautiful valley scene with rays of sunlight striking through the clouds (an effect which Alexander Cozens attempted with scant success), the drawings belonging to Mr. Girtin, such as the fascinating

little *View near Porta Pinciana, Rome*, the *Tomb of the Plantian Family*, and the Italian valley scene ought to give some idea of the beautiful art of J. R. Cozens. Though they are almost monochromes, they suggest colour perfectly, but above all it is the tender poetical sentiment which he infused into these landscapes that makes him one of the most original and imaginative of landscape painters. It is not surprising that Turner eagerly copied many of his drawings, or that Constable said "he was the greatest genius that ever touched landscape." Though in achievement he excelled his father, he owed him much. And it is evident that the art of both father and son influenced the whole art of landscape painting in England.



"VIEW NEAR PORTA PINCIANA, ROME"

(In the Collection of Thomas Girtin, Esq.)

BY J. R. COZENS



The Art of Alexander and John Robert Cozens

born in 1717, and died in 1786. He was a landscape painter, and lived from 1791 until his death in 1831. His art is uncertain. It is not known whether there is evidence of his influence on the art of one of his sons, John Robert Cozens, but the little View near Porta Pinciana, Rome, the Tomb of the Plantian Family, and the Italian valley scene ought to give some idea of the beautiful art of J. R. Cozens. Though they are almost monochromes, they suggest colour perfectly, but above all it is the tender poetical sentiment which he infused into these landscapes that makes him one of the most original and imaginative of landscape painters. It is not surprising that Turner eagerly copied many of his drawings, or that Constable said "he was the greatest genius that ever touched landscape." Though, in achievement, he excelled his father, he owed him much. And it is evident that the art of both father and son influenced the whole art of landscape painting in England.

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SCULPTURE
BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, Esq.

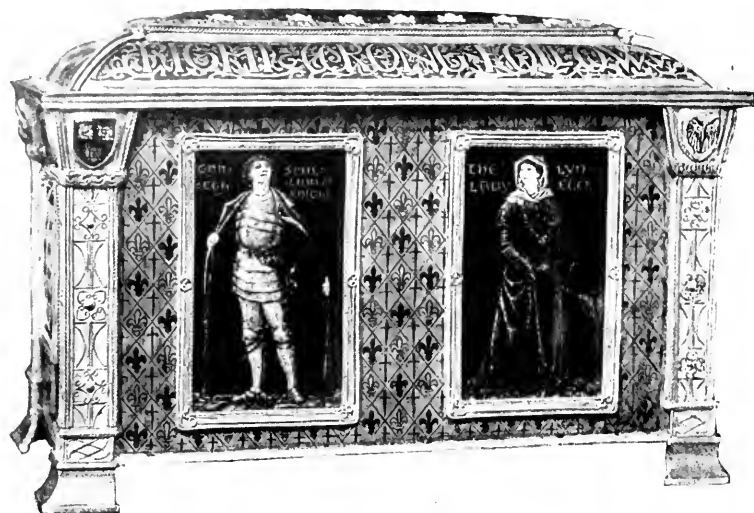
BY J. R. COZENS





"LAKE ALBANO WITH CASTEL
GANDOLFO." BY J. R. COZENS

*In the Collection of Thomas
Girtin, Esq.)*



CASKET OF SILVER AND LIMOGES ENAMEL. BY MILDRED WEBB

ARTS AND CRAFTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. *(Fourth and Concluding Article.)*

IF, as we all hope, other exhibitions of the Arts and Crafts Society are held at Burlington House in the winter, it is desirable that the velarium, if not dispensed with altogether, shall at least be restricted in its use. Whistler, it is true, improved the aspect of some of the summer exhibitions of the International Society by screening with white fabric the glaring top lights of certain galleries, but this arrange-

ment, excellent in its proper place, is unsuitable for winter exhibitions held in London between October and Christmas. At that season the full power of natural light is frequently insufficient, and as the whitest of fabrics soon becomes dingy and soot-stained in the winter atmosphere of the metropolis, the velarium becomes each day more impervious to illumination. The want of light was at times the cause of great inconvenience at the recent exhibition; especially in the

small room devoted to jewellery, enamels, and other metal-work, where it was at times difficult to see properly the examples displayed in the cases. Many of these have already been described in preceding articles on the Arts and Crafts Exhibition and illustrations of several others accompany these notes. Mr. J. Paul Cooper was exceptionally well represented in this section at Burlington House. Besides the beautiful sugar bowls and tongs and the octagonal casket in silver and dark green



SILVER ENAMELLED NECKLACE

(The property of Miss E. E. Hunt)

BY ARTHUR AND G. C. GASKIN



SILVER NECKLACES SET WITH STONES. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY KATE M. EADIE

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition



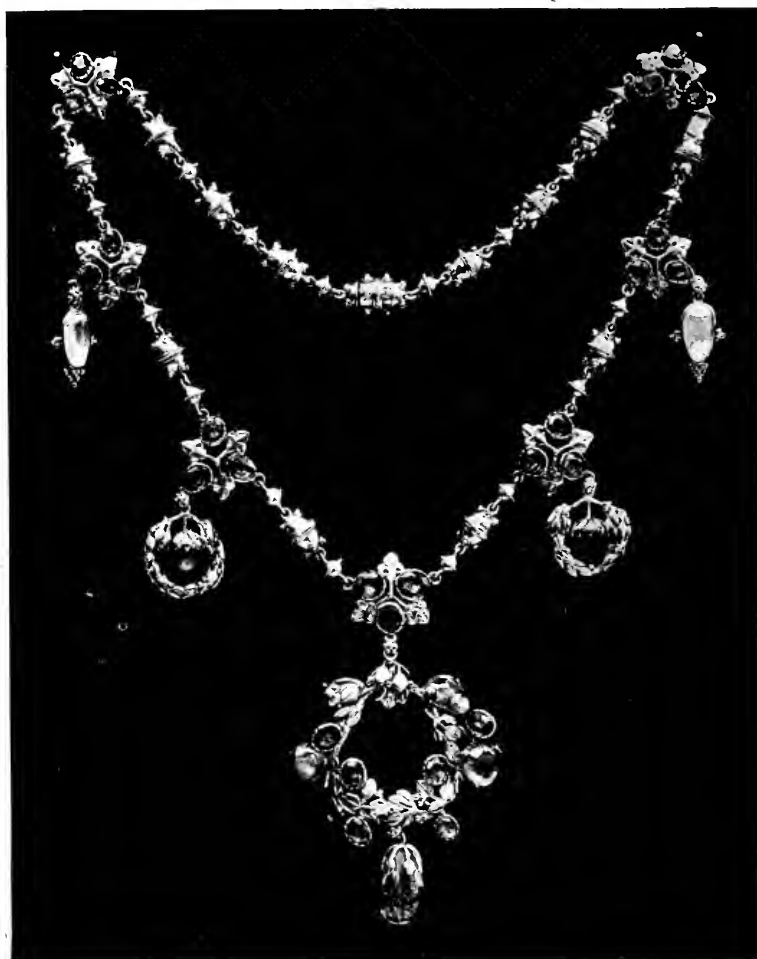
SILVER MORSE SET WITH CRYSTALS. DESIGNED
AND EXECUTED BY M. C. OLIVER

shagreen, illustrated on p. 22, he showed a number of boxes and vases of silver and shagreen, all of them agreeable. Mr. Cooper's necklace, also illustrated, is of gold of intricate pattern with large crystals and smaller gems of a red colour.

Another good necklace, more elaborate in treatment, is also illustrated. This necklace, *Bacchanale* (199 *bb*), by Miss Cecilia Adams, is composed of rectangular panels of green and white enamel on chains of beads, with an interesting pendant of gold, pearls, and rubies. The pendant has an oblong centrepiece, on the front and reverse of which respectively are small dancing figures representing Pavlova and Nijinski. The necklace (199 *ll*) by Miss Kathleen Winny Adshead, is dainty and pretty. It is of gold, enamelled and set with sapphires, spinel rubies

and seed baroque pearls. The four pendants by Miss Kate M. Eadie are all distinguished for their quiet harmonies of colour.

The remaining examples of silversmith's work and jewellery illustrated this month are by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaskin, Mr. William T. Blackband, Mr. M. C. Oliver, and Miss Mildred Webb. The interesting casket (229 *d*) by Miss Webb is of silver and Limoges enamel with niello panels. Mr. Blackband's necklace, *Silver Light* (201 *t*), is of silver, opal, and enamel; and the striking silver morse designed and executed by Mr. Oliver (201 *u*) is set with four large crystals and adorned with emblematical panels in blue, white, and red enamel. The silver enamelled necklace (202 *z*) is one of the best of the many pieces of jewellery contributed to the exhibition by Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin. It is composed of small green enamels of floral design,



GOLD NECKLACE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY J. PAUL COOPER

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition



NECKLACE, "SILVER LIGHT"
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY W. T. BLACKBAND

connected by slender chains, with a long pear-shaped amethyst for pendant.

With the exception of the interesting drawing, *The Adoration of the Magi*, by Miss Lilian Pocock, the remaining illustrations to this article are reproductions of designs by William Morris, Sir E. Burne-Jones, and Walter Crane shown in the Retrospective Room; a room full of mementoes of the earlier periods of the Arts and Crafts movement, and to some perhaps the most interesting part of the exhibition. A few of the examples shown date back to the days of Red Lion Square, where in the sixties the business of Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co., was founded, and included among its artist partners Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, and Philip Webb. The combination that collectively and through the individual efforts of its members was destined to influence strongly

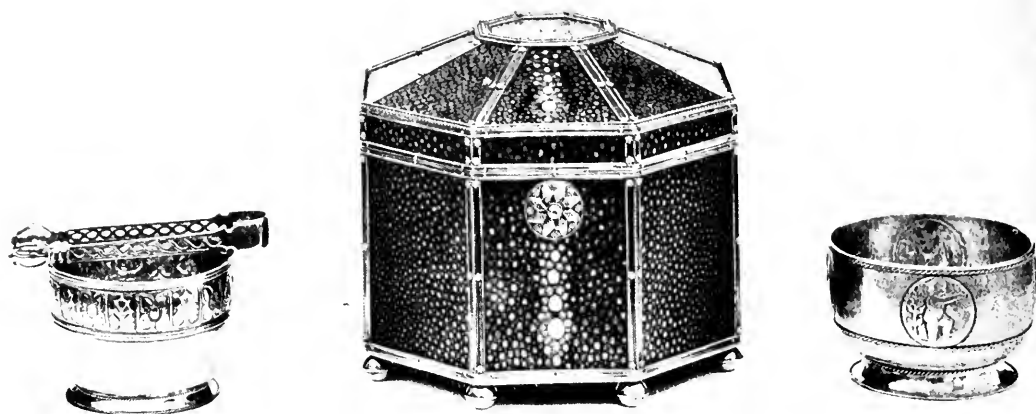
the taste of succeeding generations was strangely organized and most independent, and in the face of this and of the prejudices to be combated its success was surprising. Mr. William Rossetti, one of the few men now living who were acquainted with the conditions of the business, says of Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co.:

"Light or boisterous chaff among themselves, and something very like dictatorial irony towards customers, were the methods by which this singular commercial firm was conducted, and was turned, after a longish period of uncertain probation, into a flourishing success. There was no compromise. Mr. Morris, as the managing partner, laid down the law and all his clients had to bend or break. . . . The goods were first rate, the art and workmanship excellent, the prices high. No concession was made to individual tastes or want of taste, no question



NECKLACE, "BACCHANALE," WITH PAVLOVA AND NIJINSKI ON CENTREPIECE. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY CECILIA ADAMS

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition



SILVER SUGAR BOWLS AND TONGS, AND SILVER AND SHAGREEN CASKET

BY J. PAUL COOPER

of abatement was entertained. You could have the things such as the firm chose they should be, or you could do without them."

Such independence as this was the more remarkable in view of the fact that the firm in its early days was notoriously short of



GOLD NECKLACE, ENAMELLED, SET SAPPHIRES, SPINEL RUBIES, AND SEED BAROQUE PEARLS. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY KATHLEEN WINNY ADSHEAD



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI"
DRAWING BY LILIAN J. POCOCK

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition



ONE OF A SERIES OF DESIGNS FOR MINSTRELS. BY
WILLIAM MORRIS
(By courtesy of Messrs. Morris and Co., Ltd.)

capital. "This has always been my great difficulty; we have never had a hundred pounds to call our own," said Warrington Taylor, the excellent manager and man of business of the combination, in a letter to Dante Rossetti. There were difficulties, too, with Morris because he wished to sell the products of the firm too cheaply. "Morris and I," said Taylor, "never get hot with one another save on the subject of price. He is always for a low price; seeing the amount of work we do it is absurd. We must have a low price."

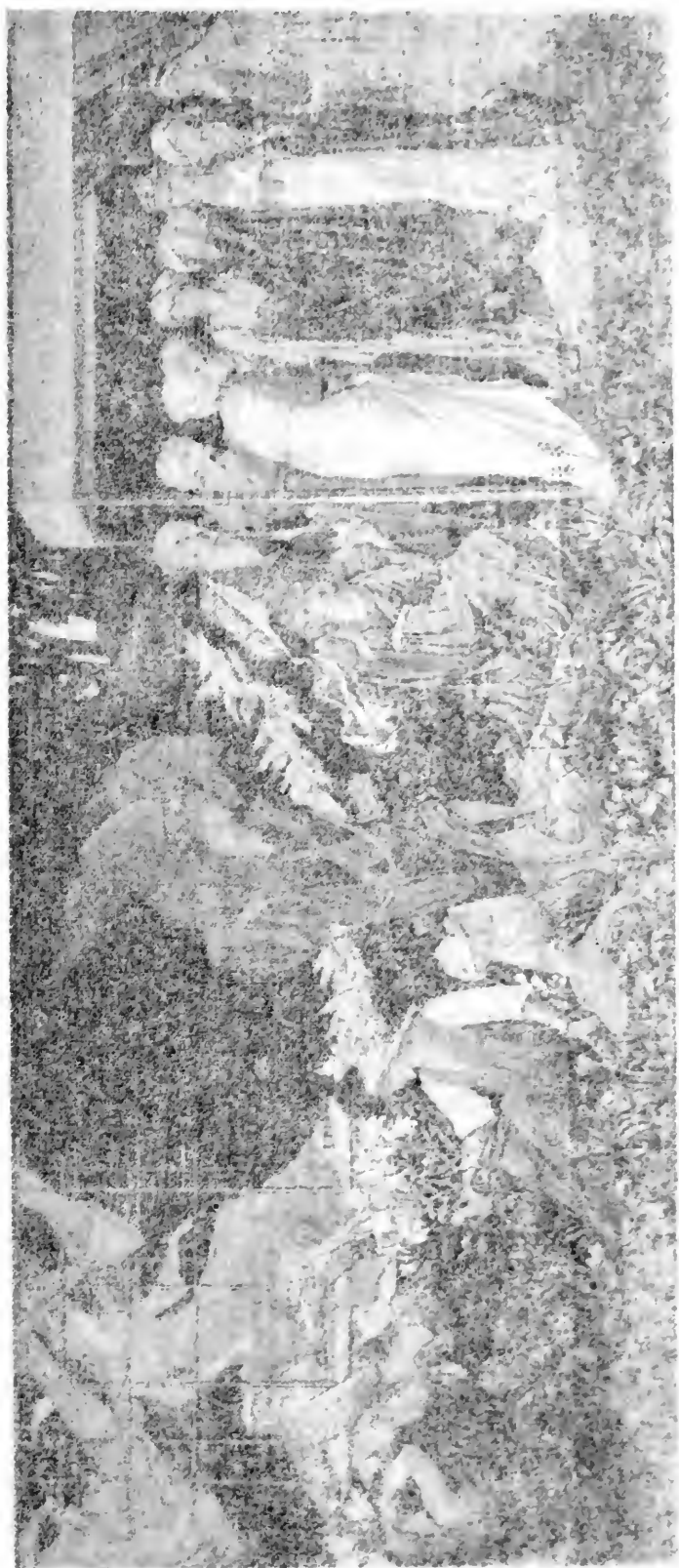
The work of Philip Webb, who was a partner in the original Morris firm, was represented in the Retrospective Room by the mace in silver

and enamel (81) designed by him for the University of Birmingham. But Webb's reputation rests principally on his work as an architect, in which capacity he designed, among many other interesting buildings, the house built by the late Val Prinsep, R.A., in Holland Park Road, and the Red House built by Morris at Upton, near Bexley. Webb afterwards designed an extension of the Red House, when it was proposed that Morris and Burne-Jones and their respective families should live under one roof, but this plan was never executed.

Of Burne-Jones, one of the pioneers of the Arts and Crafts movement, the Society was fortunate enough to obtain a notable work in the shape of the large *King Arthur in Avalon*



ONE OF A SERIES OF DESIGNS FOR MINSTRELS. BY
WILLIAM MORRIS
(By courtesy of Messrs. Morris and Co., Ltd.)



The Arts and Crafts Exhibition



P. Morris, *rs. Morris and Co., Ltd.*

“This has always been my first thought, we have never had a hundred men to call on,” said Warner. “The exception of the finger and thumb of the nation, in a sense.”

For the first time were difficulties noted. As the men wished to visit the

“The people are heavily

“The people are heavily

“The people are heavily

and enamel (81) designed by him for the University of Birmingham. But Webb's reputation rests principally on his work as an architect, in which capacity he designed, among many other interesting buildings, the house built by the late Val Prinsep, R.A. in Holland Park Road, and the Red House built by Morris at Upton, near Bexley. Webb afterwards designed an extension of the Red House, when it was proposed that Morris and Burne-Jones and their respective families should live under one roof, but this plan was never executed.

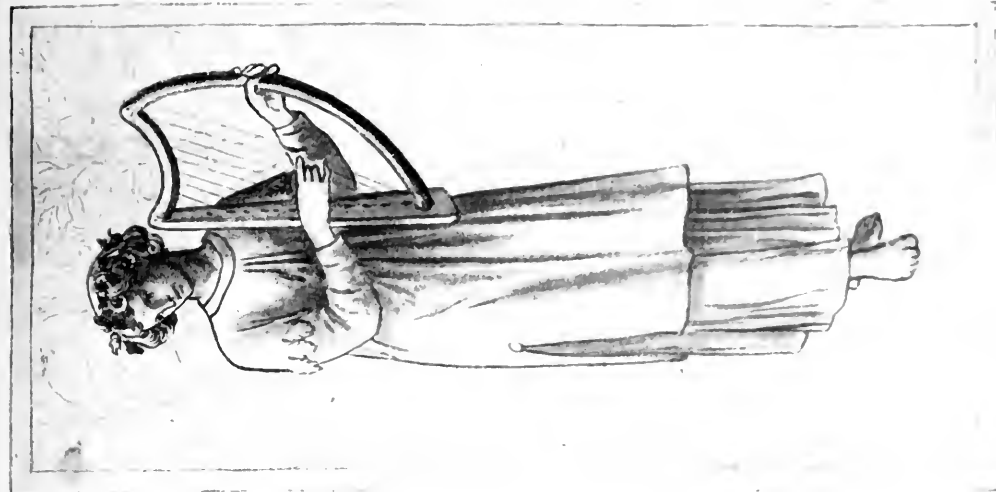
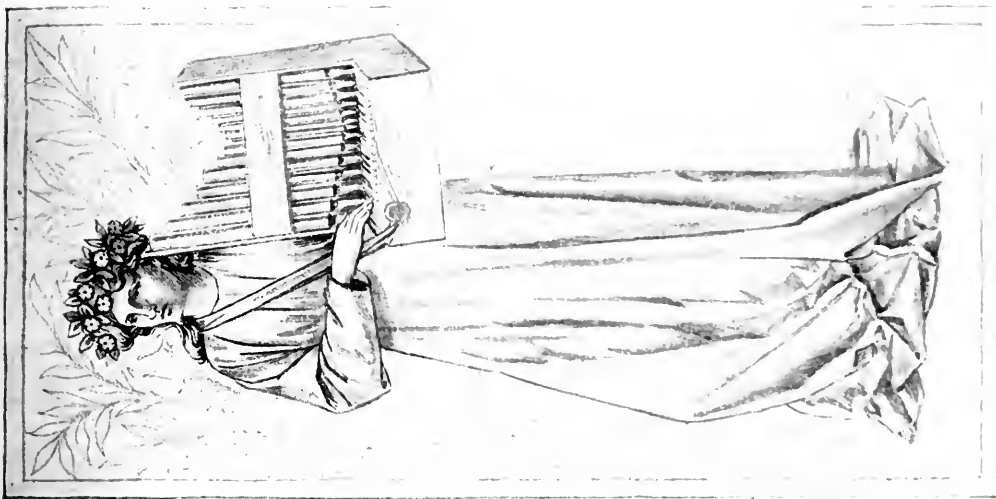
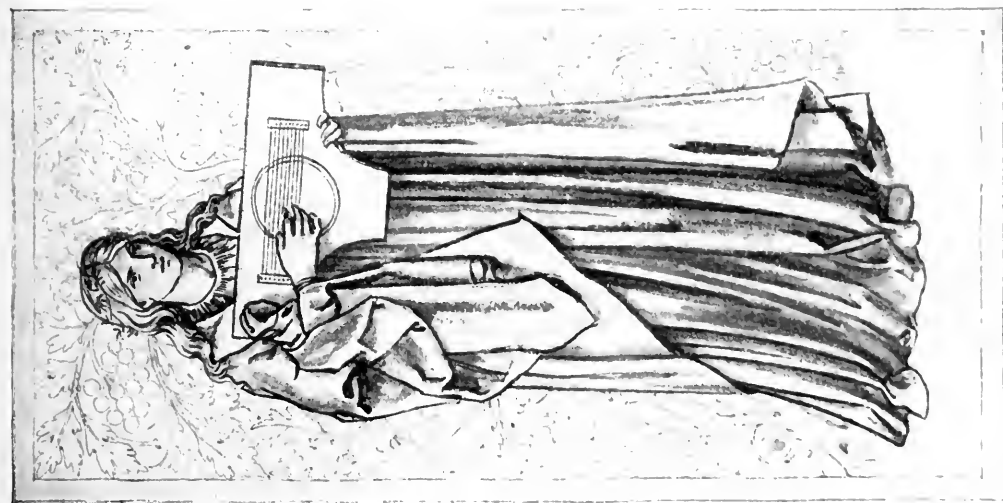
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OF A SERIES OF DESIGNS FOR MINSTRELS. BY
WILLIAM MORRIS
By courtesy of Messrs. Morris and Co., Ltd.)



THE PASSING OF VENUS DESIGN FOR
MORRIS TAPESTRIES BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-
JONES FROM THE DRAWING BY H. DEARLE



DESIGNS FOR MINSTRELS
BY WILLIAM MORRIS

(By courtesy of Messrs.
Morris and Co., Ltd.)



DESIGN FOR SPENSER'S "FAERIE
 QUEENE." BY WALTER CRANE

(By courtesy of Lancelot
 Crane, Esq.)



ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY, "THE APPLE TREE." BY WILLIAM MORRIS
(By courtesy of Messrs. Morris and Co., Ltd.)

(18) or *Avalon* as the artist himself called it. This picture occupied his thoughts and attention for many years, and was still unfinished at the time of his death. It represents King Arthur sleeping in the happy Isle of Avalon :

Where falls not hail, or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea ;

to which, after his last battle, he was carried in the mystic barge by the three queens, who with their attendants guard and watch over him until the time when he shall awake from his long slumber and come into his own again. The beautiful tapestry which Burne-Jones designed for the Morris firm was destroyed in the fire at the Brussels Exhibition of 1910.

From the little group of artists and craftsmen of the sixties whose work was shown in the Retrospective Room has developed the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, by which much has been accomplished and much is being done. With the new developments initiated at the recent exhibition at Burlington House still greater possibilities in the way of influencing

and improving public taste lie before the Society, whose utmost efforts will no doubt be directed towards these desirable ends. But artists are not always men of business, and if the Arts and Crafts movement grows in range and strength as its friends desire, a Warrington Taylor will be as necessary to the Society as it was to the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co. A permanent official accustomed to the management of exhibitions should be appointed, from whom information could be readily and speedily obtained. It would then be impossible for the representatives of a journal whose attitude towards the Arts and Crafts

Society has always been wholly sympathetic to have to wait more than three weeks for a reply to one urgent communication, and in the case of others to receive no answer of any kind.
W. T. WHITLEY.

THIRD RED CROSS ART SALE AT CHRISTIE'S. For the third year in succession the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John are appealing to the public to help them in making a success of a great art sale by Messrs. Christie, who have again generously promised to undertake the work free of all remuneration. The sale is fixed for the end of March and it is hoped that contributions will be sent without delay ; but in view of the serious depletion of Messrs. Christie's staff through the war, and their inability to allocate to the sale more than a limited number of days, the joint War Committee of the two institutions ask that benefactors should aim at sending objects of high individual quality and value, even if few in number. All gifts should be sent to the Red Cross Sale Depot, 48 Pall Mall, London, S.W.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

THE Thirty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy was opened in the galleries of the Art Association at Montreal in the middle of November. The three hundred or so examples of works shown were contributed by one hundred and forty-one exhibitors, the majority of whom are residents either of Montreal or Toronto, which are still essentially the chief art centres of the Dominion. The West, at this exhibition, was represented by the work of one British Columbian and of one Manitoban painter only; while also there was but one exhibitor from the Maritime Provinces.

Broadly speaking, the exhibition evidenced a further advance in the evolution of Canadian art, which is year by year becoming more

individual, more indigenous, and less weakly reminiscent of the art of other and older countries and of former times and manners. This applies, naturally perhaps, more particularly to the development of Canadian landscape painting, in which direction the scope, opportunity, and stimulation are greatest. The inspiration of quite the majority of the canvases in the exhibition under notice was derived from the study of landscape; and the interpretation and expression of these diverse but always distinctively Canadian aspects of nature were in many instances personal, sincere, and satisfying. Of such, I would make special reference here to the work of three of our less well-known or younger artists, each of whom possesses talent of a high and uncommon order, but whose manner and methods of expression are widely dissimilar. This trio consists of Mr. O. Leduc, of Saint Hilaire, Que., Miss Mabel H. May, of Westmount, Que., and Mr. Tom Thomson, of Toronto.



"EARLY SPRING"



O. LEDUC 1914

"NEIGE DOREE." BY
O. LEDUC, A.R.C.A.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

Mr. Leduc is entirely self-taught; he is not prolific, but for some years past has been content to exhibit one or two pictures annually at the exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, or at the Spring Exhibition of the Montreal Art Association. These examples, commonly small in point of size, nevertheless invariably have commanded attention and interest because of their charm and expressiveness. To one of the local exhibitions last year, however, Mr. Leduc sent a picture which first adequately displayed his undoubted powers. His very beautiful landscape *Neige dorée*, just exhibited, was even more appealing, and one notes with satisfaction that it has been purchased by the Canadian Art Commissioners for the National Gallery at Ottawa, while Mr. Leduc has been further honoured by the Canadian Academy, who have elected him an Associate. In his work there is discerned a certain fine spirituality, expressed without a suspicion of self-consciousness, and

in no degree detracting from its bigness and virility. His technique is peculiarly his own. It is meticulous without being niggardly, and every stroke of his brush has significance.

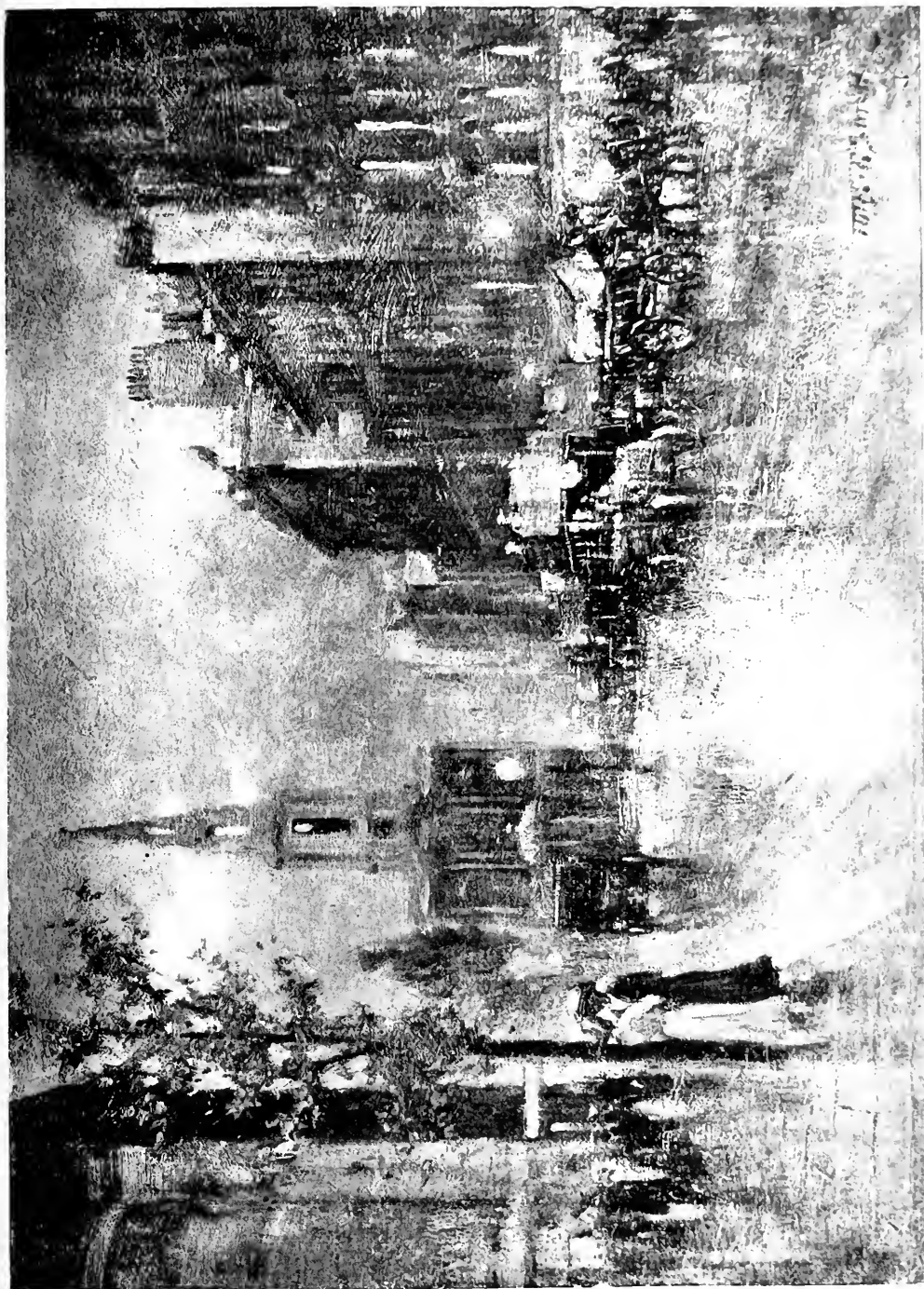
Miss May's progress in craftsmanship during the past year has been remarkable, and she has now attained a mastery that enables her to give fuller expression to her genuine artistic ability. Her paintings, usually of landscapes in which figures are introduced, have never lacked character; but her recent work has become more arresting because of qualities of light and atmosphere that it did not possess formerly. The *Boats on the St. Lawrence*, one of four canvases in this exhibition, has been purchased by the Canadian Government, and is characterized in particular by a luminous opalescence.

Mr. Tom Thomson, like Mr. Leduc, is also practically self-taught, although he no doubt is to some extent indebted to Mr. A. Y. Jackson



"LOW TIDE"

BY MABEL H. MAY, A.R.C.A.



"ST. MARY-LE-STRAND." BY
F. M. BELL-SMITH, R.C.A.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

for technical guidance and encouragement. His great love of nature had led him to pass months at a time in the wilds of Northern Ontario, where quite alone he lived the life of a *voyageur*. Presently he experienced the desire for expression, and made his first essays in monochrome, producing sketches and little pictures that revealed latent power and deep feeling. It is only within the last three or four years that he has added to the strange charm of his productions the interest of strong and brilliant colour. His landscapes, while frankly decorative in treatment, nevertheless potently express the spirit of the Canadian northland—its dignified and splendid calm and its pathetic aloofness and isolation. He was represented in the exhibition under review by one picture only, *The Hardwoods*, which indicates a maturer perception and a more experienced control of the medium employed for its expression.

The examples of the work shown by most of our landscape painters of established reputation were well up to, and in some instances in advance of, the standard which we have become accustomed to expect. Our winter, with its brilliancy and colourfulness, is ever an unfailing inspiration to the native-born artist; and as usual a number of pictures were exhibited on this occasion wherein snow and ice figured prominently. One such was Mr. Maurice Cullen's *A Northern Brook*, a picture relatively small in size but of exceptionally fine quality; and another, *Early Spring*, by Mr. J. W. Beatty, was notable for its breadth and boldness of treatment and handling. Of Mr. Clarence A. Gagnon's four pictures, two were endeavours to represent the glory of sun-emblazoned snow, and his *Late Afternoon Sun, Winter*, a wondrous juxtaposition of ruby and amber. In a fourth picture, *The Wayside Cross*, the motif was essentially the effect of mystery that is imparted by the soft enshrouding mists of an early autumn morning to the hills of the Laurentians. This has been purchased by the Canadian

Government. Mr. A. Y. Jackson, who with four other members or associates of the Academy is serving with the colours in France, and has been already once wounded in the performance of that duty, exhibited *Factories at Leeds, England*, and *The Cedar Swamp*, both of them distinguished works. Mr. Jackson has not only a fine sense of harmonious design, but a manner of expression that is as virile as it is sincere.

The President of the Academy, Mr. Wm. Brymner, C.M.G., was represented by four admirable landscapes, of which *A Lonely Grave, Louisburg, N.S.*, and *Sunset, Louisburg, N.S.*, may be specially noted. In addition to its decided artistic appeal, a certain historic interest attaches to the former of these paintings, since the grave in question is that of Lord Dundonald, an ancestor of that Lord Dundonald who not long since served for a term of years in Canada as general officer commanding the Canadian forces. Lord Dundonald died in 1758. Typically Canadian also, and at the same time expressive of personality and temperament, were the landscapes exhibited by Mr.



"HARBOUR OF ST. IVES"

BY HARRY BRITTON

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts



"CÔTE DES NEIGES, WINTER"

BY PERCY F. WOODCOCK, R.C.A.



"SUNSET, LOUISBURG, NOVA SCOTIA"

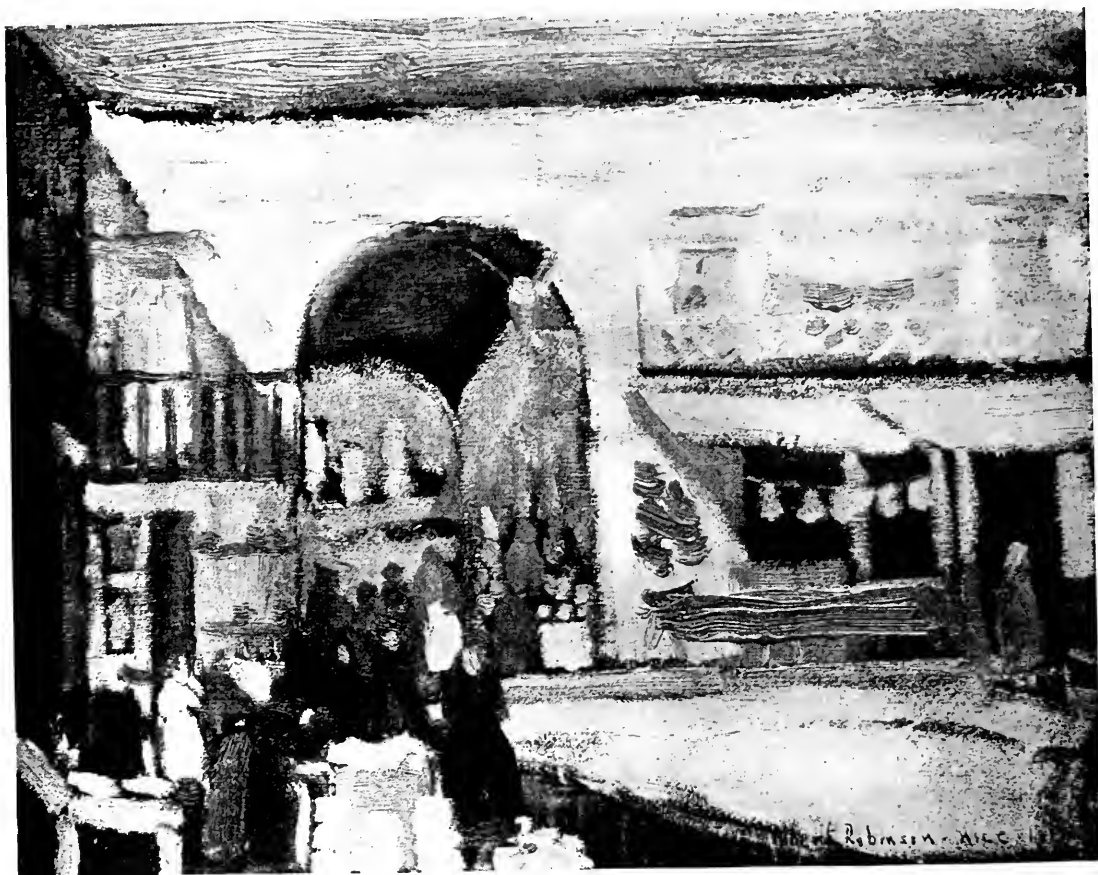
BY WILLIAM BRYMNER, C.M.G., P.R.C.A.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

Herbert S. Palmer, Mr. H. E. H. MacDonald, and Mr. Arthur Lismer. Mr. Palmer is in particular a strong painter and a clever draughtsman who has made very notable strides during the last year or two. Mr. MacDonald always displays in his work a bigness of feeling and an excellent sense both of pattern and colour. In Mr. Lismer's *A Westerly Gale, Georgian Bay*, purchased by the Government, the suggestion of wind and movement is admirably conveyed.

Another picture purchased for the National Gallery, *The Play Hour*, by Mr. Arthur D. Rosaire, though perhaps not entirely characteristic of the manner of this promising young artist, must be considered more successful, in many respects, than much of his former work. The subject is a tree-fringed pool with geese, rendered in quiet tones of grey and green, and the general effect is atmospheric and tuneful. Mr. Homer Watson in *March Evening* and *Breaking Winter* has aimed to record effects of sunlight on frost-bound fields. Other distinctively Canadian

landscapes worthy of special mention are Mr. Charles de Belle's soulful and refined *Depression*; Miss Alice des Clayes' *Flooded Land, Kirkfield, Ont.*; Mr. W. E. Atkinson's *The Afternoon Thaw*; Miss Harriet Ford's *A Winter Landscape*; Mr. John Hammond's *Birch Dale, W.B.*; Mr. H. Ivan Neilson's *An October Day, Cap Rouge River*; Mr. G. A. Reid's *A Winter Sunset*; Mrs. Mary H. Reid's *Marshy Woods, November*; Mr. G. Horne Russell's *Seal Cove, Grand Manan, N.B.* (purchased by the Canadian Government); and Mr. Percy F. Woodcock's *Côte des Neiges, Winter*. In addition there were several praiseworthy landscape works, the subjects for which were found outside of Canada, among them being some deliciously colourful canvases of Cuban landscape by Mr. W. H. Clapp; striking pictures of the Cornish coast by Mr. Harry Britton; Mr. Albert H. Robinson's *Old Sea Wall, St. Malo*, and *Old Market Place, Nice*; Mr. Bell-Smith's *St. Mary-le-Strand*; and Mr. John Johnstone's *Rue de Venise, Paris*, and *Pont Aven, Bretagne*.



"THE MARKET-PLACE"

BY ALBERT H. ROBINSON



"EVELYN AND BABY, DAUGHTERS
OF W. R. MACINNES, ESQ." BY
GERTRUDE DES CLAYES



"THE LAST FLOWERS." BY
CHARLES DE BELLE

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

Of the portraits shown Mr. Curtis Williamson's *W. Cruickshanks, R.C.A.*, one of Canada's pioneer artists, compelled attention by its masterly characterization. One can only regret that an artist of Mr. Williamson's outstanding ability should not be more prolific; that he is not may be attributed largely to the supremely high standard which he aims to attain and to the hypercritical severity of his judgment of his own efforts. Another satisfying and charming portrait, *Evelyn and Baby, Daughters of W. R. MacInnes, Esq.*, was exhibited by Miss Gertrude des Clayes. The portrait of *Sergeant P. Stearns, Esq.*, by Mr. E. Dyonnet, Secretary of the Academy, is dignified and a sound piece of craftsmanship; while two excellent portraits were also shown by Mr. E. Wyly Grier. Mr. Robert Harris, C.M.G., and Sergeant Charles Maillard exhibited self-portraits—the latter in his uniform as a "poilu," wearing the Military

Cross, which he won for an act of great gallantry. In *The Last Flowers*, Mr. Charles de Belle has given beautiful expression to a wholly delightful and poetical conception. This has been purchased for the National Collection, and will worthily represent the artist there. Reference should moreover be made to the naïve and interesting paintings *The Orphans* and *Girl with Baskets*, by Miss Emily Coonan; to two flower and still-life studies of admirable quality by Miss Florence Carlyle; to two paintings of mothers and children, so tender in feeling, by Mrs. Laura Muntz Lyall; to Miss Estelle M. Kerr's well-studied *Reflections*; to Miss Bertha des Clayes' *Goosegirl*; to Miss Marion Long's *The Black Fan*; and to Mr. Peter C. Sheppard's ambitious picture *The Bridge Builders*.

Among the works in black and white, drawings by Mr. Wilfred M. Barnes, Mr. Frederick S. Challenger, and Capt. Louis Keene call for remark,

as do the etchings shown by Mr. Herbert Raine. In the sculpture section interesting contributions came from Mr. A. Laliberté, Mr. Emanuel Hahn, and Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy.

The Academy awarded the Travelling Scholarship, offered by the Trustees of the National Gallery, to Mr. Edward R. Glen, of London, Ont.

H. MORTIMER-LAMB.

THE LATE E. A. ABBEY, R.A.—Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has been invited by Mrs. Abbey to write a memoir of the late E. A. Abbey, R.A., asks that such of our readers as have letters from that artist, and are willing to lend them for possible publication, will be good enough to send them to him at Chelsea Lodge, 42 Tite Street, London, S.W., where they will be carefully handled, copied, and quickly returned.



SELF-PORTRAIT

BY ROBERT HARRIS, C.M.G., R.C.A.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The three landscapes by Mr. Wilson Steer, Prof. Fred Brown, and Mr. Collins Baker respectively, from which the accompanying reproductions have been made, were features of the recent exhibition of the New English Art Club, which, as remarked in our brief notes last month, was particularly strong in landscape—a result traceable, possibly, to the relaxation of the rigorous restrictions on open-air sketching.

At a meeting convened by Mr. Francis Howard at the Grosvenor Gallery in December, for the purpose of considering a substitute for the National Gallery Bill now before Parliament, the following resolution proposed by Mr. Wilson Steer was adopted and received influential support: "We advocate a Bill to forbid the sale (except to the National Gallery) or export during the war and for two years after of the pictures earmarked by the Board of the National Gallery, and, with a view to purchasing these for the nation, and augmenting National

Gallery funds, to levy an export duty of 25 per cent. on all pictures not produced within the last fifty years, or brought into Great Britain within the last ten years. Pending the discussion and passing of the Bill, we advocate an Order of Council forbidding the sale or export of any of the earmarked works of art."

In the opinion of those who advocate these proposals the chief objection to the Bill, introduced by Lord D'Abernon and passed by the House of Lords, is that it is entirely inadequate to achieve the end it has in view, as the funds which would accrue from the measures contemplated by it would not suffice to save more than ten per cent. of the pictures which it is desired to secure for the nation. A strong protest against the Bill has also been signed by the representatives of the leading art societies in the United Kingdom.

At a meeting of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours last month Mr. David Murray, R.A., was elected President of the Institute in succession to the late Sir James D. Linton.



"CHIRK CASTLE"

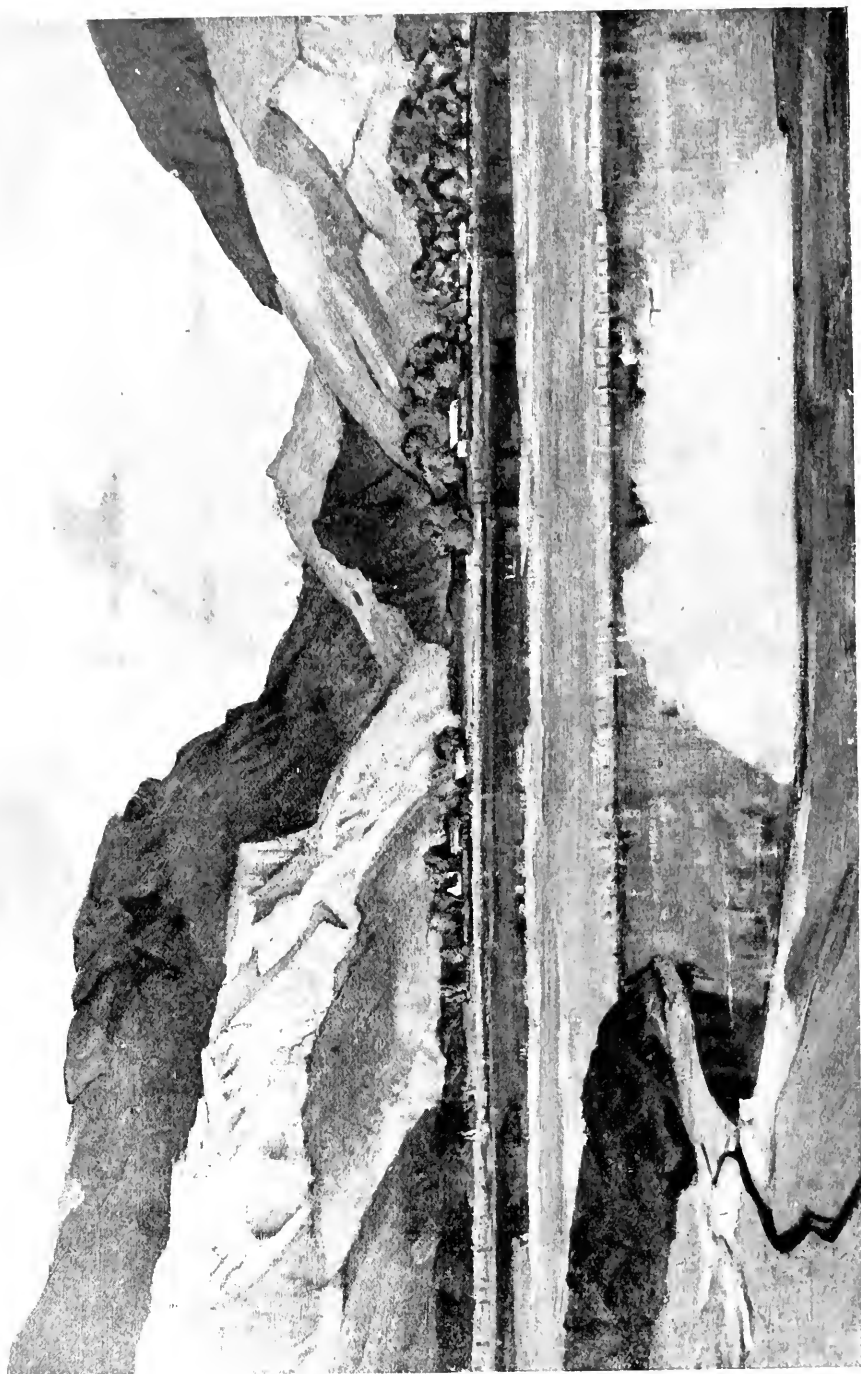
(New English Art Club)

OIL-PAINTING BY P. WILSON STEER



"THE HARVEST FIELD." OIL-
PAINTING BY FRED BROWN

(New English Art Club)



"RHYDYGARNEDD." OIL-PAINTING
BY C. H. COLLINS BAKER

(*New English Art Club*)

EDINBURGH.—The Twenty-Third Annual Exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists which has just closed was indicative of the strenuous times in which we live. The Royal Scottish Academy galleries being only available during the darkest months of the year, the roof lighting made it imperative that there should be early closing. It says a good deal, however, for the courage of the Council that they have made such a creditable effort as they have done to keep the flag of art flying notwithstanding that so many members are on some form of war service. It was the practice of the Society, before the Academy fell into line with the idea, to devote a fair amount of their wall-space to the display of works by British and Foreign Masters, and the closing of the Tate Gallery gave the opportunity at this time of showing a representative selection of British works of very varied interest. The other outstanding feature of the Society, the opportunity it gives the younger men of exhibiting satisfactorily work on a larger scale than might secure proper placing in the Academy exhibition, was only moderately taken advantage of, but the quality of the work all over was highly commendable.

The President, Mr. Robert Home, had as his principal exhibit a portrait of a girl with a skipping rope, and several Fifeshire landscapes. Rapid though his progress as a portrait-painter has been, the portrait of his wife showed a more pronounced advance in Mr. David Alison's work than any previous exhibit. It has the Orpen brilliancy, partakes somewhat of the Orpen touch, which is not a veneer but an assimilation that does not over-

shadow individuality. Mr. Alexander Grieve's *The Man with the 'Cello* should be named for its subtle phrasing, and Mr. Malcolm Gavin's portrait of a lady was of excellent quality, but apart from these few works pure portraiture was not remarkable. Among the figure work a prominent place was occupied by Mr. Walter Grieve's *Lool*, ambitious in design and forceful in colour, but not convincingly interpretative, while Mr. Peploe's study of a tired peasant woman, though vital, was not quite pleasing in its purple and black pigmentation. Miss Bessie Young, in her picture of a lady seated at a spinet, showed stateliness of design, and there were three characteristic subjects by Mr. W. Shackleton.

In the domain of landscape Mr. Henderson Tarbet was particularly successful in a large picture of Glen Lyon in one of its impressive



PORTRAIT OF MRS. ALISON

(Society of Scottish Artists)

BY DAVID ALISON, A.R.S.A.



"HAULING IN THE NETS"

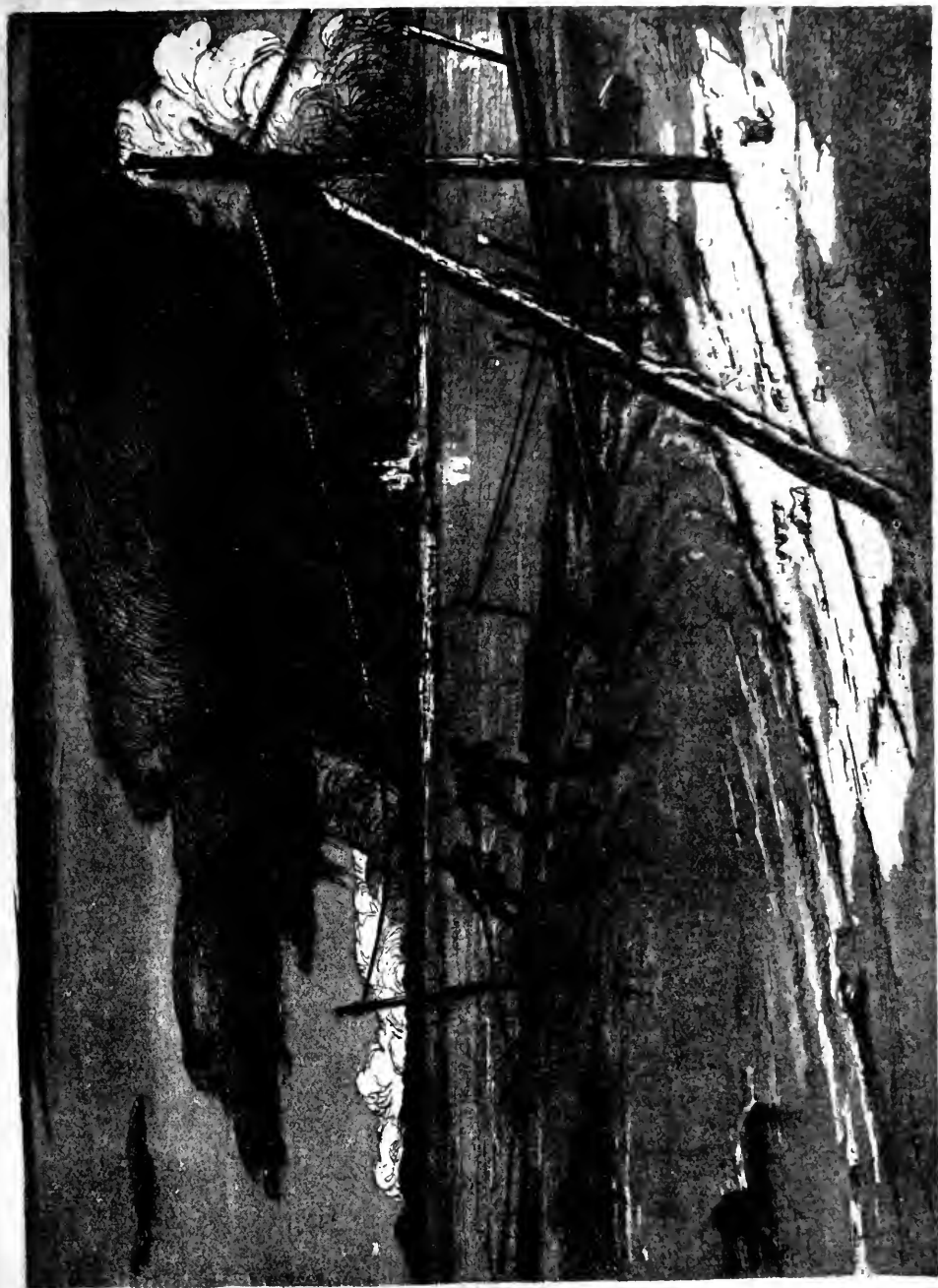
(Society of Scottish Artists)

BY HENDERSON TARBET

reaches, and even more so in an interesting rendering of sunrise at sea with fishermen drawing in the herring-nets, its outstanding feature being the luminous cloud painting. Mr. Hector Chalmers has never done anything finer in its realization of the poetic beauty of the gloaming than his view of Edinburgh designated *Queen of the Night*. Mr. Robert Noble showed two small but exceedingly fine East Lothian pictures, Mr. R. B. Nisbet a couple of delicately phrased scenes, and other works of merit were contributed by Mr. Mason Hunter, Mr. James Riddell, Mr. C. H. Mackie, Mr. Eric Robertson, Mr. J. Spence Smith, Mr. W. M. Frazer, and Mr. Robert Hope. Mr. Murray Thomson attained considerable success in a large picture of polar bears on the prowl, but a distinctively finer work is *The Old Slave*, a pathetic drawing of an old white horse. In the water-colour room the outstanding features were Miss Katherine Cameron's *Iping Bridge*, Mr. Stanley Cursiter's *The Farm*,

Miss Emily Paterson's *Venetian Tramps* and *The Village Calvary*, and Miss Anna Dixon's delightful drawings of birds. A. E.

MOSCOW.—Annual exhibitions composed exclusively of "graphic" art have now become a regular feature of the art life of Moscow, and gratitude is due to the organizers of the Lemerrier Gallery for the effort they have made to maintain the tradition which they themselves inaugurated in regard to these displays. In spite of the difficulties of transport arising out of the war, they succeeded in bringing together, on the occasion of the last exhibition, a foreign section in which, besides a number of the older and modern masters of the French school, the Swedish artist Anders Zorn and Frank Brangwyn were represented, the latter with a series of his masterly war posters, numerous impressions of which were acquired for museum collections.



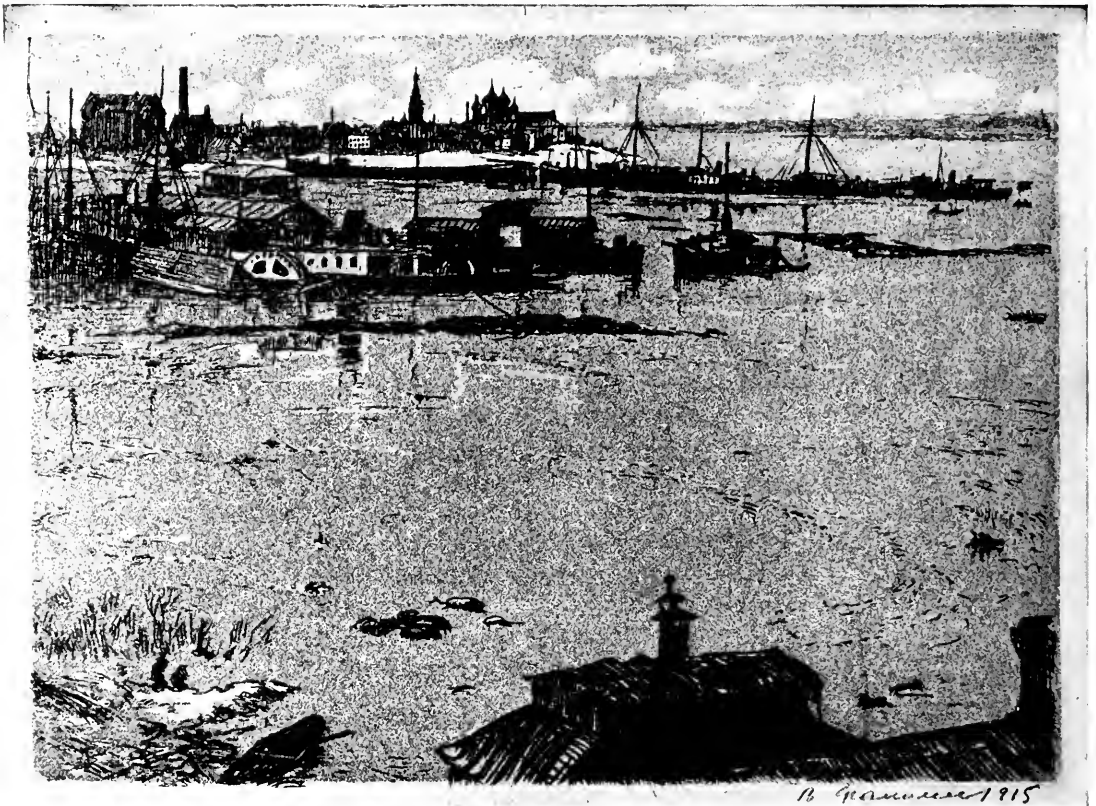
"ON THE VOLGA" BY V. FALLEEV

Speaking generally, the modern graphic art of England is almost entirely unknown in Russia, and if a representative collection of this work could be exhibited here it would be gratefully appreciated.

In the Russian section the influence of the war was on this occasion much more marked than at the exhibition of the previous year. One noted the absence of quite a number of native artists, and among them several who, like B. Masutin, have done good work in the past but have for the time being become strangers to the copper-plate and the hand-press through military exigencies. Interest centred chiefly in the works of Falileiev and his wife, and in those of I. Nivinski.

Vadim Falileiev has figured at Russian exhibitions since the beginning of the present century, but has only just made his first appearance in Moscow with a comprehensive collection of works representing the various stages of his

artistic career. He practises with ease all the diverse methods of graphic expression. His landscape linoleographs, of which two examples are here given, are very attractive in colour, which cannot be said in equal measure of his etchings in colour, for the printing of which he usually employs two plates. In regard to theme his prints likewise present great diversity, and along with views of native architecture, landscapes, portrait studies, and compositions of a genre character, his *œuvre* comprises views of Paris and Italy. He impresses us most when he turns for his motives to the life of the people or the picturesque activity of the Russian rivers with their peculiar effects, as, for instance, the etching in which is shown the Volga during a storm, or that in which we see a group of peasants who, having been called to the colours, are wending their way across country to the military depot of the district. One would wish that Falileiev would devote himself still more to this sort of thing, for motives such as these are only very rarely treated in Russian graphic art.



"YAROSLAVL"



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of art.

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BY VADIM FALILEIEV



'WINTER SUNRISE' AND 'SPRING. FROM
TWO LINOLEOGRAPHS BY VADIM FALILEIEV



"CORNER OF A MONASTERY AT YAROSLAVL"
BY VADIM FALILEIEV



"CALLED TO THE COLOURS"
BY VADIM FALILEIEV

The artist's wife, Mme. Katchura-Falileieva, shows a predilection for the monotype, a hybrid offshoot of graphic art which has already gained many adherents in Russia, as indeed have all processes in which colour and not merely pure form is the feature of primary import. In these monotypes, and especially in some flower-pieces, she has achieved colour effects of great intensity, but in many cases these productions cannot be regarded as legitimately belonging to graphic art. It is quite otherwise, on the other hand, with her feelingly etched portrait studies, her characteristic portrait of Maxime Gorki, and a few other prints.

Of I. Nivinski's work as an etcher something was said not long ago in these pages, and his exhibits at the Lemerrier Gallery testified to the restless striving of the artist to reach an ever higher degree of perfection, in the pursuit of which he has indeed been markedly successful. The female nude, in numerous variations to which Nivinski often pays homage in his paintings, likewise formed the theme of a series of prints of large format in which the artist's complete mastery of form and his brilliant and expressive technique were convincingly displayed.

A novelty for Moscow—and perhaps also for Russia generally—were the etchings of V. Polunin, whose work was the subject of a notice in *THE STUDIO* some months ago, and whose cultivated sense and skill were evidenced by the architectural motives from London and Oxford which he contributed. Architecture was also largely the source of inspiration of the technically very

accomplished linoleographs of I. Pavlov, the lithographs of V. Sokolov, and a highly successful aquatint by V. Bogdanovitch recording one of the picturesque points in the panorama of Moscow.

A connecting-link between the Russians and foreigners was represented by a small but generally speaking quite homogeneous group of Finnish artists, who here made their first appearance on the artistic horizon of Russia's ancient capital. These artists restrict themselves almost exclusively to black-and-white, and refrain from those experiments in colour to which the Russian graphic artists are very prone.

P. E.

Owing to pressure on our space this month we are obliged to hold over various Reviews of books until our next issue.



PORTRAIT OF MAXIME GORKI

ETCHING BY MME. KATCHURA-FALILEIEVA

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE POSTER.

"DO any of you happen to have noticed what a falling off there has been in poster-designing during recent years?" asked the Art Critic. "A great deal of admirable work was being done in this branch of art a little while back, but of late it seems to have deteriorated quite unaccountably."

"Not so unaccountably," returned the Young Artist. "The reasons for this falling off are evident enough—the men who want posters don't want them to be good."

"Here, wait a bit, my young friend," broke in the Business Man. "That is much too sweeping a statement. I depend upon posters very much indeed in my advertising, and I always want the very best I can get."

"Then, if those you use are the very best you can get, you have my sincerest sympathy," sneered the Young Artist. "The stuff you put about is a disgrace to the art of poster-designing and an insult to the public taste."

"The public taste!" exclaimed the Business Man. "What has the public taste got to do with posters? The object of a poster is to advertise something, not to teach people art."

"But cannot it fulfil both purposes?" interrupted the Critic. "Cannot a poster be an efficient advertisement and artistic as well?"

"Good Lord, no!" shouted the Business Man. "Directly you make a poster artistic you spoil it utterly. A poster is a thing that people have got to see whether they want to or not. I take good care to have all mine visible enough—they make you look at them."

"Yes, and for that very reason one hates them cordially," said the Critic; "and for that reason, too, I think they miss their main object as advertisements. When you have Prodgers's Pink Poultices hurled at you blatantly and offensively from every hoarding you get sick of the very name of them, and you feel you would rather die than allow such a remedy to come in contact with you. But if Prodgers has the wit to make you believe that a pink poultice has certain æsthetic possibilities and even on occasions a touch of romance your inclination is to regard him as a friend who is devoted to your interests and has your welfare intimately at heart."

"Hear, hear! I entirely agree with you," cried the Young Artist. "The noisy, inartistic poster is as irritating as the raucous street-speaker who shouts crude assertions at you with a Whitechapel accent."

"What has Whitechapel got to do with it?" blustered the Business Man. "I do not come from there."

"Then there is all the more reason why your posters should not speak the language of the locality," laughed the Young Artist. "Get rid of the idea that blatancy is of value in advertisement, and if you want to sell pink poultices or purple pills don't force them coarsely down people's throats. Give your clients credit for possessing some measure of taste; even if they have not got any your flattery will please them."

"Certainly; and they will respond much more readily to flattery than to bullying," agreed the Critic. "If you flatter the public by putting good posters before them the result of your efforts will be much more encouraging."

"Would you be so good as to tell me what you consider to be the essentials of a good poster," sighed the Business Man.

"The essentials, I take it, are just those qualities which are lacking in most of the poster-work which is being done at the present time," responded the Critic. "I want to see real decorative significance, for a poster should be a true decoration, not merely a conventionalized picture. I want originality of treatment, discretion in colour management, soundness of draughtsmanship, dignity of style, and, when the occasion demands, an appropriate touch of humour. I want the poster to be a thing of which an artist need not feel ashamed, and in which the public could reasonably be interested; and I want it to do credit to the business instincts of the firm whose wares it advertises. Do I want too much?"

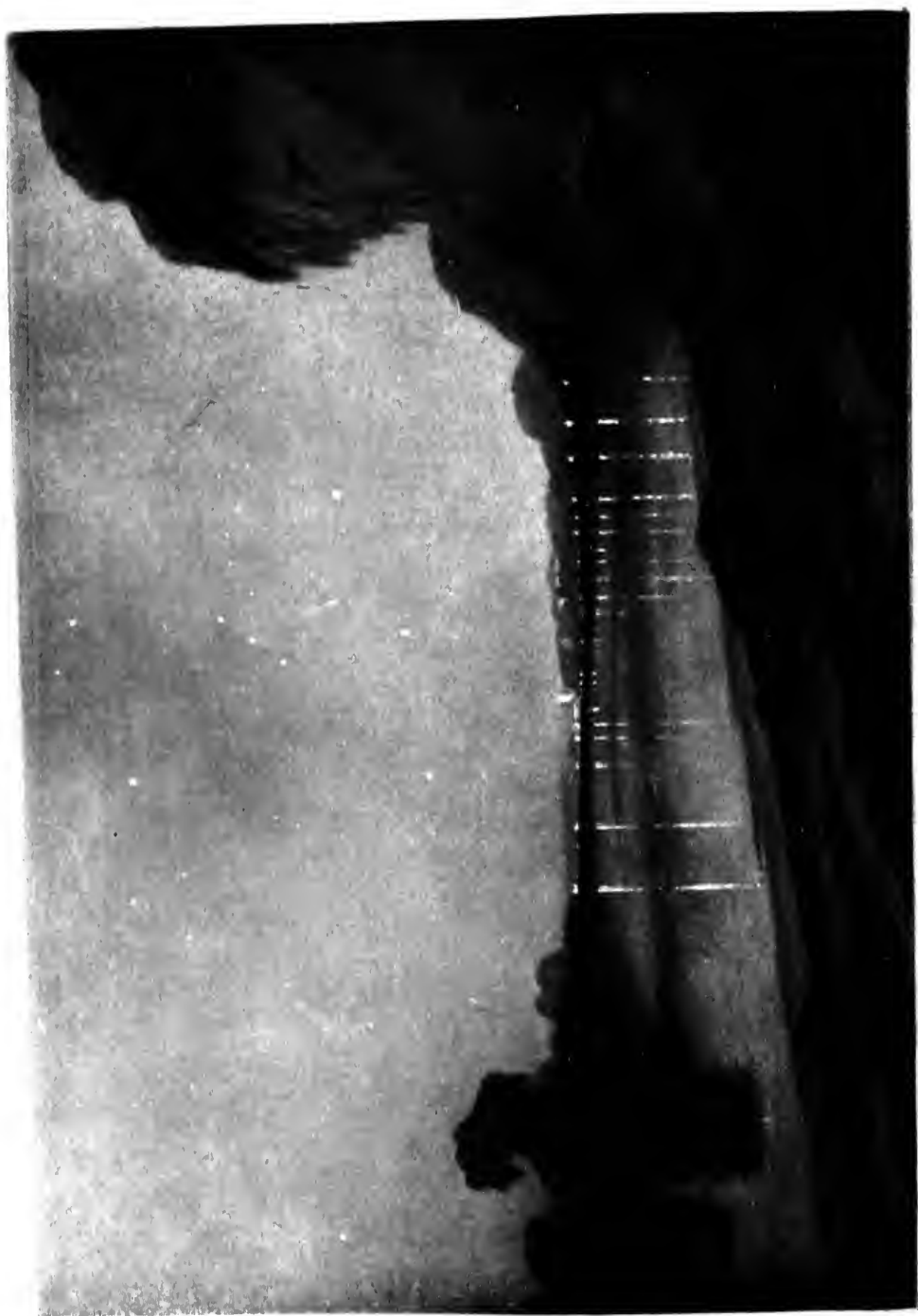
"You seem to me to want the earth," scoffed the Business Man; "but, all the same, I will give it you if it will bring better results to me. Where can I get these superlative posters that you think I ought to have?"

"Oh, give us a chance," cried the Young Artist; "and you shall have all you want."

"There you are!" said the Critic. "Give the artist a chance and believe that he is quite ready to help you. It will pay you to take him into partnership."

THE LAY FIGURE.





"ORION OVER THAMES, AT RANELAGH."
MEZZOTINT BY SIR FRANK SHORT, RA., P.R.E.

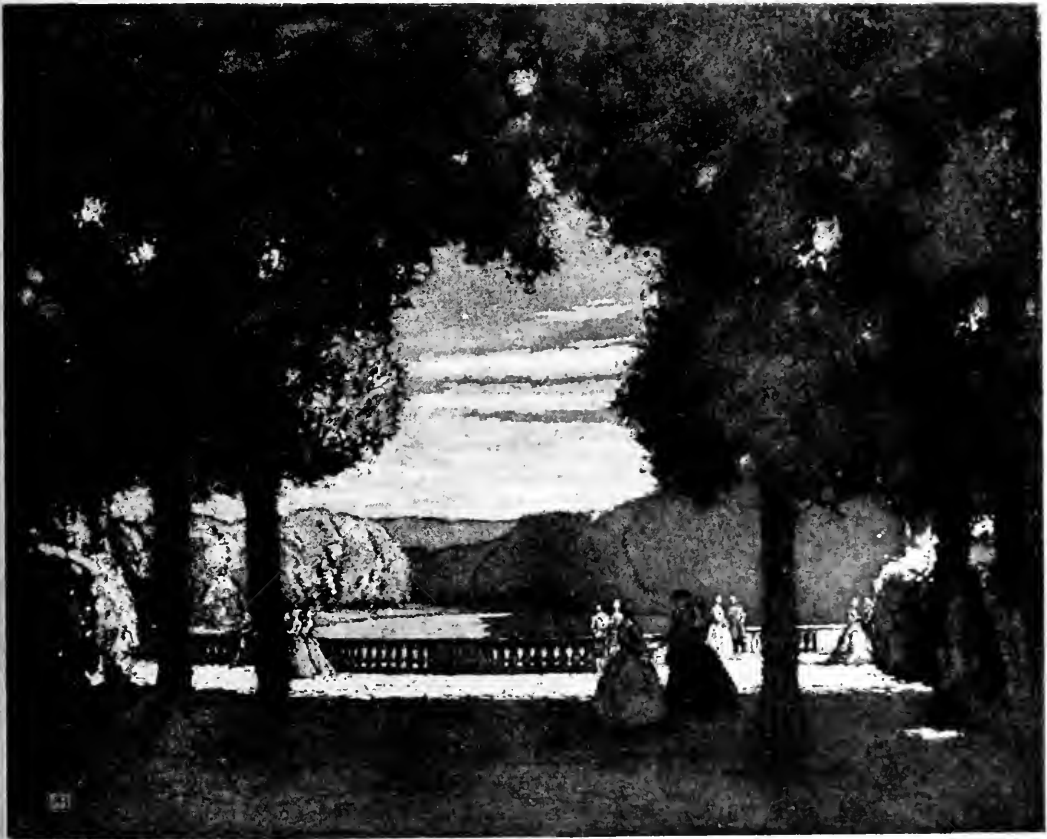


"ORION OVER THAMES, AT RANELAGH."
MEZOTINT BY SIR FRANK SHORT, R.A., P.R.E.

THE GRAPHIC ARTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

IN the Print Room of the British Museum there are four large leather-bound folios, stamped each in gold letters with the name of one or other of the early engravers and the date 1637, while an exactly similar folio, bearing the name of Rubens, with the same date, is a treasured possession of Lieutenant James McBey. Among the blank leaves of these very folios, and some two hundred more, Rembrandt is said to have kept that famous collection of prints which, with artistic ardour, he made for studious reference. One can picture the master turning those leaves of beautiful old Dutch paper—such paper as is the envy of every modern etcher who lovingly prints his own etchings—and studying inti-

mately the proofs that he would take from between those sheets; then one can imagine his amazement could he visit the Royal Academy to-day, and see the walls of its galleries covered with a wilderness of prints and drawings. He would have to realize that, though the connoisseur's way of enjoying the charm of a print—especially an etching—will ever be to handle it with affectionate intimacy as it comes direct from the portfolio or the solander-box, the changed times, having brought the popular picture exhibition into vogue, have also ordained that the claims of the art's increasing popularity must call even the dainty little etching to a crowded gallery-wall. But the master, as he looked along that wall, would recognize, in the best practice of the modern etcher, that the true tradition is still the expressive freedom and vitality of the clean-bitten line which was Rembrandt's gift to the art for



"JARDIN DU GRAND TRIANON"
LXX. No. 288.—MARCH 1917

AQUATINT BY ALFRED HARTLEY, R.E.

Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy

all time as the ideal of its technique. He would see, moreover, this tradition emphasized by a small selection of his own masterpieces hanging in the exhibition quite apart from the modern prints; though he would probably note with surprise that, with the single exception of the entirely unoriginal Jan Lievens, none of his contemporary Dutch etchers is represented in the Retrospective Section; not even that original master Ostade, whose artistically vivacious expression of a homely and distinctively etcher's vision might well inspire some of our living devotees of the copper-plate to look freshly for pictorial subjects and etching motives in the everyday life about them. Yet, scanning the exhibit of his own prints, Rembrandt might well wonder why, if the purpose of this was educational, the first of the seven states of his superb *Christ presented to the People* was not supplemented by the fifth, so that students might see how the master, to satisfy his own exacting sense of pictorial concentration, would not hesitate to sacrifice even the wonderfully vivid group of spectators in the centre of the foreground. But, in truth, no serious attempt has been made to invest this retrospective etching section with much educational influence—else how can one account for the extraordinary absence of Ostade, Claude, and Meryon—three of the greatest? Yet Rembrandt, could he indeed come from the shades to visit the Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy, would find much to astonish him in the graphic methods which have developed, since the master's own day, for the expressive service of the artist.

What, for instance, would he say to the pictorial possibilities of mezzotint, with its infinite capacity for interpreting all the subtleties and the wonders of light and shadow? Maybe he had heard in Amsterdam rumours of the new medium with its incipient crude technique, but what would he say here, at this twentieth-century exhibition of graphic art, could he see even in the haphazard selection of fine eighteenth-century examples, mainly from the magnificent collection of Mr. Fritz Reiss, with what marvellous sympathy mezzotint could translate painting—even that of Rembrandt himself—into its own terms of tone; and also how beautifully responsive a medium it is for original expression when handled by Turner, as one may see it in the choice "Liber Studiorum" plates from the splendid collection of Mr. Arthur Acland

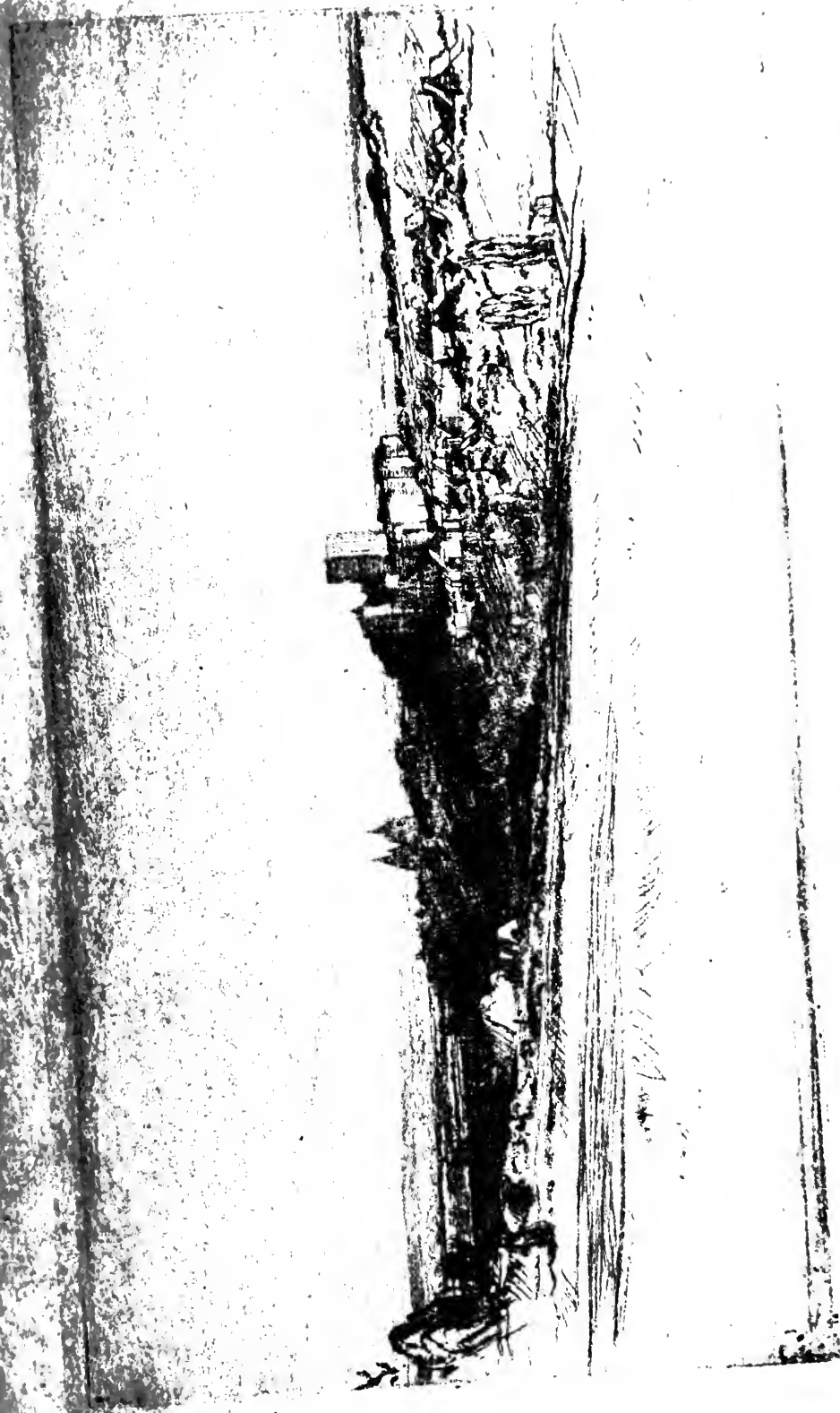


"DINAN"

ETCHING BY ALFRED BENTLEY R.E.



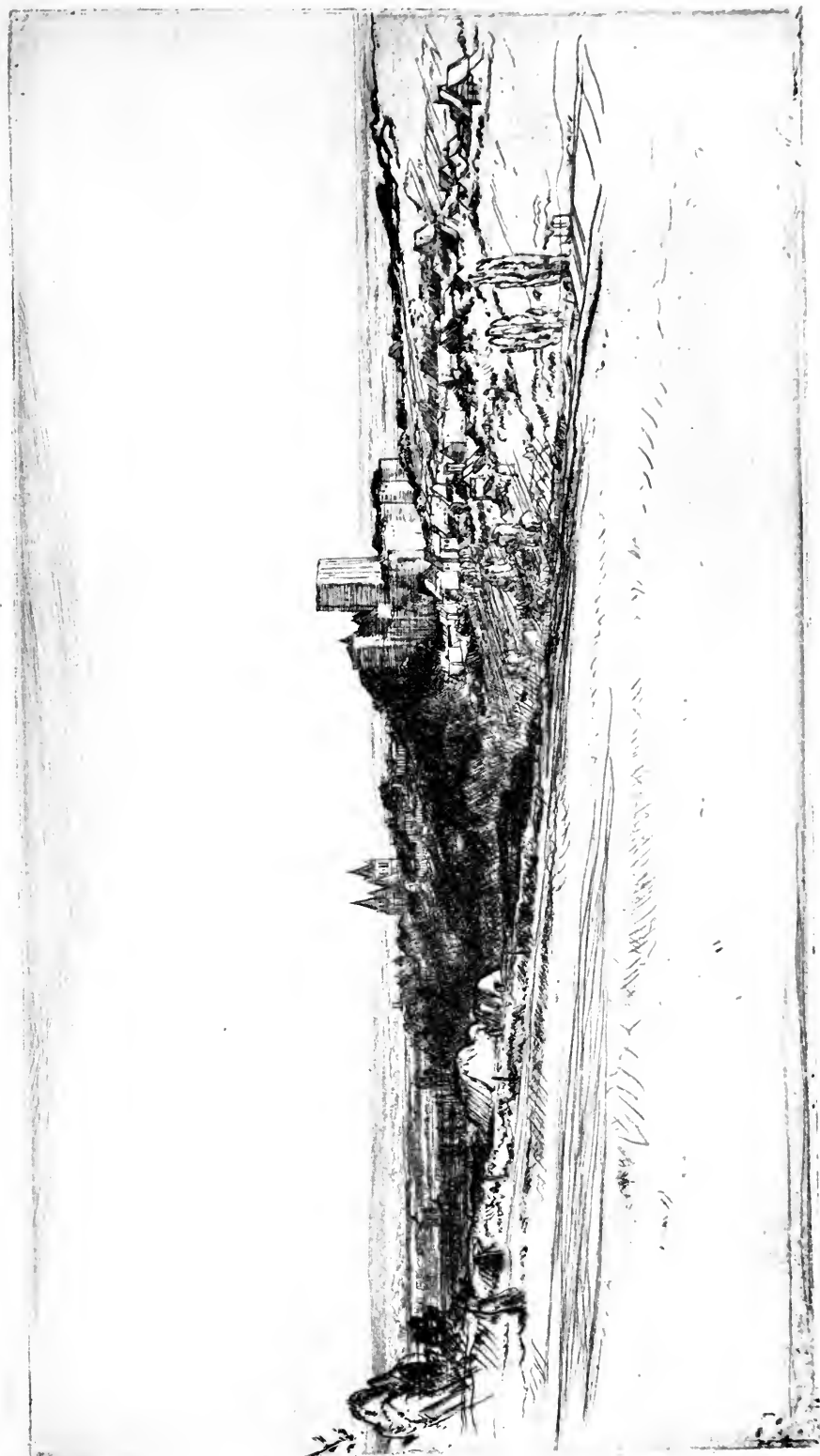
LOCKES CASTLE, FISHING
BY MALCOLM OSBORNE, M.E.



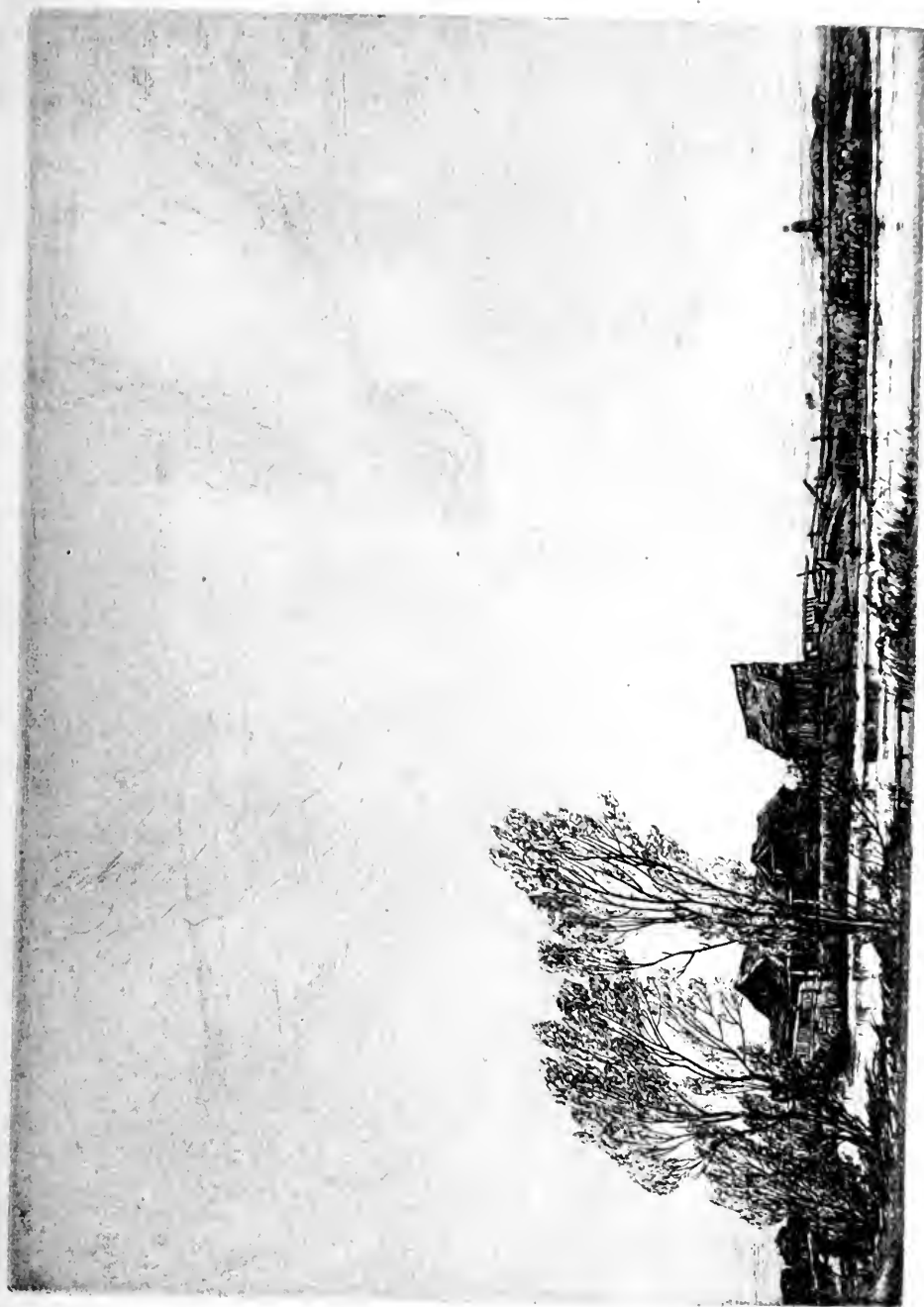
What, for instance, would he say to the pictorial possibilities of mezzotint, with its infinite capacity for interpreting all the subtleties and the wonders of light and shadow? Maybe he had heard in Amsterdam rumours of the new medium with its incipient crude technique, but what would he say here, at the late nineteenth-century exhibition of graphic art? Could he see even in the haphazard selection of fine eighteenth-century examples, mainly from the magnificent collection of Mr. Fritz Reiss, with what marvellous sympathy mezzotint could translate painting—even that of Rembrandt himself—into its own terms of tone; and also how beautifully responsive a medium it is for original expression when handled by Turner, as one may see in the choice “*Liber Studiorum*” plates from the splendid collection of Mr. Arthur Acland



ETCHING BY ALFRED BENTLEY R.E.



"LOCHES CASTLE. ETCHING
BY MALCOLM OSBORNE, R.E.



"EVENING." ETCHING
BY F. V. BURRIDGE, R.E.

Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy

Allen, or by our great living master of the art, Sir Frank Short, as exemplified in those two beautiful nocturnes, *The Night Picket Boat at Hammer-smith*, and *Orion over Thames at Ranelagh*, which lend the modern section its chief distinction? I can imagine Rembrandt revelling in mezzotint, and giving the medium a new tradition. Aquatint too, with its, to him, novel use of the familiar acid for producing washes of tone, would doubtless make its appeal; though he would see in this exhibition nothing quite masterly among the few really accomplished examples of the modern practice—nor in the Retrospective Section would he find anything representing the mastery of the method's simple power by that amazing genius Goya. But on the walls devoted to lithography the eyes of the master would be quick to perceive a wonderful graphic method which, had it come in his own day, would have given to his hand an added magic of expression, even as it gave to the hand of the modern wizard of the etching-needle, Whistler. Perhaps one of the greatest surprises of this exhibition to the dead Dutch master would be the display of original colour-prints, for, remembering the crude attempts of his friend Hercules Seghers to print his etchings in coloured inks on tinted papers, Rembrandt might well marvel at the delightful colour-achievements of some of the modern exponents of engraving on wood and metal specifically for colour-printing.

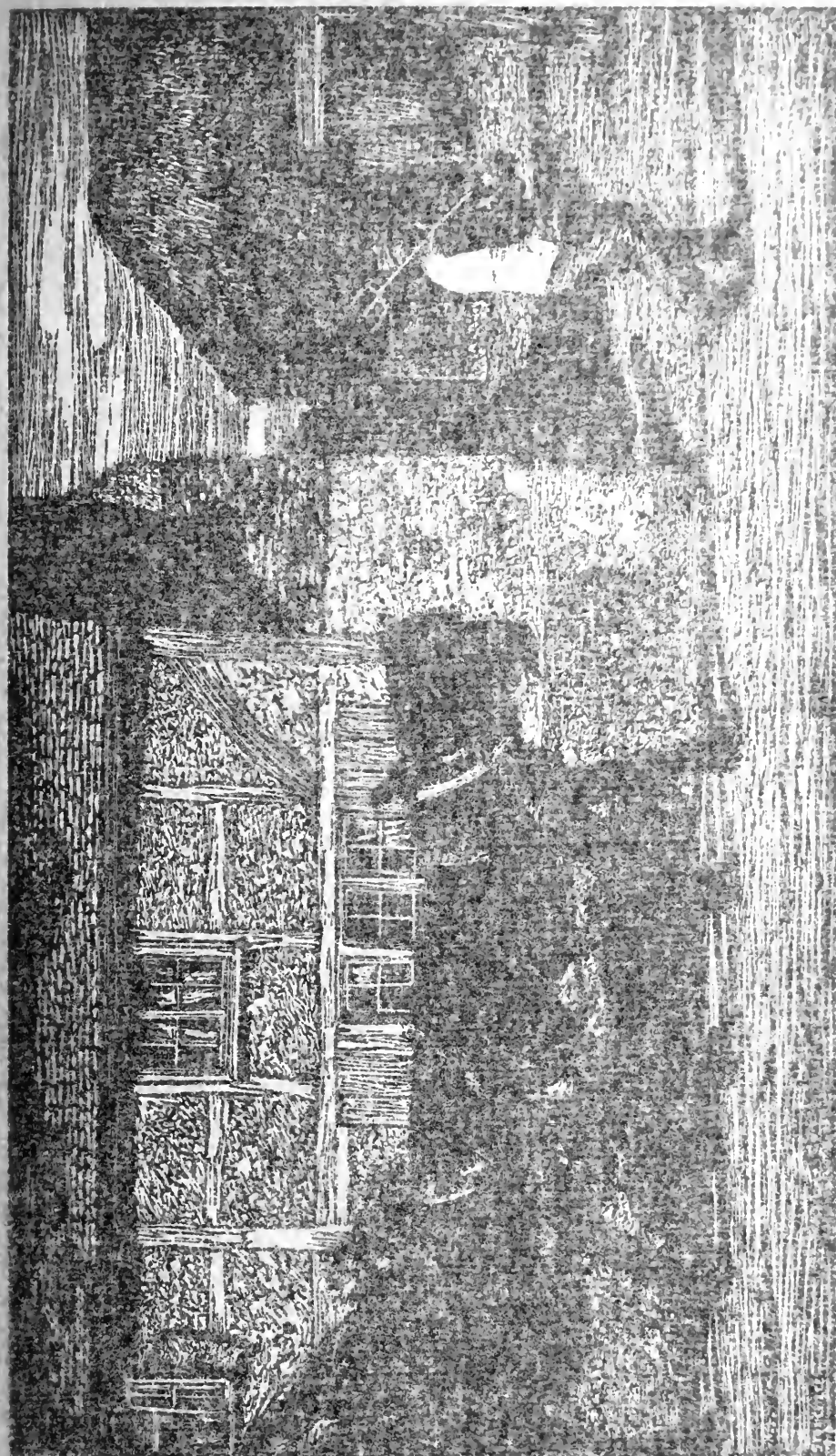
Yes, the graphic arts are very much alive to-day, and it is refreshing to see that the Royal Academy, ever slow to widen its artistic outlook, is waking up to its responsibilities in regard to

them. At last it seems to have realized that expressive draughtsmanship for its own sake, or for illustrative purpose, and the arts of the engraver, etcher, and lithographer are worthy of more than the minimum of space devoted to them at the summer exhibitions in Burlington House. The little "Black-and-White" Room has, in its crowded unimportance, borne but scant relation to the growing interest in the modern developments of artistic expression other than the painter's and sculptor's. So, the graphic artists have variously founded their own independent societies, and at length the Royal Academy, in the expansive mood inspired by the call of the Red Cross, has hospitably recognized these corporate bodies. In bringing together the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, the Senefelder Club, the Society



"THE SCANDAL-MONGERS"

AQUATINTED ETCHING BY SYLVIA GOSSE





"THE VILLAGE STREET." WOOD
ENGRAVING BY SYDNEY LEE, R.E.



"Where are the Dead? . . .
"There are no Dead."

MAITELINCK, *The Blue Bird*.

"THE FIELDS OF FLANDERS." LITHOGRAPH
BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.

Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy

of Graver-Painters in Colour, and the Society of Twelve, to assist in promoting an exhibition of British graphic art at Burlington House, the Royal Academy has shown itself wise and gracious in its generation. The days have long gone by when the English engraver and etcher used his art almost exclusively to reproductive or interpretative purpose, albeit effecting that purpose with often magnificent results, as the Retrospective Section will show; and it was high time that the wider public should have an opportunity of seeing that the original artist upon the copper-plate, the stone, and the wood-block, the expressive draughtsman with pen, pencil, and chalk, can produce to-day works that may be no less artistically important than the painted pictures and the sculptured figures which, in the popular mind, comprehend the whole of art.

Let us, then, give a cordial welcome to this first exhibition of Graphic Art at the Royal Academy. That it errs on the side of excessive hospitality may be set down as a fault of generosity, due perhaps to a notion that, since the exhibition is in aid of those noble associations of merciful purpose, the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance, the quality of mercy is not strained by admitting the work of the mediocre, if clever, artist for whom, perhaps, the struggle

for life, especially in these days of stress, must dull the joy of artistic effort. One could have wished, of course, to see the exhibition more artistically selective while yet more thoroughly representative of the best modern work, but, from one cause or another, there are regrettably several distinguished absentees. Yet the great thing is, we have a first attempt to bring the graphic arts together in a comprehensive exhibition under the popular ægis of the Royal Academy, and, despite important absences and unimportant presences, this should be warmly encouraged, for, beyond question, it comprises much fine and interesting work, and shows that the graphic arts in this country are in a very healthy and promising condition. So extensive is the exhibition that to describe its various sections in anything approaching to detail would indeed require a number of *STUDIO* articles. Many, perhaps most, of the prints have, of course, been seen before in the exhibitions of the various societies; many are already familiar in reproduction to readers of our pages, for, considering the pressure of the times, and the fact that so many of our younger artists are on active service, a great deal of important new work was hardly to be expected.

The section devoted to Etching and Dry-point is certainly the most numerous. Although



"GERONA, SPAIN"



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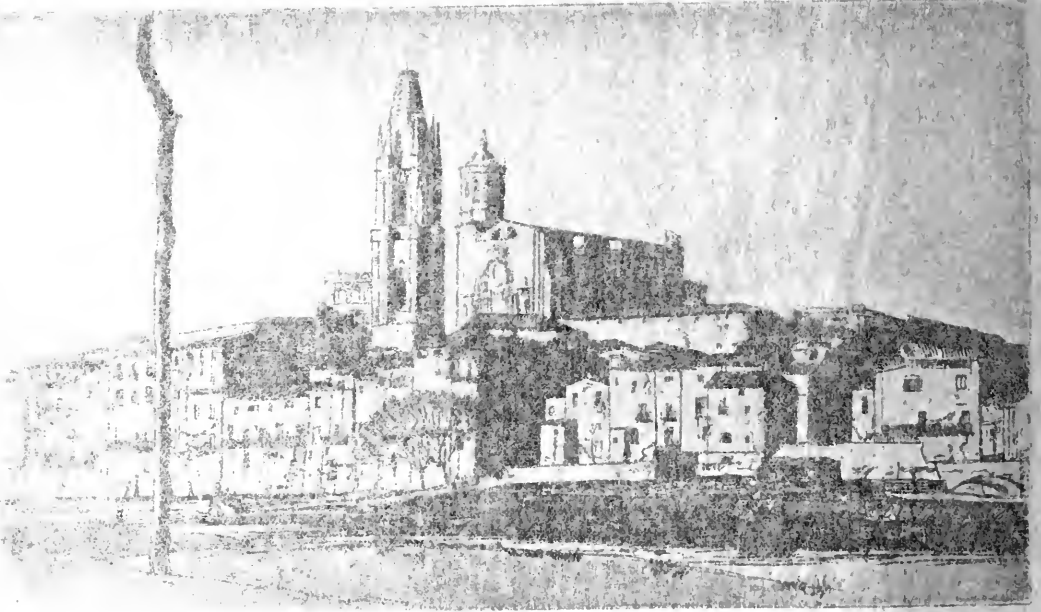
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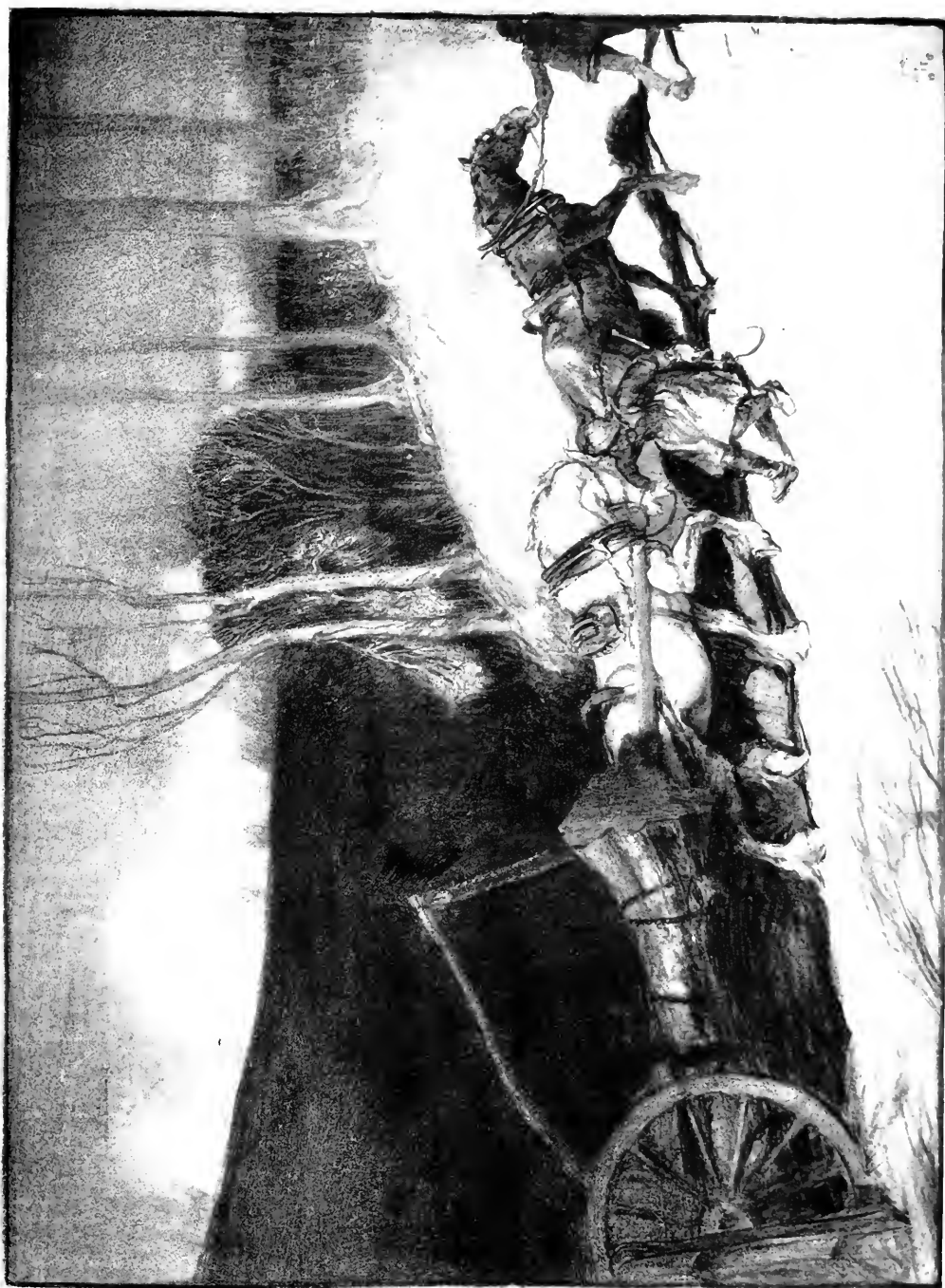
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ETCHING BY THE LATE PERCY F. GETHIN



"CLEARING THE GATEWAY" LITHO
GRAPH BY J. WALTER WEST, R.W.S.



(Published by
L. H. Lefevre)

"HER SOLE POSSESSION." DRY-POINT
BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.

Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy

in a display of British etching, which ought to be representative, we look in vain for Mr. Cameron's romantic expression, Lieut. James McBey's freshness of vision and delicate vitality of line, Mr. Ernest Lumsden's happy play of the needle in Oriental sunlight, and Mr. Brangwyn's pictorial fertility in great design, it is not astonishing that amid much that is little more than clever students' work, albeit often quite accomplished, we should find many prints of distinguished quality, personal in expression, with the true etcher's charm—prints whose artistic motive would seem to have called exclusively for the needle and acid or the dry-point. For here are some of the captains of modern British etching. True, the President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, reserving his own representation to that art of mezzotint in which among the moderns he is supreme and unapproachable, withholds from us any example of his mastery of the etched line, showing but a single dry-point, the noble *Peveril's Castle*, though his influence looms large upon the walls in the accomplished craftsmanship of his many pupils.

But here is that magnificent and versatile draughtsman Lieut. Muirhead Bone, whose war-zone drawings are the talk of the moment, showing in two Italian subjects his unfailing mastery of the dry-point; while close at hand is Mr. Francis Dodd's vivid portrait-study in the same medium, *Bone at the Press*—one of a series that the great graphic character-interpreter, Rembrandt himself, might have lauded. Then here is Mr. William Strang, incisive as ever in his portraiture; here again we may see Sir Charles Holroyd's classic grace and dignity of presentment; and, in six inimitable plates, Mr. Robert Spence's original and truly dramatic interpretation of life and character in that seventeenth century which continually fascinates his imagination and his sense of humour. Mr. Oliver Hall, with his broad landscape vision; Mr. C. J. Watson, with his delicate enjoyment of picturesque architecture; Lieut. W. Lee Hankey, with some tenderly human studies done "somewhere in France"; Mr. Fred Burridge, with his fine graphic command of the fleeting aspects of weather over land and water; Lieut. the Hon. Walter James, with his love of the



"THE BROKEN BARN"



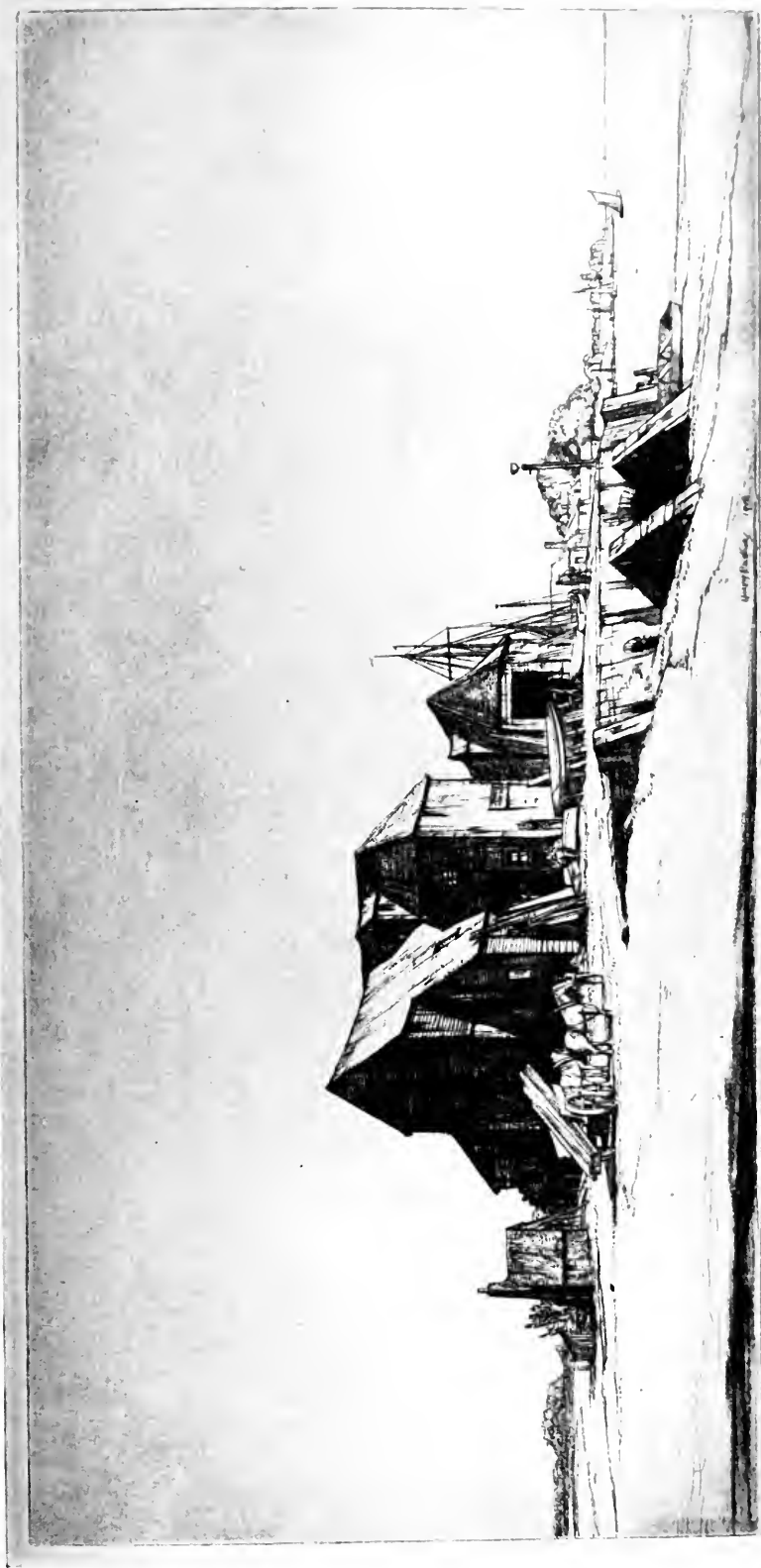
MILITARY ITALY
AND THE ITALIAN ARMY

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"HILL COUNTRY ITALY" ETCHING
BY THE HON. WALTER JAMES, R.E.



"ON THE SOUTH COAST." ETCHING
BY HENRY RUSHBURY

rolling clouds, the wild uplands, and the growth of trees; Lieut. Malcolm Osborne, with a growing breadth of vision and mastery of expression; Miss Constance Pott, whose etching skill is too seldom used for her own art; Miss Anna Airy, who brings a distinguished draughtsmanship to the copper-plate; Miss Margaret Kemp-Welch, always at home with her needle out of doors; Sergeant W. P. Robins, one of the most interesting and distinctive of the younger generation of etchers, equally happy with needle and dry-point; Mr. Theodore Roussel, an artistic veteran of always dainty accomplishment upon the copper; and Lieut. Martin Hardie, a talented etcher, with the traditions of the art at his fingers' ends: all these are worthily represented. Then there are some impressive plates of pathetic interest by the late Lieut. Percy F. Gethin, a sensitive draughtsman, who fell in action; and prints of quality are here, too, representing such noted etchers as Miss Minna Bolingbroke, Miss Mary A. Sloane, Lieut. Alfred Bentley—always advancing, Mr. H. Rushbury, Lieut. George Gascoyne, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, Mr. Hedley Fitton, Mr. D. I. Smart, Mr. F. H. Townsend, Miss Dorothy Woollard, Mr. Arthur J. Turrell, Miss Myra K. Hughes, Mr. Nathaniel Sparks, Mr. William Monk, Miss Katherine Kimball, Mr. E. W. Charlton, Mr. Frank L. Emanuel, Mr. G. Woollicroft Rhead, Mr. William Walker, Mr. Reginald Bush, Mr. John Wright, Miss M. C. Robinson, Mr. Cheston, and Miss G. Hayes. The rare appearance of Mr. George Clausen as an etcher calls for a word of welcome, as do two gracefully vivacious and distinguished plates by Mr. Claude A. Shepperson; a clever and humorous impression of feminine character by Miss Sylvia Gosse; and the series of prints in which Mr. Gurnell C. Jennis shows his happy skill in rendering the actualities of everyday character with penetrating but unforced humour. The charm of the book-plate is exemplified in the artistic work of Major Neville Wilkinson and Mr. J. F. Badeley, the latter being almost alone in his devotion to the method of the line-engraver.

In Mr. Alfred Hartley's beautiful aquatints, especially in *Jardin du Grand Trianon*, and *Misty Morning, St. Ives*, we see the artistic lure of the medium perhaps most convincingly; though Mr. Percival Gaskell's admirable plates, particularly *The Bait-Diggers*, persuade one of the rich capacity of aquatint for producing,

in sympathetic hands, the infinite tones of light and atmosphere playing over landscape. Other artistic aquatints are here by Mr. C. H. Baskett, Mr. Robins, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Hubert Schroder, but I wish the method could have been exemplified by just one such masterpiece as Sir Frank Short's *Dawn*. But on this same wall his magic touch in mezzotint shows, in those two original plates already mentioned, how he can interpret, through its boundless range of tone, all the wonderful poetry of night mysterious upon the river. How in mezzotint, used to reproductive purpose, the modern master can hold his own with the great eighteenth-century masters one may see in the noble prints after Turner and Watts, but as an original artist in mezzotint he goes beyond them all. Lieut. Malcolm Osborne's *William Morris*, after Watts, is a triumph of reproductive mezzotint; while admirable, if more conventional, work of the kind is exhibited by Mr. Scott Bridgewater and Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn; and original mezzotints of interest and accomplish-



"PORTRAIT STUDY." DRY-POINT BY GURNELL
C. JENNIS, A.R.E.



*(Published by Messrs.
Coinaghi & Obach)*

"INTERIOR OF A BARN." DRY-POINT
BY WILLIAM P. ROBINS, A.R.E.

Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy

ment are those of Mr. Percival Gaskell, Mr. Frederick Marriott, Mr. E. M. Wilson, Mr. T. Huson, Mr. A. C. Meyer, and Mr. W. Hyde.

An extremely attractive section is that devoted to Lithography in its modern artistic practice. We have here ample opportunity for

estimating the extraordinarily wide range of the medium's capacities and sympathies, when we turn from the exquisite delicacy of the four lovely lithographs of Whistler to the broad, vigorous handling of

the method in such forcible imaginative draughtsmanship as Mr. E. J. Sullivan's, or the realism of Mr. Hartrick's; or if we look from the dainty charm of Mr. Claude Shepperson's *Stepped she not with grace entrancing?* or the delicate poetry of his pathetic *Fields of Flanders* to the bold actualities of Mr. John Copley's artistic prints. Using this medium, so spontaneously responsive to personal expression and the moods of temperament, we find a number of artists of remarkably vivid personality. Here is the President of the Senefelder Club, Mr. Joseph Pennell, showing us a group of his wonderful studies in the munition factories, in which among the furnaces and the engines of power he sees infinite pictorial beauty. Here is that graphic poet Mr. Charles Shannon, who long since realized the artistic charm and value of lithography for lovely fantasy, and made himself its master; and here is that younger master of the medium, Mr. G. Spencer Pryse, who uses it to express a very human vision with a powerful and beautiful vitality and an entirely personal style. Then Miss Ethel Gabain—how essentially artistic is her choice of subject, how truly pictorial her treatment, and with what sureness her chalk commands the tones upon the stone! Her blacks have a

peculiar richness. It is well to see again such classics of the medium as Legros' *Tennyson* and *Manning*, masterly portraits both; but one may welcome also such sensitive portraiture as that of Miss Flora Lion. There are characteristic prints by Mr. D. A. Veresmith, Mr.

J. Walter West, and Mr. Kerr Lawson, while Mr. F. Ernest Jackson, in a varied choice of subject, shows his wide knowledge of lithographic technique, and his command of its practice.

Among the



"THE STRANDED SCHOONER"

WOOD-ENGRAVING BY MARY BERRIDGE

things to be enjoyed in this room not the least are Mr. William Nicholson's *Chicot*, *Baron Munchausen*, and *Miss Fotheringay and Captain Costigan*. Delightful things these; but why are they not among the colour-prints, with Mr. Nicholson's coloured wood-blocks? Of that section I do not propose to speak now, for it is so interesting to see the art of the colour-print at last admitted to the Royal Academy that the subject deserves an article to itself.

In a very choice little collection of woodcuts, showing how the art of the wood-engraver has been revived for original expression, readers of THE STUDIO will recognize the exquisite fantasies of Mr. Charles Shannon and Mr. Sturge Moore which they have lately seen reproduced in these pages, as well as familiar prints by Mr. Sydney Lee and Mr. Noel Rooke; but they will see also beautiful and masterly woodcuts, instinct with poetic imagination, by Mr. Charles Ricketts, who has done more than any one to bring about the revival of original wood-engraving. Very poetic and artistic also are the woodcuts of Mr. James Guthrie, but in a very different manner is an important new print, *The Village Street*, by Mr. Lee, while more in the old chiaroscuro style is *The Stranded Schooner* of Miss Mary Berridge.



"GRIEF" (WOOD-ENGRAVING)

BY JAMES GUTHRIE

A very active period of reproductive wood-engraving is represented in the Retrospective Section by a most interesting selection from the illustrators of the 'sixties, 'seventies, and 'eighties of the last century; but the interest of this lies in the magnificent draughtsmanship and design, given to illustration in book and periodical, by such artists as Millais, Whistler, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, Pinwell, Boyd Houghton, Frederick Sandys. The illustrators of to-day are but scantily represented in the present exhibition, but in the section devoted to draughtsmanship are some very live and expressive things.

There is plenty of variety. Extraordinary vitality is the essential feature of Miss Elsie Henderson's studies of wild animals of the jungle, vitality controlled by true artistic instinct. Sincerity of vision, with a sense of style, marks the pencil drawings of Mr. George W. Lambert. Six of Lieut. Muirhead Bone's impressions of the Western Front show his

masterly command of graphic suggestion. Here is characteristic portraiture by Mr. Strang, extremely vivid, Mr. Rothenstein, and Mr. Harold Speed; here are sensitive, live drawings by Mr. John Wheatley, Mr. Derwent Wood's interesting revelation of a sculptor's manner of draughtsmanship, admirable examples of Mr. Herbert Draper's figure studies, Mr. Charles S. Cheston's delicate pencil work, Mr. Selwyn Image's poetry of vision, Mr. Clausen's, too, with a difference, Miss Anna Airy's versatility of pictorial interest, and Mr. Frank L. Emanuel's expressive use of the pencil in rendering the true pictorial aspect of architecture. The illustrative fancy of Mr. Arthur Rackham is happily represented, but among the illustrators none are so vitally original, perhaps, as Mr. Thomas Derrick and Mr. Jack B. Yeats.

Limits of space forbid more detailed reference to the drawings; as also to the significant exhibit of memorial sketch-models organized by the Royal Society of British Sculptors.

THE PORTRAIT PAINTINGS OF
AMBROSE McEVOY. BY T. MARTIN
WOOD.

A BRANCH of the art of painting in which historically the position of England is assured, if only by the encouragement she has given to it, is portraiture. And we may ask ourselves whether portraiture, since it delineates life in its noblest manifestation, is not the highest form of the art of painting. Certainly it seems able to adapt to its own ends everything that constitutes a work of art. We have only to remember the character of Tudor portraiture to convince ourselves that there is in the aim of portrait-art nothing inimical to "decoration" in a pure form. We have only to study the fascinating work of the so-called "costume" painters of Queen Elizabeth's reign to perceive how the interpretation of character can be enhanced by the emphasis of personal adornment. The part that costume plays in the design and spirit of great figure-painting has, perhaps, never been taken sufficiently into account. The dress in which a figure is represented invests it emblematically as well as actually, and where there is splendid music of design in a figure-subject, costume is frequently brought into play, some part of the soul of portraiture resting with its significance.

It has been necessary for me to insist, first of all, on this aspect of the beauty of portraiture, because the whole point of writing on the work of the painter under review is that it affords as pure a specimen as we shall find of portraiture rising to a realm in which the suggestion of the material beauty of apparel only seems to

survive as a cloud about the presence on the canvas.

It cannot be maintained that the beauty of the material of clothes and of gems is understood to-day as we see by old paintings it was once understood, or that the charm of the indicative characteristics of dress are studied as once they were. And yet the instinct that expressed itself with so much candour once is still alive. But the impression of the material beauty of objects that adorn the person gives place to an experience of the charm those objects acquire in the light of personal associations. The symbolism of costume does not cease; it only changes, standing for a person instead of for the person's rank; no beauty of things upon the person contending with the impression to be received from personality itself. Here we have the key to the kind of art foreshadowed in Mr. McEvoy's portraits. The response is to personality before



LORD IVOR SPENCER CHURCHILL

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY



MRS. GOODENOUGH. BY
AMBROSE McEVoy

The Portrait Paintings of Ambrose McEvoy

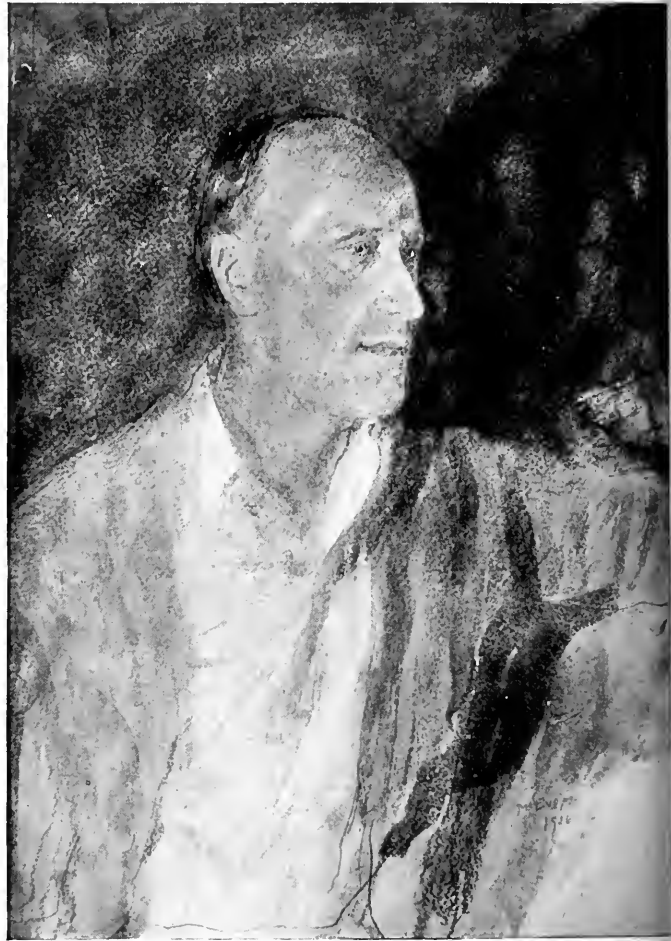
everything. Trappings on the person fade out of sight, in the painting. There is reflected a mood, of which we are sometimes conscious in life, in which nothing seems to come between us and the spirit of the person who advances towards us.

It was in *THE STUDIO* for November 1907 that I drew attention to Mr. Ambrose McEvoy as a painter of interior genre, as an artist with the gift of saturating his subject with an atmosphere that quickened the imagination of the spectator. He showed that first sign of a positive artistic mind, the instinctive selection of a special aspect of life in obedience to mood; the instinctive rejection of everything irrelevant to it. One thing accepted and another let go from a choice made from "within"—made, that is, by Life itself. For the cast of an artist's mind is thrown out of the mould of nature like the form of his body. Selections made by temperament are natural, they are Nature's own; as they make themselves felt in art they move us with the power of something elemental. They speak for Nature in a way in which the more conscious choice of the intellect, with its assertion of its independence, does not. To the extent to which in a work of art we are compelled to bow to this force of fundamental personal expression are we in the presence of that which will defy the revisions of the judgment of fashion, and of that which will endure while the surface on which it is shown remains intact.

The art of Van Dyck has been praised by a philosopher because it placed the painter's own interpretation of life on Life, and was not merely negative in the perfection of its representation. True to his own vision of life that painter expressed the most graceful aspect of the Court. And he is to be distinguished from a flatterer, as one who takes a high view of a man is to be distinguished from a flatterer.

The soul of a subject-picture—a subject-picture in any but the most negative academic sense—resides with a world, personal to the artist, projected in it. The artist—unless he becomes the slave of models and studio-properties—has the privileges of a god in the day of a creation. The will in its purity is expressed in this type of art. The word Beauty is but an abbreviation for the evidence of this pure expression of artistic will.

The real test of portraiture lies with this, that be the vision expressed of a high or of a common order, power is shown of portraying the sitter as his personality affects the painter—though that sitter, if we know him, may have come into our own world in an altogether different light. Then we have truth to nature, of a profounder order altogether than a mere reflection of surface. Then we see life as it is mirrored



THE HON. CECIL BARING

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY



LADY SYBIL SMITH, ON THE
LATER-COLLECT BY AMBROSE McEVY.

The Portrait Paintings of Ambrose McEvoy

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THE HON. CECIL BARING

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY



LADY SYBIL SMITH FROM THE
WATER-COLOUR BY AMBROSE MCEVOY.



"SILVER AND GREY" (MRS. CHARLES
McEVoy). BY AMBROSE McEVoy

The Portrait Paintings of Ambrose McEvoy

in the depths of a consciousness, in a world at the back of the painter's mind, more sensitive than the mercury background of a mirror, profound to the measure of that painter's ability to respond to life.

The more refined the vision of the artist the greater the strain upon his hand, so that in the art of those who can see most we often meet an indecision which is not present in that of the artist who has less to cope with, who can take in everything at a glance because there is so little to take in. The measure of all that vision can embrace is pre-established in ourselves. In dull portraits it is always safe to hazard that it was the painter and not the sitter who was dull.

Now I believe there will never come a time when a really characteristic portrait by Mr. McEvoy will not retain its value. I believe that future art will press towards the point at which he is arriving—striving to reach the spirit of the subject, the spirit of the sitter, impatient of detail except in the light of personality, and quite unable to dwell on it with the old solemn belief in its importance.

I was first conscious of this direction in modern portraiture when regarding, in the Tate Gallery, Whistler's unfinished picture of the elder Miss Alexander. The impression preserved in it is psychical. The dark eyes, which alone give it life, are clouded and yet burning. The clothes are just what they were to the painter, a nimbus investing a presence rather than the clothes upon a figure. There are other full-length portraits by Whistler, carried to a finish, in which the main impression, preserved to

the last, is that of a presence in the room. In this Whistler has a successor—the painter who is the subject of this article.

Mr. McEvoy had the unusual fortune to be early a pupil in art, and at a school, the Slade, where there was a live tradition. The time was made remarkable too by the art of original men, and the first "International" Exhibitions were spreading the most powerful of the foreign influences. He has since lived so closely to the best art of the past and of his time that one can almost say he has never seen a bad picture. He has bravely approached but certainly overthrown great obstacles that lay between him and the attainment of his exceptional power of self-expression. At the right moment a new direction was given to his brush.



"STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT"

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY



THE COUNTESS OF SANDWICH
BY AMBROSE McEVoy



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH
BY AMBROSE McEVoy



THE HON. MRS. CECIL BARING
BY AMBROSE McEVOY

The Portrait Paintings of Ambrose McEvoy

The artist may almost be said to have begun his career as a portrait painter with the *Portrait of a Young Man* in the Tate Gallery (presented, with other modern works, by the Second National Loan Exhibition—"Woman and Child in Art") and *Madame* in the Luxembourg (a feature of the Edmund Davis gift). In character the latter work resembles the subject-pictures of his youth. To see it is to read a novel. Nominally a portrait, it is a masterpiece of genre painting in the appeal it makes to imagination. The subject is that of a woman with profile reflected in a mirror of Victorian pattern on the mantelpiece. In later portraits the painter has risen to a transcendental order of colour. The romance of his subject-paintings has been exchanged for the ecstasy of a new vision, resulting in a "spiritualization of the external appearance"—to use a phrase in which the achievement of a great French Intimist has been described.

Art of the kind we have set forth must often tremble between successes and disasters, but at least it is further removed than any other sort of painting from the factory-work into which portraiture often degenerates.

Those who believe that Mr. McEvoy's attainment in portraiture is too important for him to be permitted to return to the more self-indulgent work of subject-painting would perhaps point with greatest confidence to his portrait of a boy, *Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill*. Here the attainment of a difficult effect has concerned him less than in many of his portraits, but the picture exhibits a quality of his art that must be added to those we have already named. It reveals the sympathy that is the life of all great portrait art, the key to a profound interpreta-

tion of the sitter. Sensibility, in the degree to which it is exhibited by our painter, is a fine-spun thing. But it represents the forces of life in their most highly organized state. It is always threatened from below, and to-day from every side. And when hostilities cease we may find that modern war by its character has created in the world a condition of mind unfavourable to the manifestation of any sensitive thing. Meanwhile the writer likes to think of a portrait of the type of Mr. McEvoy's *Duchess of Marlborough*, flanked by ancestral representations gorgeous and materialistic, standing for the visionary modern mind.

The preoccupation with the sitter in a psychological rather than material aspect that we have noted will not, I think, be without an effect on the English school. And this will be so even if it can be shown that the elusive personal character of Mr. McEvoy's achievement prevents it at the moment from contributing to the tendencies that are most in evidence in current exhibitions.



THE ARTIST'S MOTHER

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY



"LYDIA." BY AMBROSE McEVOY

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The death of Mr. John William Waterhouse, R.A., who died at his London residence on February 10, leaves a gap in the ranks of the Royal Academicians which it will not be easy to fill, and his loss will be mourned by a host of admirers who have year after year derived great pleasure from his contributions to the annual exhibitions at Burlington House. The various stages of his evolution as an artist have been discussed at various times in this magazine, in which also some of his more important pictures and many of his exquisitely charming studies have been reproduced. In 1895, shortly before his election to full membership of the Academy, he was referred to in these pages as "one of the rarest types of modern artists," and his subsequent achievements as a painter have confirmed this judgment in still greater measure. To superlative draughtsmanship, acquired by diligent study of the great masters in his early years, he added an innate feeling for colour, which he blended and distributed always with unerring judgment and an extreme sense of refinement. Mr. Waterhouse was born in 1849, and was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1885.

Another notable personality in the field of art has disappeared through the death, early in January, of Mr. William Frend de Morgan, one of the few surviving links with the group of Pre-Raphaelites and a founder of the Arts and Crafts Society. Born in 1839, he began his artistic training twenty years later at Cary's in Bloomsbury Street, after which he spent three years in the Royal Academy Schools as a student of painting. In 1869 he turned his attention to pottery, and after experiments, successful and otherwise, discovered and employed the method of producing the silver and copper lustres of Hispano-Moresque and Italian majolica, and the richly glazed blues and greens of old Persian ware. An account of his pottery, which ranks very high among the artistic products of modern days, appeared in THE STUDIO for 1899. When approaching seventy Mr. de Morgan took to writing fiction, and in this capacity became known to far wider circles than those which had known him as an artist.

Since the beginning of the year the Old Water-Colour Society has lost a prominent member by the death of Mr. Reginald Barratt, which took place early last month, and its oldest Associate, Mr. John Jessop Hardwick, who died in January. Mr. Barratt, who was born in 1861, and before adopting painting as a profession had studied architecture under Mr. Norman Shaw, specialized in Oriental subjects, chiefly of an architectural character. Mr. Hardwick was in his eighty-sixth year, and in his youth was apprenticed to Mr. Henry Vizetelly as a draughtsman and wood-engraver. It was not till 1882 that he was elected Associate of the R.W.S., prior to which he had assisted Mr. Ruskin in his drawing classes at the Working Men's College.

The water-colour, *A Bowl of Roses*, by Mr. Leonard Walker, R.I. (one of the three principals of the St. John's Wood Art Schools), which we reproduce opposite, is an instructive



STUDY BY LEONARD WALKER, R.I.



"A BOWL OF ROSES. WATER-COLOUR
BY LEONARD WALKER, R.I., R.B.A.

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"A BOWL OF ROSES." WATER-COLOUR
BY LEONARD WALKER, R.I., R.B.A.



PANELS (CARVED, PAINTED, AND GILDED) FORMING PART OF A SCHEME OF WOODWORK IN MEMORY OF LADY JANE GREY IN ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NEWTOWN, LINFORD (EVERARD, SON AND PICK, ARCHITECTS).

BY JOSEPH ARMITAGE

example of the manner in which an unpretending subject can be dignified by sound craftsmanship and artistic resource. The artist's quietly confident draughtsmanship and agreeable management of subdued yet effective colour give significance to a piece of work which in less able hands might easily have become trivial.

Last July we gave some illustrations of woodwork by Mr. Joseph Armitage, including a set of carved communion-rail panels executed by him as part of a scheme in All Saints' Church, Newtown, Linford, in memory of Lady Jane Grey, and we now illustrate some further groups of carvings designed and executed by him for the same scheme.

Various suggestions have been put forward for national memorials, and one in particular, outlined by Mr. Brangwyn, has attracted public attention and received the endorsement of the distinguished French sculptor, M. Auguste

Rodin. Mr. Brangwyn wants to see a noble building, a sort of National Pantheon, built in a wide open space, and which either in sculpture outside or in decorations within should tell the story of the war. Another suggestion is that the present much criticized railway bridge over the river at Charing Cross should be replaced by a stately structure which should combine the functions of a thoroughfare and a monument worthy of the chief city of the Empire. Both suggestions are deserving of careful consideration, and it might indeed be possible to combine them, but whatever form the nation's memorial to its heroic dead takes, the task is one which, as Mr. Brangwyn says, calls for the highest genius, and there ought to be no haste in the adoption of a definite scheme. In this connexion the suggestion of the Civic Arts Association, that owing to the absence of nearly all our younger sculptors and craftsmen on active service the execution of memorials to the fallen should be as far as possible deferred till after the war, deserves attention.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. John Duncan's *Tristan and Isolde*, purchased by the Scottish Modern Arts Association at the Royal Scottish Academy three years ago, and exhibited later at the Royal Academy, is a characteristic example of the able artist's method. From the literary aspect it is imbued with what is known as the Celtic spirit, which is more reflective than passionate in its expression. From the painter's point of view there is a little reminiscence of the Pre-Raphaelites in its attention to the significance of details, but no detail is allowed to dominate at the expense of the general scheme, and there is no detail which is irrelevant. The colour-scheme would prohibit this, for in all Mr. Duncan's sometimes apparently over-elaborate methods there is always a careful eye on tonal correctness and unity. This particular picture is like a beautifully set mosaic without any of its hardness of line. To avoid any monotony the waves of the sea are more broadly treated, and the skill with which Mr. Duncan has blended two apparently different methods in one picture is to be noted and recommended. There is no attempt at so-called realism, the design is simple and flat or in conventional decorative design. There is no bold contour—in fact the "sculptural" is never or very seldom present in any of Mr. Duncan's work. One could almost name the artist as a Celtic primitive. But he is more of a romanticist than this. In fact it would be difficult to pigeon-hole him, so individual is he. If the *Tristan and Isolde* is not one of Mr. Duncan's greatest efforts it has charm and individuality enough to have merited its purchase for a national collection.

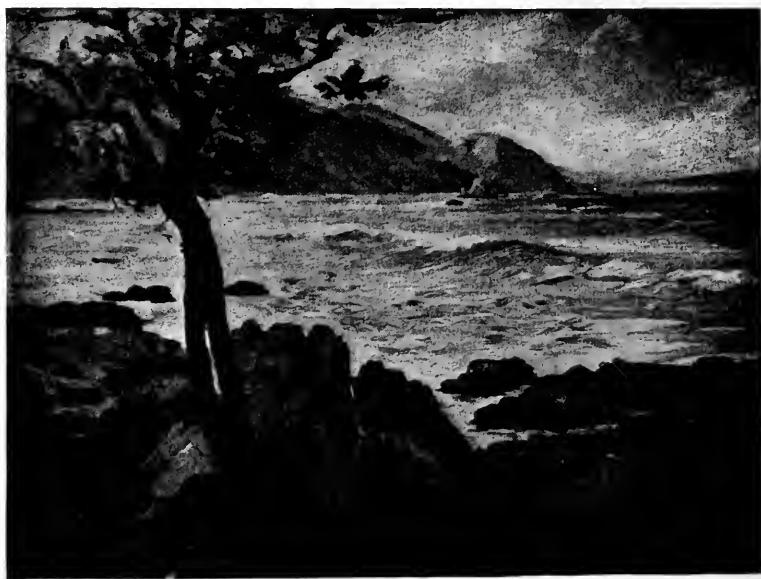
A. S. W.

WELLINGTON, New Zealand.
— T h e

Twenty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts was signaled by

the opening of considerable additions to the Society's gallery, which should now provide ample space for the holding of well-arranged exhibitions. The fixing of the days for reception of work too near the date of opening the exhibition (though unavoidable on this occasion) as usual resulted in some haste in the selection and hanging. The general level of the exhibition would have been considerably raised had the pruning-knife been more severely handled, and this would have improved the appearance of the walls, especially as regards the oils, by enabling those hung to be displayed to better advantage.

The feature of the exhibition was a portrait by Raeburn of Captain James Coutts Crawford, R.N. (one of Nelson's captains) lent by Mrs. H. J. Crawford. This is a fine example of the work of this master of portraiture, simple and direct in its treatment, faultless in the treatment of the values, restrained and harmonious in its colouring, and yet carrying a feeling of colour far beyond anything else in the exhibition. The opportunity of being able to exhibit this picture was a source of great satisfaction to the Society, whose appreciation of the loan it is hoped will stimulate other owners of beautiful and instructive work to give the public similar opportunities.



"A ROCKY COAST, KAIKOURA, NEW ZEALAND"

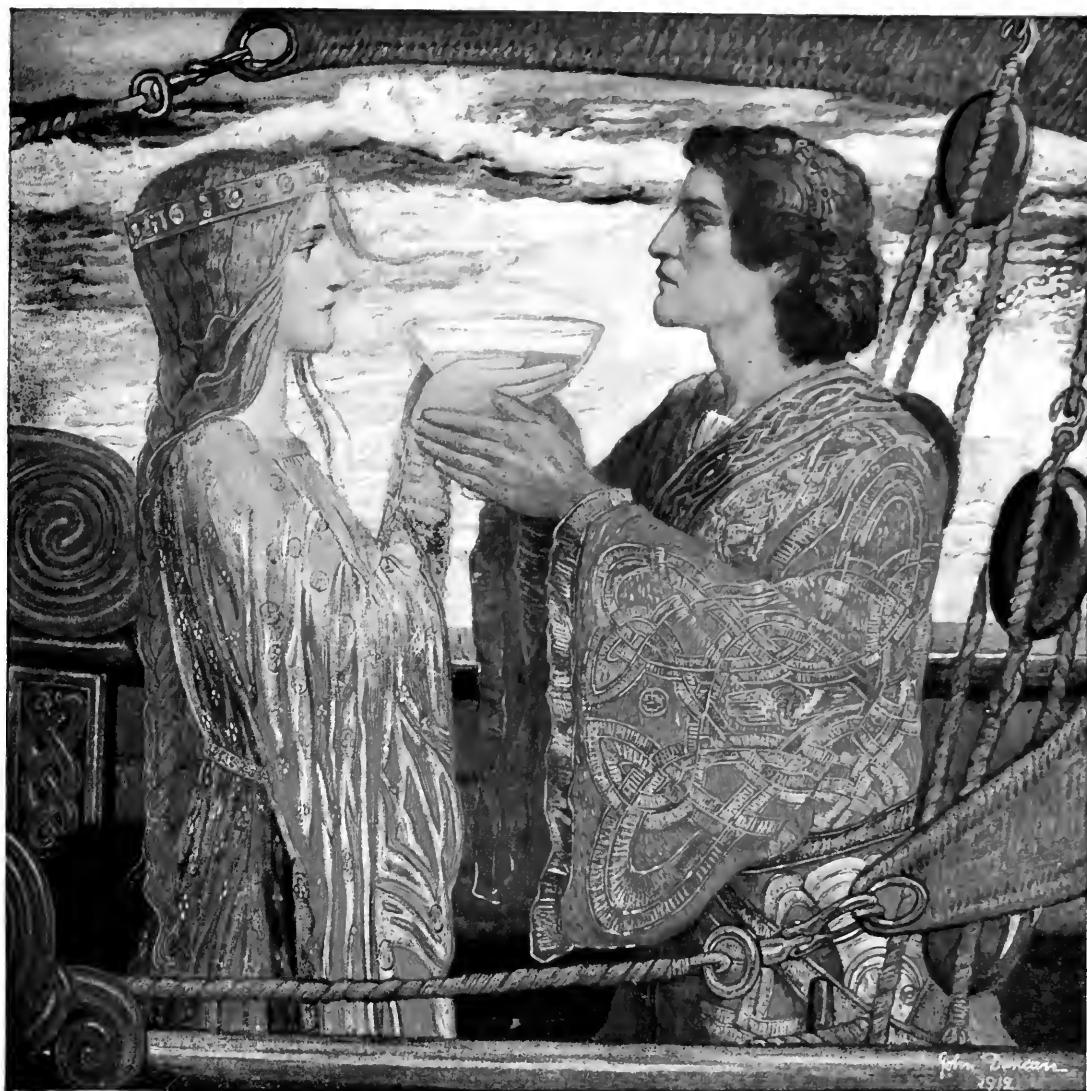
(New Zealand Academy)

BY CECIL F. KELLY



(Scottish Modern Arts Association.)

"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE." BY
JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.





"TWILIGHT GREY"

(New Zealand Academy)

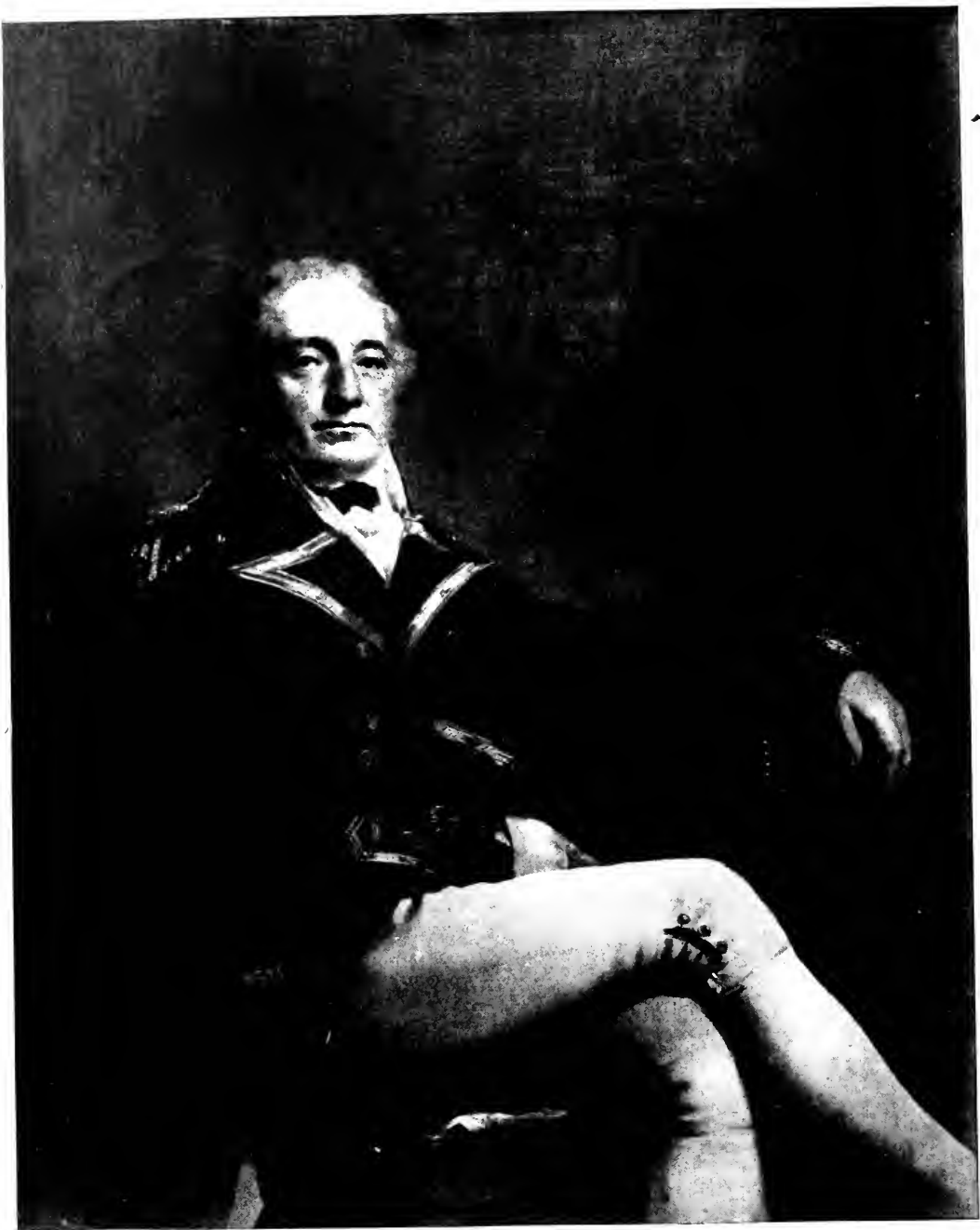
BY F. SEDGWICK

Among the work of local exhibitors deserving of mention several portraits were exhibited by Mr. W. A. Bowring and Mrs. J. A. Tripe—one of a child by the latter being particularly fresh and convincing in its flesh tints. A portrait of Miss Millicent Jennings by A. Elizabeth Kelly was an excellent and refined piece of colouring. Generally speaking, however, among the work exhibited there was far too great a tendency to brutality in execution and violence in colour, in many instances by those who should know better, thus tending to have a bad effect on the students. There were, however, a fair number of works in which the artists were content to work quietly along sound lines, and among these worthy of special mention are *Evening on the Beach* and *A Rocky Coast*, by Cecil F. Kelly; *Twilight Grey*, by F. Sedgwick; *A Winter Evening*, by W. S. Wauchop; and *Across the Estuary*, by Grace Butler. Some quiet and harmonious works in both oil and water-colour by Messrs. Menzies Gibbs and C. Hay Campbell and Pte. N. Welch, and some telling and pleasing sketches

in both mediums by Messrs. W. A. Bowring and E. G. Hood, were worthy of attention.

The water-colours included a loan exhibition of the works of Mr. A. W. Walsh, one of the most accomplished painters of New Zealand landscape in this medium, whose recent death at a comparatively early age is much regretted. A collection of sketches, pleasing in colour and feeling, of Cairo, were sent by Bombardier A. Nicholl of the N.Z. Field Artillery, recently reported wounded on the Somme. The work of Miss J. Evatt was vigorous but agreeable in feeling, and among others may be mentioned the work of Mrs. R. M. Hughes, Mr. C. N. Worsley, and Mr. F. Wright. In the modelling section, Mr. J. Macdonald showed two interesting bronzed reliefs depicting incidents in Maori life, and in the students' section the modelling work of the students of Mr. J. Ellis of the Wellington Technical College called for notice.

E. A. S. K.



"CAPT. JAMES COUTTS CRAWFORD,
R.N." FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

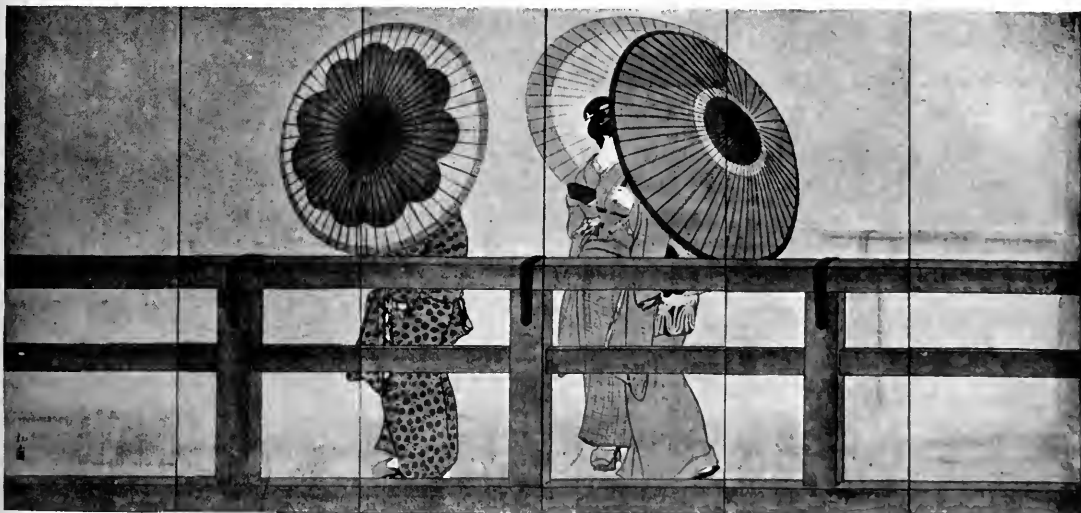
*(New Zealand Academy Exhibition
Lent by Mrs. C. J. Crawford)*

TOKYO.—Strong efforts are being made by ambitious painters to give a new life to the Japanese style of painting. They strive to inculcate in their paintings a new interpretation of surrounding things in the light of the present day. Despising conventionality in art, they disdain to follow blindly in the steps of the old masters, and to observe the established "rules" in the art of painting. They place strong emphasis on the message that the picture carries, rather than on the mode of expression or skilful brush manipulation—it is their conviction that a picture should have a soul to commune with the soul of the observer. This is the ideal that guides many of our young painters, and in particular the artists who form the Nihon Bijutsu-in, the Fine Art Institute of Japan, which recently held its third annual exhibition here.

This society owes its origin mainly to Okakura-Kakuzo, who died about four years ago. It was organized in 1898, when he resigned the directorship of the Tokyo School of Fine Arts. Several other prominent painters in the Japanese style also severed their connexion with the art school to join hands with Okakura, and thus, through them, the old life-blood of the department of Japanese painting in the school continued to flow in the Bijutsu-in. Disregarding the importance hitherto attached to the strength of brush-work in painting, they employed lines which appeared to many as if a child might

have drawn them. They even tried to shake off the cloak of skill in the hope that the picture might hold "thought" and "spirit" the more, and in order to give a direct expression to their thought and feeling they tried new pigments and strange brushes. They struggled on, not so much as a body, but as individuals, and their work attracted considerable attention at the Mombusho exhibitions which were started some ten years ago. On the death of Okakura-Kakuzo, the Bijutsu-in was revived with the old ideals, and its first exhibition was held three years ago. Its recent exhibition attracted wide public attention.

The exhibition contained paintings in the European style as well as the Japanese, and sculpture. But its real life lay in the section of Japanese painting, which contained several works of noteworthy interest. The *Spring Rain*, a screen painting by Shimomura-Kwanzan, here reproduced—a group of three girls looking back to a woman they have just passed on a bridge—showed wonderful skill in the realistic expression of feeling. The tone of the moist atmosphere was excellent. Upon closer investigation we found that the painting was done on both sides of the silk, the soft luminous effect having been obtained by the application of gold-leaf at the back. The whole thing was most skilfully executed, but the artist's methods raised the question: Should we regard only the end, disregarding the means and method of



"SPRING RAIN"

SCREEN PAINTING BY SHIMOMURA-KWANZAN



"KOU" PAINTED BY YASUDA-YUKIHIKO

attaining it? It has been said that if a brush made of bamboo fibres may properly replace those made of animal hair for producing certain effects, should not the silk and paper receive treatment prior to painting in order to produce a desired effect? Maeda-Seison, for instance, in his bird's-eye views, *Eight Scenes of Kyoto*, made clever use of a special kind of soft paper to get a blurred effect, and these drawings were attractive, not only technically, but also from their composition.

Such compositions are not at all uncommon in the Japanese painting of the present day. Another example at the Bijutsu-in Exhibition was fur-

nished by Tomida-Keisen, of Kyoto, in his *Glimpses of Okinawa*, bold alike in composition and execution. Regarding originality in execution, we owe much to the efforts of Yokoyama-Taikwan, whose *Farmer's Home* showed a great effort to assimilate the best in the old Chinese paintings in bringing out the characteristics of different trees. The pleasure that comes from sincerity of purpose could also be felt in Yasuda-Yukihiko's *Kou*, an ancient Chinese hero, standing in arms with a drawn sword. Upon his breast is leaning the slender form of the lady he loves, while in the background looms the Long Wall. The work shows the result of long study and labour, and touches the keynote of the Bijutsu-in, in that the artist has relied upon his own resources for expression of an intense inward feeling.

The tendency to set great value on the "thought" of the painting has naturally led some of the artists of the Bijutsu-in to extract motives from religious and philosophical sources. As the influence of Rodin's art encouraged our sculptors to express inward feelings, so



"THE WEAVERS"

BY HASHIMOTO-SEISUI

the high ideals of Okakura and other leaders of the Institute have led their followers to seek subjects that are suggestive and reflective in themselves. Thus Kuroda-Kokyo, in his *Tanabata*, has striven to show in a somewhat symbolic way the legend of the stars meeting once a year by crossing the Milky Way. Hashimoto-Seisui's *Weavers* also showed a similar treatment in a different way. The theme just given out for members to work on is "The Spirit of the Chrysanthemum." May they always strive to grasp the spirit of the things they paint!

HARADA-JIRO.

REVIEWS.

The Path of the Modern Russian Stage and other Essays. By ALEXANDER BAKSHY. (London: Cecil Palmer and Hayward.) 7s. 6d. net.—The first part of this book, dealing with the development of the modern Russian stage, provides a contribution to the literature of the art of the stage for which there was room. It reviews the alternative ideals of the play as *presented* to the audience, and of the play as *represented* to it—the play, that is, enclosed as a world of its own within the borders of the stage. The several experiments that have been made at the Moscow Art Theatre in giving effect to both ideals and in arriving at modifications between them is the most enlightening portion of this book. The experimental theatre, like the Moscow Art Theatre, striving to put sometimes unpractical theory into action, relieves the commercial theatre of responsibility while yet being able to perfect for it certain forms peculiarly fitted to give expression to the spirit of modern drama. Valuable is the author's essay on living space and the theatre, and his criticism of Mr. Gordon Craig's theories. But abstraction seems pushed to the point where words become abstracted from meaning in the essay on a poet-philosopher of modern Russia, the whole sustained in the Nietzschean jargon of the mythic opposition between Dionysus and Apollo. In more than one sentence the old opposition of the classic and romantic spirit is all that is implied.

Whistler. By THEODORE DURET. Translated by FRANK RUTTER, B.A. (London: Grant Richards, Ltd.) 12s. 6d. net.—The chief facts in Whistler's chequered career are now fairly well known, but the life history of this remarkable genius is so profoundly interesting

that its incidents do not suffer from repetition. The great merit of this biographical study, written by a warm friend and admirer of the artist, and now made available to English readers in an excellent translation by another sympathizer, is its terse and orderly presentation of the essentials and the omission of all those superfluities which so often obscure the really important features of a biography. Thus M. Duret's sketch of his friend's life has a distinctly Whistlerian touch, for as he observes, apropos more particularly of the master's portrait work, Whistler "has everywhere and at all times known how to throw in relief the essential feature, while eliminating the details which would weaken it." The translation is accompanied by capital reproductions of many of Whistler's most important works.

Armenian Legends and Poems. Illustrated and compiled by ZABELLE C. BOYAJIAN. (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.) 21s. net.—In this work Mlle. Boyajian has put together a most fascinating collection of the legends and poems of Armenia, commencing as early as the fifth century, and carried down almost to our own day. Of this poetry Viscount Bryce has said in his introduction to the present work that the poetry of a people which has struggled against so many terrible misfortunes has naturally a melancholy strain: but it is also full of an unextinguishable patriotism. The last fifty pages of the book are devoted to an interesting essay by Aram Raffi on "Armenia: its Epics, Folk-Songs and Mediæval Poetry," which gives the synthesis needed to the study of this expression of the soul of an ancient and suffering race. "The spirit of Armenian poetry," says the writer, "is neither despondent nor fatalistic. Its songs are of dawn, of spring, of sunrise, of struggle, not of sunset. And perhaps this clinging to hope and this desire to live is the only secret of the survival of the Armenian nation." The poems themselves are the best confirmation of this criticism. In the illustrations Persian and Byzantine influences have been wonderfully blended by Mlle. Boyajian. Their decorative beauty is great; and the colour richly Eastern in feeling. Though in some instances they have lost a little in reproduction, the general result is satisfactory, while the mode of presentation shows excellent taste. We understand that Miss Boyajian is giving all the profits of her book to the Lord Mayor's Armenian Fund.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON PEOPLE
WHO EXPECT TOO MUCH

"I HOPE, now that the question of reform of education is so much in the air, that something will be done to make our art schools of some practical utility," said the Business Man. "They seem to be singularly inefficient at present."

"Inefficient, indeed!" cried the Art Master. "What is the matter with them? They are doing well enough the work for which they were designed—what else do you expect?"

"Well, perhaps the design was wrong in the beginning," laughed the Business Man. "Anyhow, I do not think the results are what they ought to be, and I do not consider that our art schools give us a fair return for the money we spend upon them."

"It may be that you are expecting the art schools to do something that does not quite come within their scope," suggested the Critic. "They were created for a particular purpose: is not that purpose being fulfilled?"

"I think not," returned the Business Man. "I happen to have seen lately a lot of work done in art schools, and it seemed to me that the bulk of it was not at all what the public would be likely to want and that there was in it a singular lack of any sense of beauty."

"Here, stop a minute," interrupted the Art Master. "What have the wants of the public to do with the work of a student in an art school? He is not there to please the public, but to learn the principles of his profession—the fundamental processes of his trade, if you prefer to put it in that way—and until he has mastered those principles he has no business to be thinking about pleasing the public."

"And the result is that all the work done in an art school is obviously art school work," argued the Business Man. "Its only purpose is to satisfy the teacher, not to appeal to any one outside who might be likely to want it."

"But surely the work of any student who is in training for a profession must be done to satisfy his teacher," protested the Critic; "and it is the duty of the teacher to see that the student does satisfy him. You expect too much when you ask that the student should also be interesting a public which has no understanding of the technical details of his work."

"Would you expect the details of any other

kind of educational work to be interesting to the public?" asked the Art Master. "Would there be any appeal to any one but his teacher in the sums done by a schoolboy who was destined later on to become the head of a great commercial concern? Does the public find any satisfaction in the exercises by which the perfect discipline of the soldier is acquired?"

"But the purpose of an art school is to teach art," objected the Business Man; "and if the art it teaches is not what the public wants, the labour of that school is wasted."

"As I take it, the purpose of an art school is not to teach art," replied the Critic; "but to teach the student the technical and mechanical processes by which he can eventually express the artistic feeling that is in him. If he has not this feeling no amount of training will ever make him really efficient as an art worker; if he has it, and it is of the kind to make a definite popular appeal, his success will be all the greater because he has been drilled and disciplined thoroughly at school."

"Must the student then always conform to the dry, ugly art school formula?" demanded the Business Man. "Must he never be allowed to show that he has a feeling for and a love of the beauty which people want to see?"

"It is enough for me if he shows that he is learning the principles and practice which are immutably the foundation of all good work in art," declared the Art Master. "Who am I that I should dictate to him the way in which later on he should apply those principles to please his public? That way he must find for himself. I have done my duty to him when I have taught him the mechanism of art."

"Then the student's work must always be mechanical and matter of fact. Is that what you mean?" asked the Business Man.

"No, not quite that. You go too far," returned the Art Master. "But all you have a right to expect of it is that it should show an intelligent understanding of the mechanism of the artist's practice and a workmanlike command of technical processes. That is what the student has come to school to learn."

"Yes, and if there is in it any conscious effort to please the public its value as school work is, I should say, appreciably diminished," commented the Critic. "Touting for popularity is hardly a student's mission."

THE LAY FIGURE.



W. Lee Hankey del. & sculp.



THE ART OF THE COLOUR-PRINT.
BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

THE decorative significance of the artistic colour-print has a claim of its own. For this the artist conceives his design from the first in terms of colour, and plans his engraving to that end. His work must not be confused with that of the artistic thing the coloured line-etching.

The woodcut was the medium used in the earliest attempts at printing in colour. The chiaroscuro, a print of two or more tones from separate blocks, was the pioneer of the colour print about 1508, but the first actual colour prints we may date some twelve years later. In an extremely rare print by Hans Wolder, Augsburg, six colours and the black ground

were printed from a series of separate blocks, gold being one of the colours used. In the most famous example of German Renaissance colour-printing, Albert Altdorfer's *The Beautiful Virgin of Ratisbon*, done in 1520, five colours, besides the black, were printed: crimson, pink, brown, green, and a slaty blue.

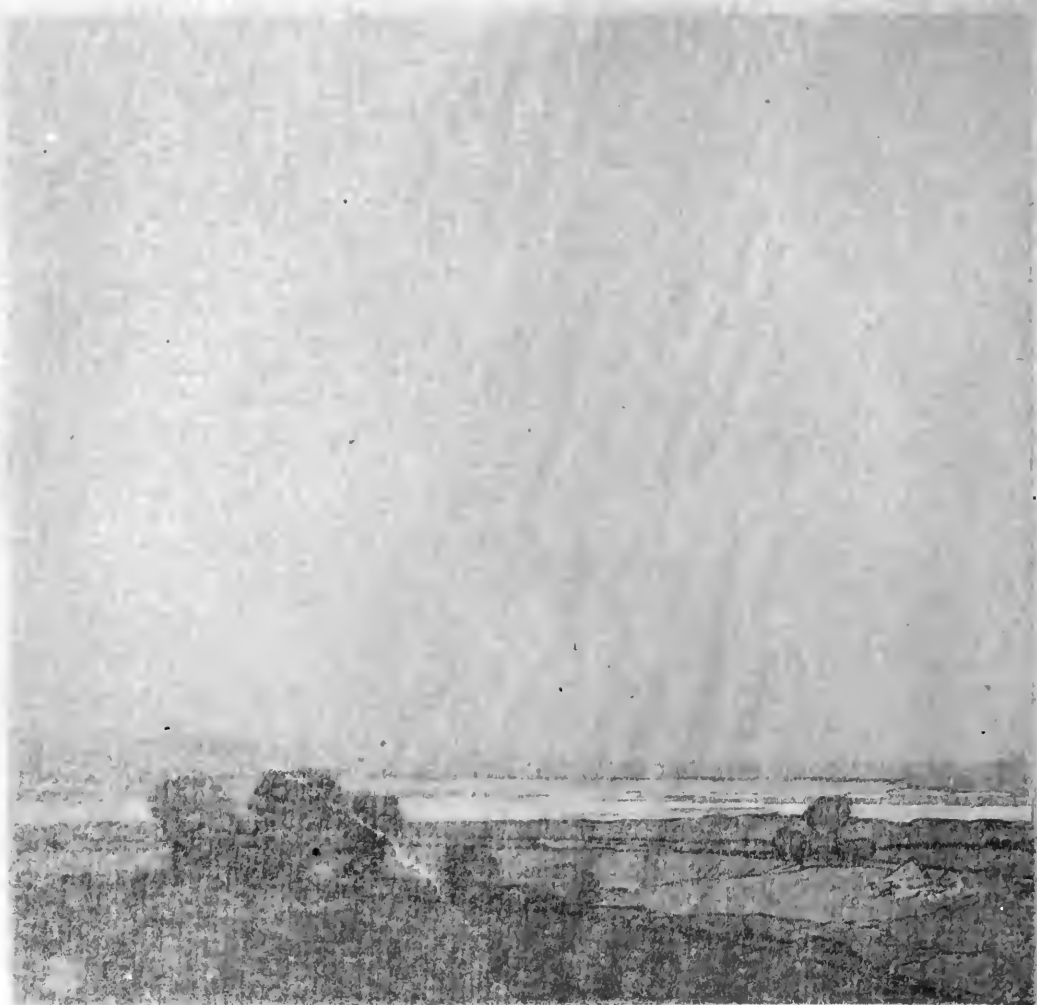
The technical method of these prints is in principle the same as that employed in its perfection by the Chinese in the seventeenth century, and probably earlier, for they had printed fabrics from coloured wood-blocks certainly in the eighth and ninth centuries, and possibly before then. By a long time, therefore, they anticipated the Japanese in discovering that the wood-block was a perfectly trustworthy medium for obtaining purity as well as fullness and variety of colour in printing. Those twenty-nine wonderful Chinese prints, discovered

a few years ago in the library of Baron von Sölvén in the British Museum, were made probably between 1660 and 1670, and are typical of the pictorial feeling among that generation, except for the weakness of their drawing, due to the letter-press. Exquisite artistic perfection of technique was not yet reached, but that the process had been brought to a high level of work is clear from the explanation that the artist had to print the colour examples separately, and then find in the shop the colour-blocks and the printer. The printer was at the top and the colour-blocks were at the bottom, and the tone, as it were, was subtly varied as they would be in the hand. It seems little we know of the art of colour-printing, that



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD"

COLOUR PRINT BY W. LEE HANLEY, R.E.



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a few years ago by Mr. Laurence Binyon in the British Museum, were done probably between 1660 and 1670, and are typical of the pictorial feeling among that wonderful people for the loveliness of fruit, flowers, birds, and butterflies. Exquisitely artistic in motive, their perfection of technique is so extraordinary that it is impossible they can have been experimental work. It is rather the consummation of development that these unique examples show. You shall find in them delicate colour-gradation, obtained doubtless by the printer blending the tints on the wood-blocks, with peaches more crimson at the tips and greener at the bases, and apples subtly varied in tone, and as innocent of outlines as they would be in nature. In fact there seems little we know to-day about the craft of colour-printing that



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD"

COLOUR-PRINT BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.

The Art of the Colour-print

was unknown to those mysterious old Chinese. Quite amazing is the freshness of their colours after two and a half centuries.

The clever and artistic Japanese, of course, developed in practice the principle of relief-block cutting and printing according to the demands of their own pictorial expression, but, using flat tones up to at least 1765, it was not till later in the eighteenth century that they arrived at those exquisite colour-harmonies which, in gracious and distinguished design, have proved a source of inspiration to the decorative art of modern Europe. Certainly they have inspired the present British school of wood-engravers for colour, of which Mr. Morley Fletcher and Mr. J. D. Batten were the pioneers.

To Mr. Fletcher's researches and teaching all the artists who have attained distinction in following the Japanese practice owed their knowledge of the technique, each, however, adapting it to his individual expression, according to experience, as I have already told in *THE STUDIO* (see "Wood-Engraving for Colour," May 1913). Mr. Fletcher's influence on this interesting graphic movement has been of the

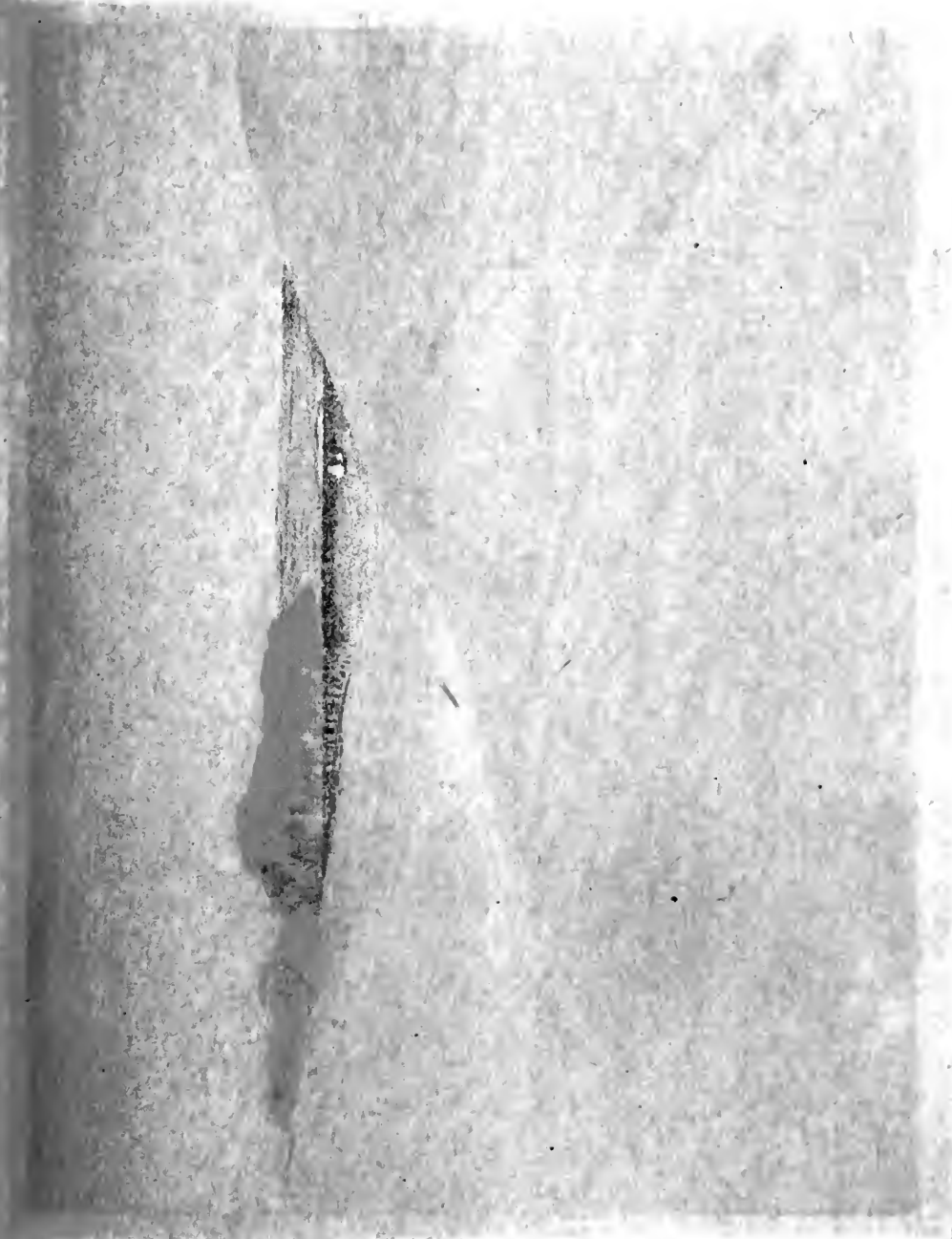
most practical kind, but beyond his personal teaching, and the example of his own charming prints, so homogeneous in design and colour-scheme, he has lately rendered further inestimable service by the publication of his illuminating handbook, "Wood-Block Printing—A Description of the Craft of Woodcutting and Colour-Printing based on the Japanese Practice" (John Hogg). After digesting Mr. Fletcher's pithy pages, with their lucid descriptions of every stage and detail of the making of a colour-print from wood-blocks, no artist need turn wistfully away from a Hiroshige or an Utamaro without a hope of being able to go and do likewise. For, with explicit word and illustration, the author has given him a complete working insight into the whole art and craft, from planning the design to the final printing. This little book should win many recruits to the original colour-print movement.

Of all those who learnt the Japanese technique from Mr. Morley Fletcher none has gone further in development of craftsmanship and artistic achievement than Mr. William Giles. An interesting colourist, his tone-schemes are



"A PASTORAL"

FROM A WOOD-BLOCK PRINT IN COLOUR BY WILLIAM GILES



SAND DUNN'S DENMARK COLOUR PRINTS FROM
METAL RELIEF PLATES BY WILLIAM GILES.

The Art of the Colour-print

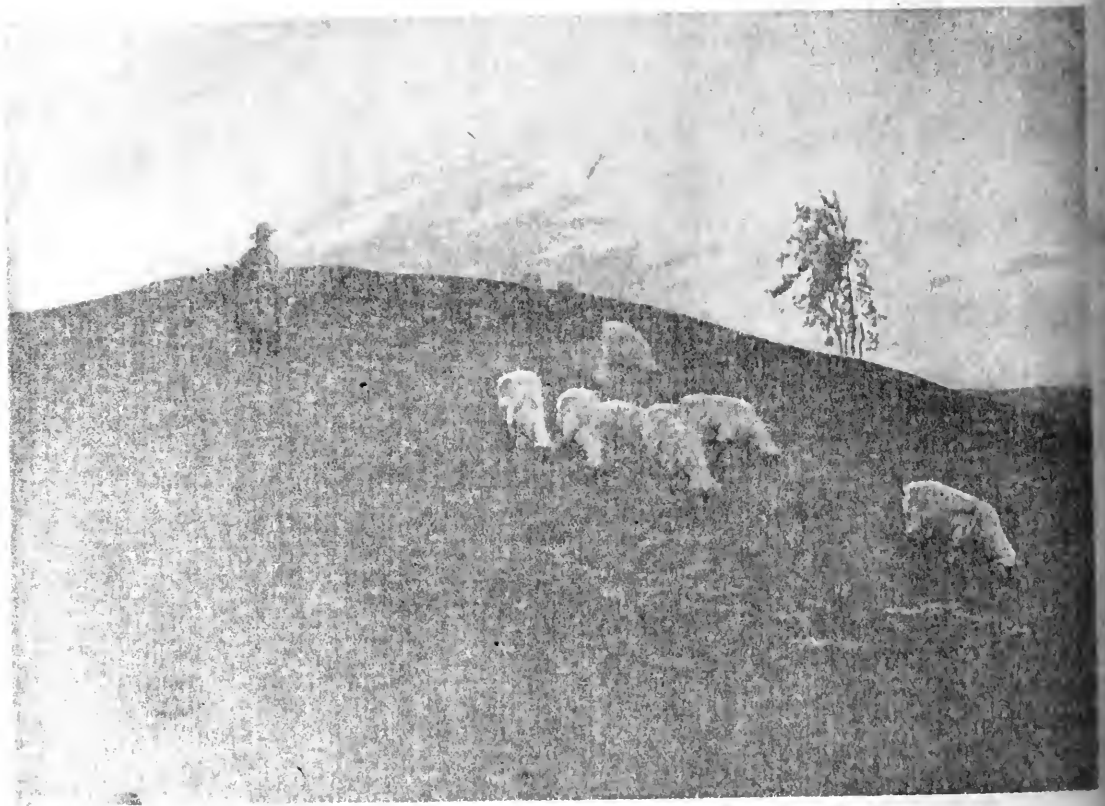
was unknown to their mysterious old Chinese. Our knowledge of the uses of their colours after this is a half-century.

The story of the Japanese of course, reveals no secrets. The example of relief-printing is a good one, leading to the use of the same process, but, as the Japanese themselves say, it was not until the 17th century that they began to use colour. The Japanese design, which is the basis of the modern school of wood-block printing, was first introduced by the Jesuits, and it was not until the 19th century that the Japanese school of wood-block printing was founded by Mr. Morley Fletcher, who was one of the pioneers.

For the first time, the teaching of the art of the Japanese school of printing in following the Japanese style owed their knowledge to the Japanese. However, adapting the Japanese style to the modern printing process, as already told in the story of the Japanese, "The Art of the Colour-print," May 1900, the influence on this interesting movement has been of the

most practical kind, but beyond his personal teaching, and the example of his own charming prints, so homogeneous in design and colour-scheme, he has lately rendered further inestimable service by the publication of his illuminating handbook, "Wood-Block Printing—A Description of the Craft of Woodcutting and Colour-Printing based on the Japanese Practice" (John Hogg). After digesting Mr. Fletcher's pithy pages, with their lucid descriptions of every stage and detail of the making of a colour-print from wood-blocks, no artist need turn wistfully away from a Hiroshige or an Utamaro without a hope of being able to go and do likewise. For, with explicit word and illustration, the author has given him a complete working insight into the whole art and craft, from planning the design to the final printing. This little book should win many recruits to the original colour-print movement.

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ORAL

FROM A WOOD-BLOCK PRINT IN COLOUR BY WILLIAM GILES



"SAND DUNES, DENMARK" COLOUR PRINT FROM
METAL RELIEF PLATES, BY WILLIAM GILES.



"FALAISE BY NIGHT"

COLOUR-PRINT BY FREDERICK MARRIOTT, A.R.E.

always in expressive relation to his subjects, while they are conceived simply and broadly as colour-pattern, with deliberate decorative purpose. Readers of *THE STUDIO* have seen several of his beautiful prints in reproduction, but he has never achieved anything finer in colour-gradation on the wood-block than his latest print, *The Last Gleam, Veijle Fjord, Denmark*.

Mr. Allen Seaby, with a distinctive pictorial vision, a fine sense of colour, and a happy craft of hand has used the decorative value of bird-life to charming purpose. Mr. Sydney Lee expresses his pictorial individuality as artistically upon the colour-block as he does through other graphic mediums. The prints of Miss Ethel Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Austen Brown, and Miss Mabel Royds have all their several artistic appeals, with charm of colour and design. Mr. Charles Mackie has found his own way. He cuts his designs upon oak, gets a

certain richness in his colours by mixing a little oil, omits the outline block, and achieves striking prints. Miss Ada L. Collier, a painter usually in oils or gouache, learnt the craft of the wood-block colour-print from Mr. Giles. Her prints, of which the attractive *Venetian Boat*, reproduced here, was printed from six blocks, show an engaging sense of decorative colour-pattern.

Standing apart from this group with the Japanese methods are two distinctive artists who also make colour-prints from wood-blocks—but in ways of their own. These are Mr. Lucien Pissarro and Lieut. Emile A. Verpillieux. Mr. Pissarro's delicate and lovely little prints, designed to be printed, with ordinary coloured inks, in the press together with letter-type as book-decoration, are produced by the graver, not the knife as in the Japanese manner. Wood-engraving, used with extraordinarily

The Art of the Colour-print

resourceful art and craft, is the medium of the remarkable prints of Lieut. Verpillieux, a young artist full of temperament and activity of vision, a craftsman of imagination. The vibrations of light through the atmospheric tones and local colours are rendered with wonderful brilliance, by actual engraving rather than devices of printing, as one may see in his latest print, *Searchlights, Trafalgar Square*, where the searchlights playing across the sky give, with their vibrant lines, a sense of mysterious vitality to the design formed by the lines of the square and the Nelson Column.

Aquatint, because its object is to produce tones that shall resemble wash-drawings, seems to me of all the intaglio methods the most suitable basis for the colour-print. It was the medium of the finest and most artistic French colour-prints of the eighteenth century, the medium with which Janinet, Descourtis, and Debucourt produced, with a number of superimposed printings from several plates, their subtleties of tonality, and it is used to-day by an interesting group of our graver-printers in colour.

Had aquatint been a known practice at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Le Blon would undoubtedly have used that medium in preference to mezzotint. Scientifically he composed his prints with the primary colours superimposed, each printed from a separate plate, and some of his results were extraordinarily successful. But rarely is a coloured mezzotint an artistic success, since the true quality of the engraving is seen only in black and white, with all the colour-suggestion of its infinite range of tone, and then only in an early impression, brilliant with all its velvety beauty of bloom. For this reason colour-printing was merely an afterthought with the great mezzotinters of the eighteenth century; it was never the objective of their engraving. To-day Mr. Frederick Marriott, as far as I know, is alone in producing colour-prints from mezzotint plates, and then, going for strong contrasts in light and shade—artificial light frequently—he uses resources of his own to achieve his brilliancy. The modern graphic artist, seeking means only for original expression, has seen nothing worth reviving in



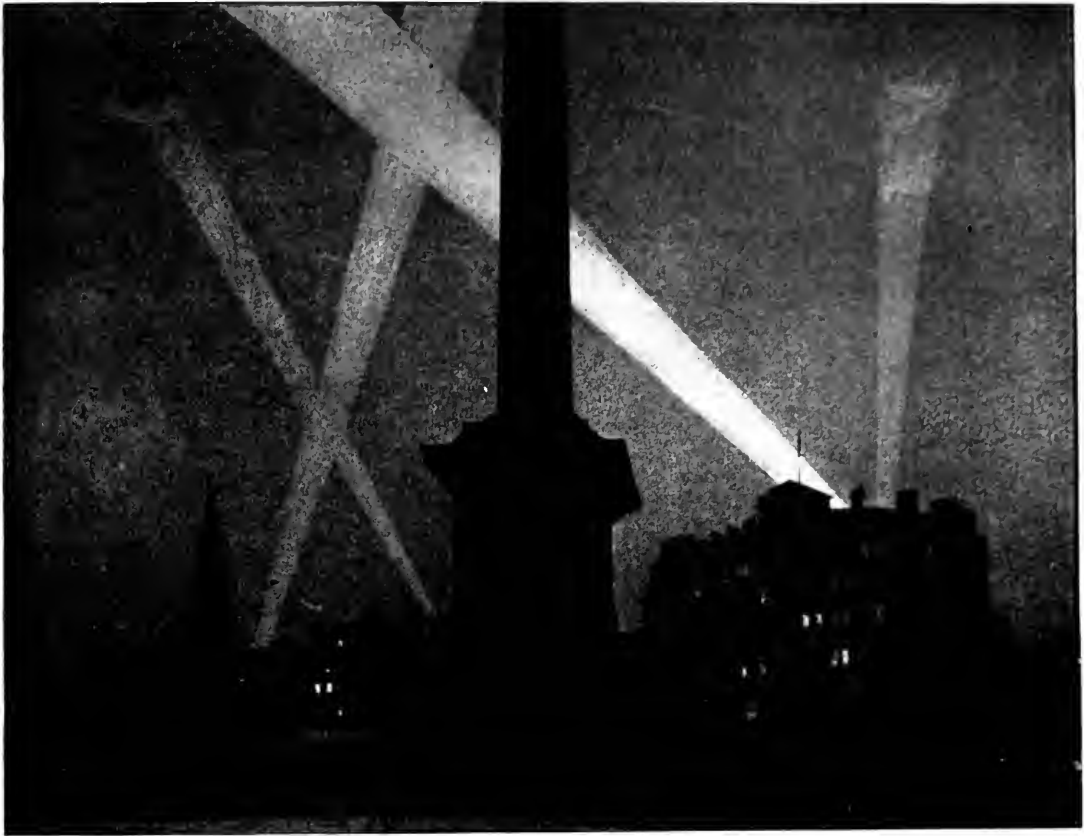
"ON THE SUFFOLK COAST: SEA HOLLY"



VENETIAN BOATS
LITHOGRAPH BY
ADA L. COLLIER.



VENETIAN BOATS
LITHOGRAPH BY
ADA L. COLLIER.



"SEARCHLIGHTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE"

FROM A WOOD-BLOCK COLOUR-PRINT BY E. A. VERPILLEUX

(Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach)

the once popular, but long disused, stipple-method; while no effects were compassed by the charming pastel-manner inspired by Boucher and invented by Bonnet, which are not within the simpler resources of lithography. But eighteenth-century French aquatint holds its own with us to-day, with its multi-plate printings and the aid of soft-ground etching for the key-design, and only in the matter of greater exactness of register, and the choice between dust-ground and the more luminous spirit-ground, can it be said that we have "bettered the instruction."

This is the method used by Mr. Theodore Roussel, an artist of exquisite refinement and individuality, who has been for many years experimenting in colour-printing from metal plates, and has brought to this much sensitive artistry and originality of resource. His beautiful and poetic *Moonrise in the New Forest*, and the splendidly decorative *L'Agonie des Fleurs*, would seem to prove his belief that

the colour-engraver, if he be an artist, can command the whole gamut of tones possible to the painter.

Lieut. W. Lee Hankey, a painter and etcher with a temperament for experiment, has devoted much industry and skill to the craft of the colour-print. His colour-schemes are invariably of a satisfying simplicity, four or five plates usually serving his purpose, his more recent plates, such as *Warwick's Land*, showing increased refinement of technique and purity of tone. Mr. Alfred Hartley, a very sensitive artist, of distinguished accomplishment in black-and-white aquatint, has also expressed his pictorial poetry with subtle charm through the colour-tones of the dust-ground plates. No living artist has worked more loyally for the plate of many colours than Mr. Nelson Dawson, whose pictorial vitality may be seen in a number of spirited prints, mostly full of the sense of the sea and those who go down to her in ships. Mrs. Nelson Dawson, so frequently associated

The Art of the Colour-print

with her husband in his versatile craftsmanship, is also happy upon the coloured aquatint plates, as her charming print, *On the Suffolk Coast: Sea Holly*, reproduced here in monochrome, will show, with its suggestive simplicity of treatment. Among other noteworthy artists who find this a sympathetic medium one may name Mrs. Mabel Lee Hankey, Miss Robertine Heriot, and Mr. Raphael Roussel.

The colour-prints of Mr. E. L. Laurensen have a distinction of their own. An interesting landscape-painter, with an artistic instinct for admirable design, he began aquatinting single plates, and, painting them laboriously for each impression, he produced a number of prints of telling effect. But this did not satisfy his artistic sense of craftsmanship, and he now prints his tones generally from three plates, getting luminosity and vitality into his colouring by using the spirit-ground. Miss Hilda Porter, whose *The Hour Whispers Peace*, with its tenderness of tone and sentiment, is seen here in monochrome, prints all her colours together from a single plate, believing that the fact of their slightly overlapping in the printing helps the effect of atmosphere.

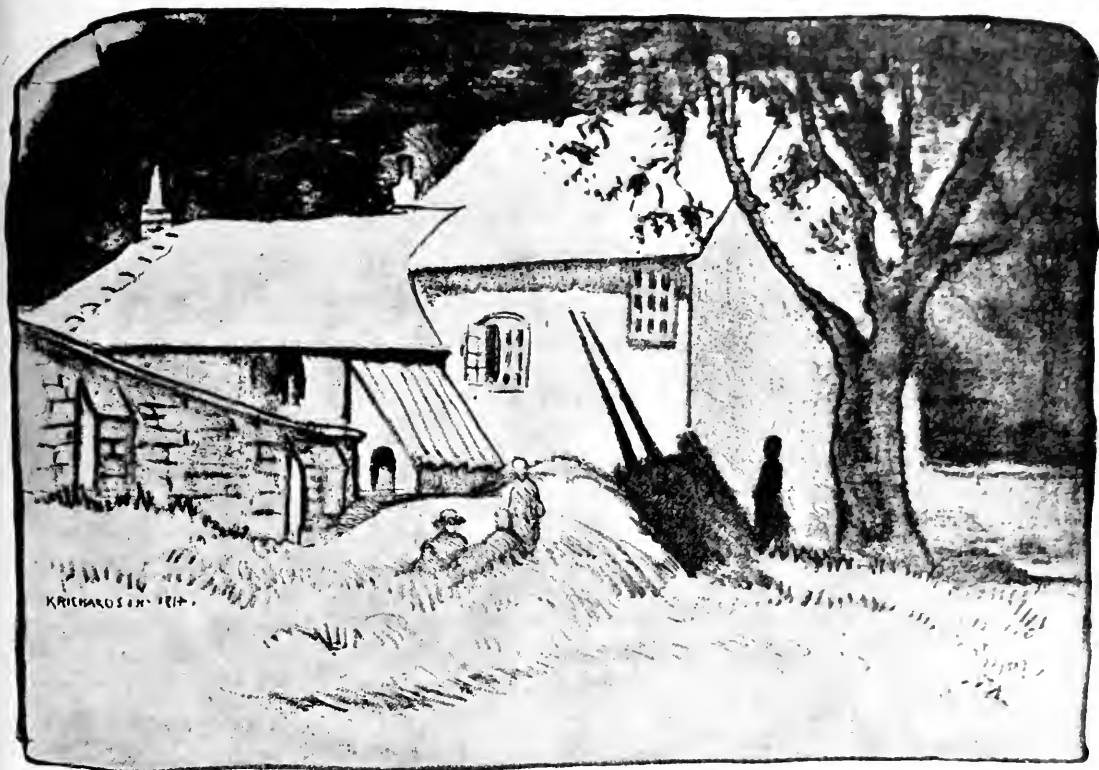
A new process of printing colour from metal

plates—a process with great possibilities in it—has been devised by Mr. William Giles. His experience, that the chief difficulty of printing from wood-blocks is the rapidity with which the colours dry upon the wood, suggested to him that colour might be printed from zinc plates etched in relief, on the principle of the wood-block, and that, by using a volatile oil instead of water for mixing the colours, the rapid drying might be avoided by the longer process of evaporation, and many extra gradations of tone printed at a single printing. The colours, meanwhile protected from any chemical action of the plate by giving it a thin coating of shellac, would be left with their maximum of luminosity and brilliance by the complete evaporation of the volatile oil in the drying process after printing. The charming *Sand Dunes, Denmark*, reproduced here in colours, exemplifies Mr. Giles's practice with his new method. One may briefly describe this. The key outline is scratched on a sheet of gelatine with an etching-needle. Soft black-lead is rubbed into the lines, and an impression is taken on as many zinc plates as may be required for the colour-printings, the polish of the zinc being first removed by weak acid.



"THE HOUR WHISPERS PEACE"

COLOUR-PRINT BY HILDA PORTER



"BATT'S FARM"

COLOUR LITHOGRAPH BY KATHARINE RICHARDSON

Before putting the plate with its design into the nitric acid—not too strong, by the way—the colour-shape, which is to be left in relief, must be covered with a protective paint to preserve it while the rest of the zinc is being eaten away—to the depth only of a sheet of paper. Deeper than this the acid would begin to bite also laterally, which would injure the design. Of course the back of the plate must be protected. To arrest the action of the acid, the zinc must be rinsed in water and dried. A resin, rejoicing in the weird name of Dragon's Blood, is freely powdered over the plate's surface, and this is then brushed off—with a thick, broad, flat brush—from left to right in four different directions. It clings particularly to the edges of the design, as yet slightly bitten. Melted on a heater, as it must be for the design's protection, the Dragon's Blood turns from red to brown. The operation is repeated until the plate has been bitten deeply enough for printing, when the zinc is cleansed with turpentine or potash. Mr. Giles has used this process for several of his recent prints, the most impressive of which, perhaps,

is *The Last Gleam, Central Corsica*, a beautiful thing. Mrs. Giles (Ada M. Shrimpton), a talented painter in water-colours, has employed this method also in the service of a very sensitive landscape-vision—her *Vetches in Rye*—*Veijle Fjord*, *Almond-Tree in the Apennines*, and *The Passing of the Flowers* being exquisitely pure and harmonious in colour. And since the charm of colour is the *raison d'être* of the colour-print, it is to be hoped that other artists will be attracted to a method that offers such possibilities of attaining this.

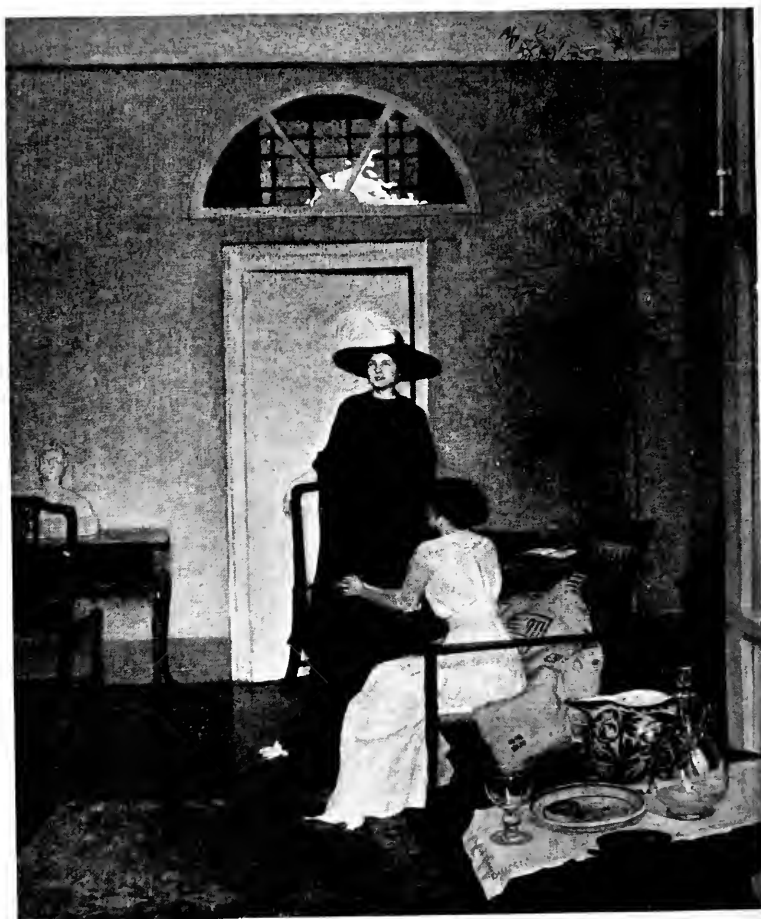
There is still another medium at the service of the graphic colour-printer—lithography; yet so far this has been little recognized in this country. The charm of spontaneity, vitality, and autography of expression is the artistic appeal of lithography, but the British artists who have responded to this appeal rarely see, as so many Continental artists have seen, that the medium may be sympathetic to pictorial expression in colour. Whistler saw this, and did tinted lithographs in his dainty and exquisite manner. T. R. Way used lithography for definite colour-prints, so has Mr. Sydney Lee.

Maxwell Armfield, Painter and Decorative Artist

Mr. William Nicholson too; while occasionally in the Exhibitions of the Senefelder Club one of the members, Mr. Spencer Pryse, for instance, will show a coloured lithograph. Yet in a modest way there is a school of colour-lithography growing, and this is due to the teaching of that sound master of lithographic technique, Mr. F. Ernest Jackson, at the Central School of Arts and Crafts. There he rightly teaches his pupils to work direct upon the stone, and to print their own stones. Strenuous work this, with many intricacies and vagaries to master, but so extremely interesting that Miss Katharine Richardson, for one, cannot imagine any genuine lithographer confiding the printing of his stones to a trade printer. Miss Richardson has done several prints artistically in the true spirit of lithography. Two of the most interesting of Mr. Jackson's pupils are Miss Louise Jacobs and Miss Dora McLaren, both of whom, not afraid of delicate colour, use the medium legitimately for their effects. Miss Dorothy Hutton has a sensitive vision and much lithographic skill, and she has been especially successful in *The Turnip Fields* and in *The Thames at Chelsea*, with her subtle treatment of the tender tones of twilight upon the river. Very different from any of these is clever Miss Margarite Janes, with her fantastic designs in frankly decorative schemes of colour in flat tones. But there is a great deal yet to be done with colour-lithography if only the artists will be true to the spirit of the medium, and take care not to aim at effects which are attained more legitimately with painters' methods. The art of the colour-print lends itself sympathetically to the modern decorative spirit, whether the expression calls for the medium of wood, metal, or stone.

MAXWELL ARMFIELD, PAINTER AND DECORATIVE ARTIST. BY GEOFFREY WHITWORTH.

IT is a good maxim in art that the achievement of any artist may be measured to some extent by his power of assimilating the work of other artists. As a man is known by his friends, so, according to this theory, is the painter known by the masters of his adoption. And on the same principle the youthful productions of great painters become a peculiarly fruitful source of study, since they preserve for us that period of imitation which can reveal as nothing else the natural affinities between the spirit of one artist and that of another. Not thus do we seek to limit the need of a unique personal inspiration. Sensitiveness to the style of others does not carry with it any such disastrous implication. On the contrary, the greatest artists have often been the most



"THE CALL"

BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD



"TOURISTS." BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD

receptive of every kind of outside influence. And certainly the work of an artist like Maxwell Armfield has lost nothing of its individual quality from its many points of close contact with the work of predecessors and contemporaries of various schools and tendencies.

Commencing his career as a student of the Birmingham School of Art, Mr. Armfield went through the usual phase of Pre-Raphaelite adoration. But he was soon to find his way to a larger freedom of outlook and expression in an enthusiastic yet always critical study of the art of Japan. There he discovered the beautiful simplification of design and colour which he afterwards was to make his own, while from the Italian primitives he retained the tendency to a conventionalized scheme of figure-drawing which was later to be combined with a quite classical sense of the dignity of form. It will be noticed that all these varied sources of influence share at least one common characteristic—the characteristic of purity. And it is purity which is, perhaps, the most fundamental and innate quality in Mr. Armfield's spiritual and artistic equipment.

As to the subjects of his pictures, Mr. Armfield has not scrupled to go to literature for many of them. But there again, no less than in his works of a more abstract nature, the same qualities of austerity and purity are paramount. Whether as a book-illustrator or as a painter of portraits, Mr. Armfield does not, I think, *interpret* his subjects so much as *utilize* them for some private purpose of his own. The result is often a surprise in relation to the subject; but always a perfectly consistent variation on Mr. Armfield's logical scheme of visual perception. For his main concern is not simply with the forms of things, nor yet with any of the conventional meanings usually attached to those forms. He is concerned with the general rather than with the particular, and a mood of spiritual insight or revelation is more to him than ten thousand matters of fact. Here it would seem that his artistic theory, in some respects so close to that of the Post-Impressionists, breaks away, for he brings to the discovery of the soul of an object a temperament so personal that his own spiritual values are always added to whatever may be under



"A DISH OF FRUIT" AND "ANEMONES"

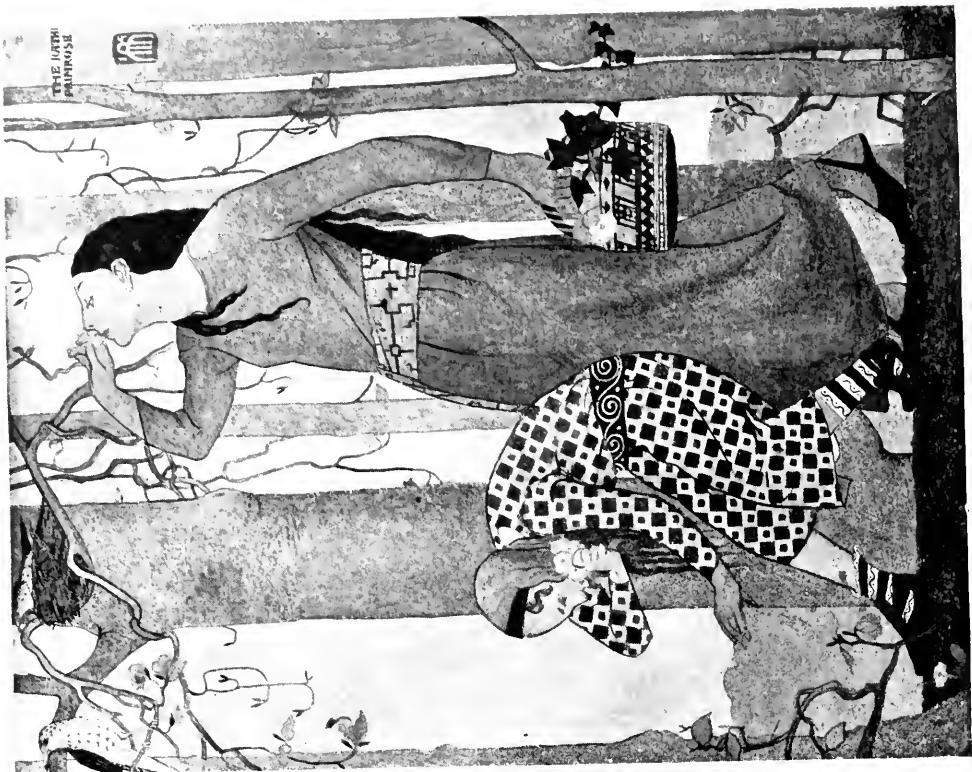
BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD



"THE COMING OF SPRING"
BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD



BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD



"THE RATHER PRIMROSE"

FRESCO PAINTING BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD



DECORATIVE PANEL

BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD

review. So he is emphatically *not* content to view art as the mere transcription of the nature of the thing in itself. For Maxwell Armfield is a poet besides being a painter, and he knows and practises the craft of words no less skilfully than that of paints and pencils. Even in the most abstract of his landscapes one is aware of a set of values which are not simply pictorial. One remembers exquisitely tender renderings of hills and far-off mountains, as in some of the paintings of Patinir, where the horizon is less a limit to the scene than a haunting line of interrogation of what may be beyond. It is this almost religious feeling for infinity that lies behind all his thought and work and gives a sense of breadth and airiness to the smallest and most precise of his sketches.

Versatile in subject, Mr. Armfield has been no less versatile in medium and in method. One of the more prominent members of the Tempera Society, he has used that medium with marked originality and success. In water-colour he has been no less productive, whether in pure landscape or in illustrating such books as Mrs. Armfield's "Flower Book" or Mr. Dent's edition of "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," where a light-hearted fantasy of conception has proved to be not incompatible with an almost Persian serenity of design.

Nor must any estimate of Mr. Armfield's art, however short, end without some mention of his activity in the craft of decoration. In designs for fabrics, furniture, and room-walls

Mr. Armfield has shown a ready inventiveness and a readiness to fulfil the conditions of the machine-made article which one hopes will find increasing scope in the days after the war.

Such readiness is all too rare among the artists of to-day, a fact which accounts very largely for the failure of even such excellent organizations as the Arts and Crafts Society to progress very far in their ideal of modifying the prevalent low standard of commercial taste. No doubt the manufacturer has often been himself to blame, incapable of shedding the shackles of an evil convention of ugliness and vulgarity. But certainly the fault has not been all on one side. The artist has seldom taken the trouble to become thoroughly conversant with the needs and outlook of his new patron, and has acted too often after the manner of an architect who should insist, for purely æsthetic reasons, on building a house with fewer or more numerous rooms in it than his client required. If the astute man of business is ever to be persuaded of the commercial value of good art, it is essential that both he and the artist he employs should completely understand one another. Then not only will the bargain for both parties be profitable, but the work resulting will have a beauty and utility all its own.

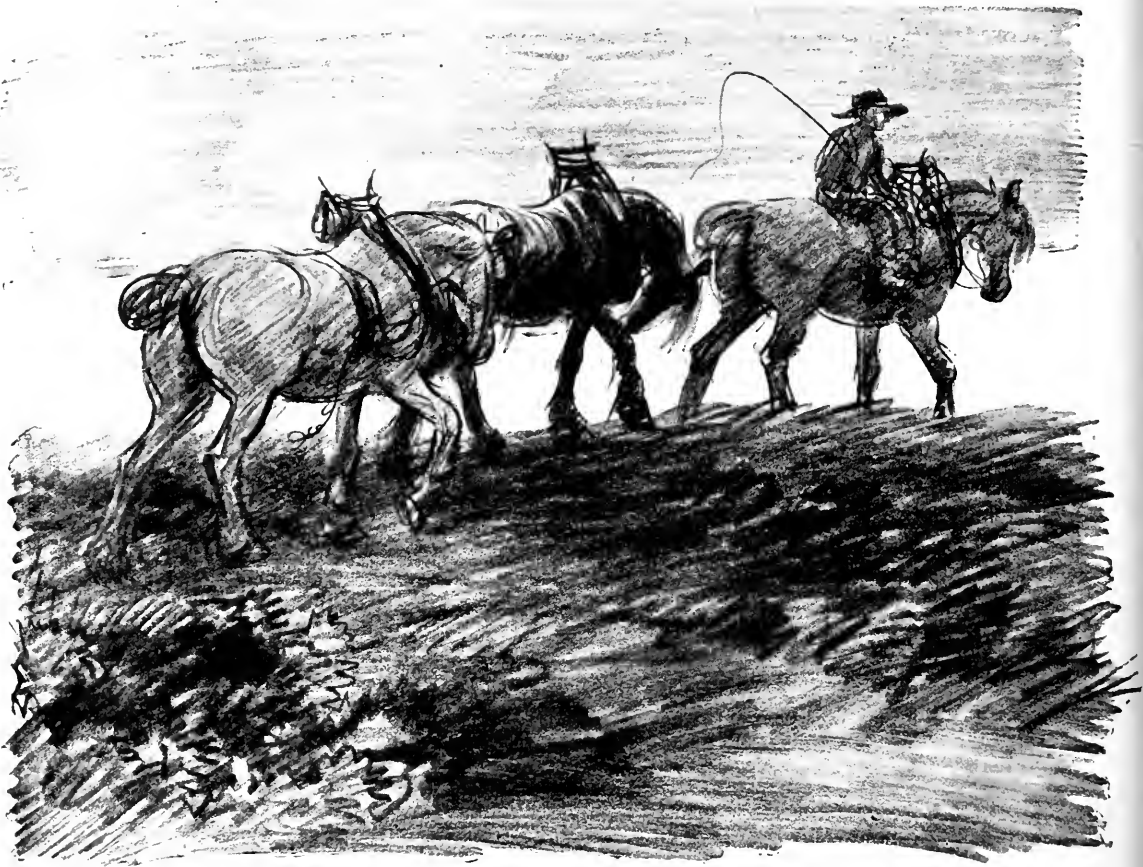
To establish such work on a sound basis will be one of the most pressing problems in the world of art when once again it becomes possible for us to think seriously of the connexion of beauty with our daily life.

HUGH THOMSON, ILLUSTRATOR.
BY M. HEPWORTH DIXON.

"I DISLIKE shy people," said that most astute of Imperial ladies the late Queen Victoria, "and for the simple reason I am shy myself." Admirable as a piece of self-criticism, the dictum applies to others than those who sit in high places. For the barrier formed by acute sensibility is clearly not only an aid to shyness in others, but an obvious drawback in the conduct of ordinary life—in the market-place ready explicitness is everything. But it is certain that such super-affectability is not detrimental to the artist—the interpreter of life, the man who must above all things hold in jealous bond the fine flavour of his ego, the thrall, as it were, of his exclusive vision.

I like to think of Mr. Hugh Thomson so safeguarded. For it is whispered that he is as shy

as he is modest in the estimate of his own individual performance. Yet the output of the artist is a prodigious one, and he has the right to be proud of his artistic progeny. The high level he has maintained in his craftsmanship is rare—rare certainly in an artist of such ceaseless activity. Kate Greenaway, Mr. Thomson's contemporary, waned, as we know, in popularity before she died. It needed the stimulus of a continental vogue and her unexpected death to give her a definite place among English illustrators. Mr. Thomson would seem to need no outside stimulus and fortuitous aids, no *réclame* to keep him in the enthusiastic regard of a British public. This attitude is all the more remarkable inasmuch as Mr. Hugh Thomson has lived into a century in which he has neither part nor lot. For the twentieth century is outside his domain: the dust and heat and pressure of the time are not his. I hardly like to think of the illustrator of "Our Village"



"WENDING HOMEWARDS"

SKETCH BY HUGH THOMSON



"MIND AND MATTER." FROM A
SKETCH BY HUGH THOMSON

Hugh Thomson, Illustrator

coming in contact with a food hog, a *Futurist*, or an exponent of the egregious "Fox Trot."

Not that Mr. Thomson has occupied himself entirely with depicting sentimental reverberations. Though an optimist, and a robust one, his fun only just lacks the rollicking hilarity of that unsurpassed draughtsman Randolph Caldecott.

Tender, persuasive, humorous, debonair—all these things Mr. Hugh Thomson can be; but let us not forget that while his contemporary and fellow-worker Randolph Caldecott inhaled the very air of the Georgian era, Mr. Thomson is a product of the nineteenth century. Hence his peculiar aptness for understanding not only Jane Austen but George Eliot, Thackeray, and Sir James Barrie. Personally I think Mr. Austin Dobson is mistaken in thinking Mr. Thomson found Jane Austen difficult to illustrate. The perfect sympathy exhibited between artist and author in the Peacock Edition Series certainly hardly justifies the stricture. Landscapes there are none and outdoor life is to seek, but the necessity of confining himself to the human figure probably gave the artist just the zest required for depicting in so whole-

hearted a fashion the belles and dandies of a somewhat artificial era. There are critics even who hold that the draughtsman actually subordinates his talent to that of his author. Well, if the accusation be true, it may be taken for another instance of Mr. Hugh Thomson's gallantry, for the illustrations to Miss Burney, Miss Mitford, and Mrs. Gaskell are among the very happiest of his creations.

But it is time to turn to the artist's early struggles—the time when, arriving full of ardour and enthusiasm from Coleraine, he first attacked the elusive London editor. His initial efforts,

we know, brought him little success. Happily for the youngster, there was an editor who was also a discerning and catholic-minded critic. Mr. Comyns Carr, who was the leading spirit of the "English Illustrated Magazine," had already gathered Randolph Caldecott under his editorial wing, and quickly discerned the talent of the

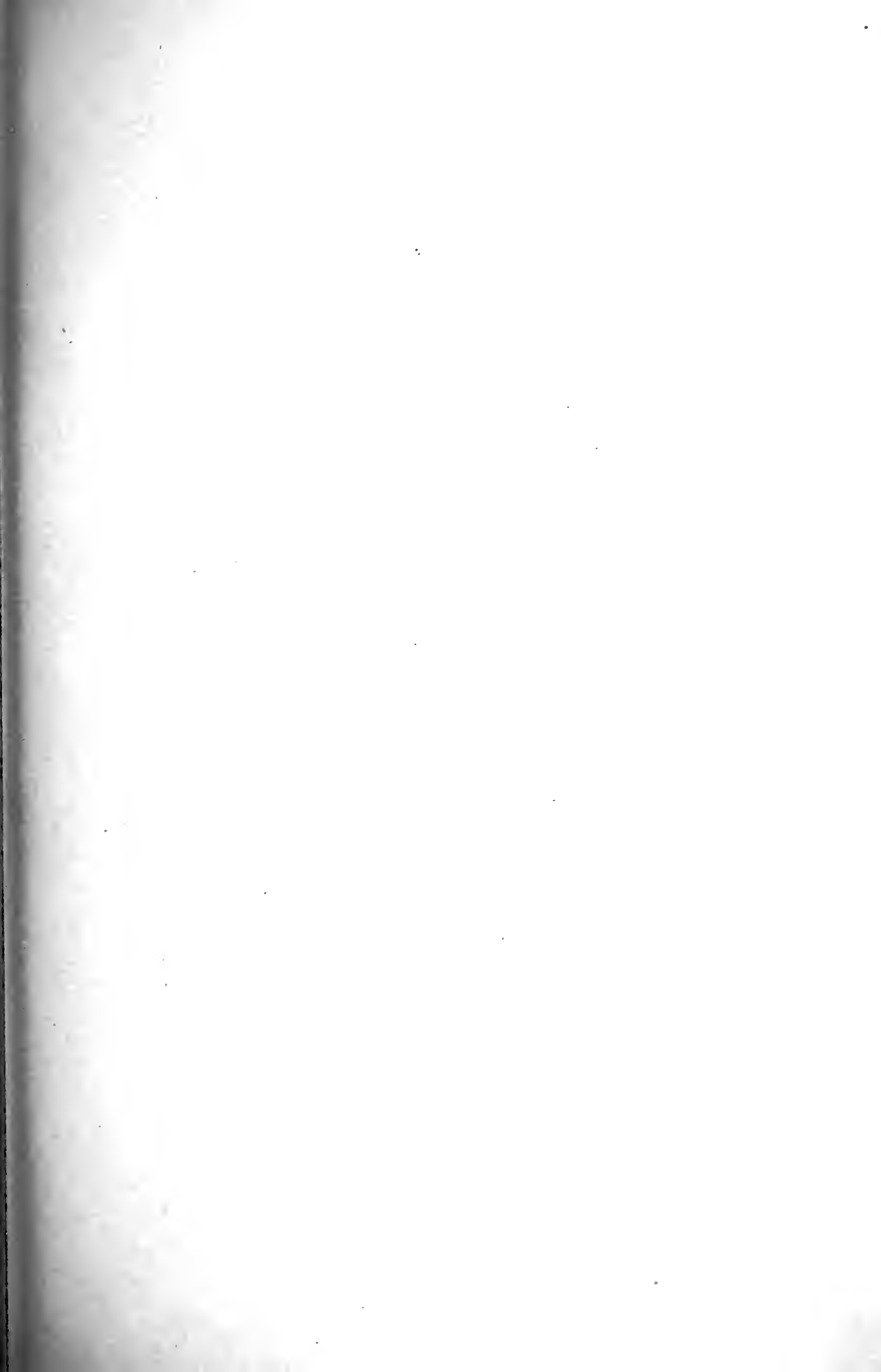
new-comer. Thus Hugh Thomson's first bow to the English public was made in the "English Illustrated Magazine," where he designed the illustrations to a paper written on the Parade at Bath by the late H. D. Trail, so many years a contributor to the "Daily Telegraph."

But more ambitious efforts were to follow. For not only did Mr. Thomson's first book, "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley," come out in the "English Illustrated" in 1886, but "Coaching Ways and Coaching Days," a volume written by Outram Tristram, followed in 1888. Two years later came "The Vicar of Wakefield," a task which taxed all the artist's powers, for we know that Mr. Thomson was somewhat loath to tread in



"HARRY LAUDER." SKETCH FROM MEMORY
BY HUGH THOMSON

a path already traversed by Stothard, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank. Adroitness and refinement, however, triumphed in the end, and the 182 illustrations to the immortal "Vicar" (a labour we are not surprised to learn occupied the artist something more than two years) added to the steady growth of Mr. Thomson's reputation. Yet the seal and climax of his popularity was to come, for in the hundred illustrations to Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" the designer reached the high-water mark of his achievement. Not that Miss Mitford must be forgotten. Ruskin, who saw in the author of





*"The Fop." Sketch
by Hugh Thomson*



PRELIMINARY SKETCH FOR ILLUSTRATION TO "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" BY HUGH THOMSON.





PRELIMINARY SKETCH FOR ILLUSTRATION TO "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" BY HUGH THOMSON



*Preliminary sketch for "The Wife
of Bath." By Hugh Thomson*



"THE CONNOISSEURS"

BY HUGH THOMSON

at the Leicester Galleries. Published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, "Quality Street" was the first Barrie play to appear in book form, and it was a happy inspiration of Messrs. Brown and Phillips to bring the collection together in a public exhibition at their galleries. As for "The School for Scandal," issued by the same publishers, little need be said at this juncture. It is a *tour de force*, not only of characterization, but of delicious colour. The artist has an eye for colour which is at once subtle, individual, and delicately and appropriately harmonious. It pleases rather than surprises, and in this trait endorses the previous criticism that Mr. Thomson's art belongs emphatically

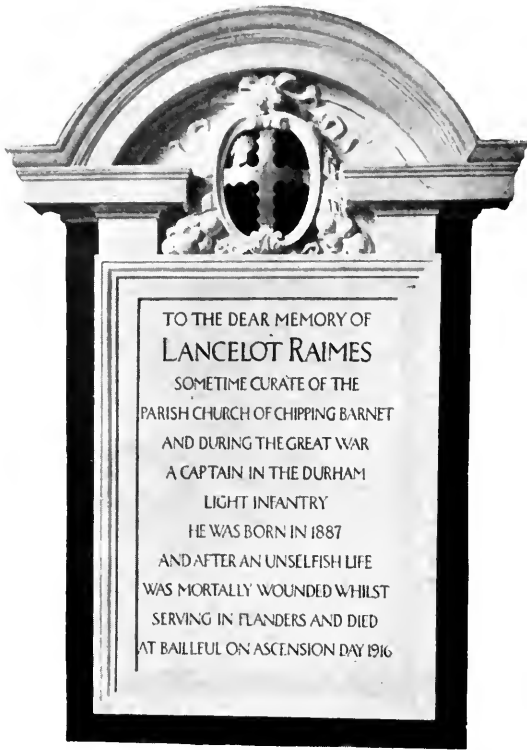
"Our Village" "the playfulness and purity of Oliver Goldsmith" without the naughtiness of his wit or "the dust of the world's great road on the other side of the hedge," would seem exactly to voice Mr. Thomson's sentiments regarding the lady.

It may come as a shock to the enthusiastic student of Mr. Thomson to learn that the artist's "scenery," whether it was for "Cranford" (the Cheshire market-town of Knutsford) or the more unsophisticated village of Miss Mitford's fancy, were all drawn on Wimbledon Common. Knutsford he had never even seen—a fact which should not surprise us in so thoroughgoing an idealist. For it is his whimsical idealism which has been the artist's chief mainstay, enabling him to comprehend and enter into the spirit of such widely different characters as Lady Castlewood in Thackeray's "Esmond" and the sapiently grotesque Triplet of "Peg Woffington," the last a pen-sketch on a fly-leaf dedicated to his friend Austin Dobson.

While on the subject of plays we must not forget the brilliant illustrations of "Quality Street" exhibited just before the outbreak of war

cally to the nineteenth century and knows nothing of the age into which we have lived—an age so cruel and vitriolic in its manifestations. Another and a calmer air belongs to the artist who has so happily illustrated "Cranford." We feel that with Mr. Thomson it is always afternoon and that the winds are tempered to his genial and kindly talent.

The illustrations to this article have a peculiar value of their own, seeing that they are all from sketches hitherto unpublished and lent by the artist for reproduction in *THE STUDIO*. *Wending Homewards* is a robust study of plough horses newly liberated from their day's toil. *Harry Lauder*, a memory sketch, is inimitable in its sense of humour, and *The Fop*, in lead-pencil, takes us, at a bound, to the Sheridan era, while *Mind and Matter* reminds us that Mr. Hugh Thomson might easily have illustrated "John Gilpin." In the same vein are the preliminary designs for *The Wife of Bath* and the sketch called *The Connoisseurs*. Our coloured illustration is again one of Mr. Thomson's initial designs for "The School for Scandal," and is so characteristic as to need no description.



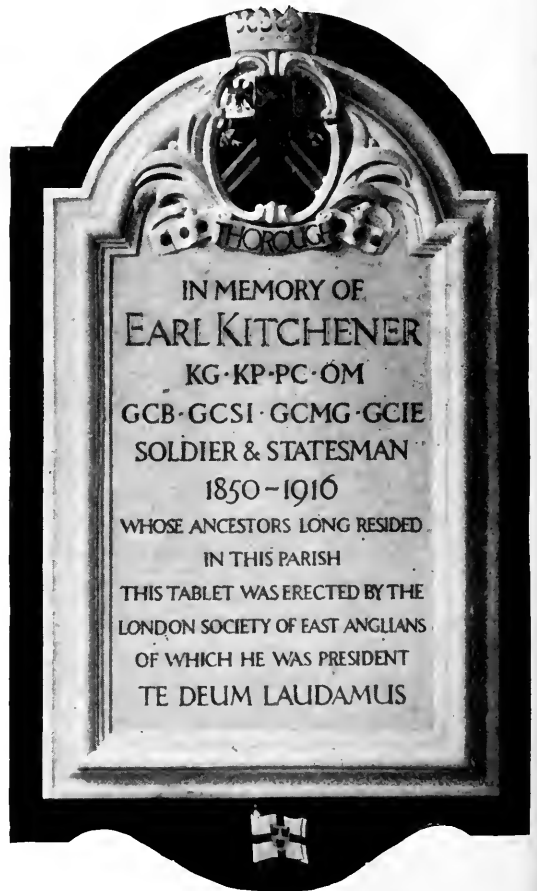
MEMORIAL TABLET IN ACASTER CHURCH, YORK
DESIGNED BY E. GUY DAWBER : EXECUTED BY
JOSEPH ARMITAGE

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The two memorial tablets which we illustrate on this page may be heartily commended for their dignified simplicity. The designs in both cases are essentially of an architectural character, and the sculptural ornament is kept in restraint, while a touch of colour in the heraldic features relieves the austerity of the black-and-white combination. Tablets of this type are, of course, not uncommon in our cathedrals and churches, but many of them suffer from extreme simplicity or from the other extreme of excessive ornamentation, and of the two faults perhaps the latter is the more objectionable. Some of the modelled designs for memorials shown in the recent winter exhibition of the Royal Academy would certainly have been more acceptable if the art of the sculptor had not been so freely lavished upon them and more thought had been bestowed upon the architectural setting.

On the opposite page we illustrate a stained-glass window designed by the veteran artist Mr. Henry Holiday to commemorate the noble sacrifice made by two brothers, Captain Cecil Irby Prowse of the *Queen Mary*, which went down with all hands in the Battle of Jutland, and Brigadier-General Charles Bertie Prowse, D.S.O., who fell in the Battle of the Somme shortly afterwards. The window was on view at the artist's studio a few weeks ago, and has no doubt now been erected in the church for which it was designed—an interesting fourteenth-century edifice. The design is of an allegorical character, representing the combat of the powers of light and the powers of darkness and the subjugation of the latter, and the colour-scheme is consonant with this representation—the lower part of the window assigned to the forces of evil being markedly subdued in tone, while the upper part is luminous by comparison.



MEMORIAL TABLET IN LAKENHEATH CHURCH, SUFFOLK
DESIGNED BY E. GUY DAWBER : EXECUTED BY JOSEPH
ARMITAGE



STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FOR THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, YEOVIL, SOMERSET,
IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN CECIL IRBY PROWSE AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES BERTIE
PROWSE, D.S.O. DESIGNED BY HENRY HOLIDAY

Most of the societies which usually hold exhibitions in the early months of the year have carried out their programme this year. Both the Senefelder Club and the Painter-Etchers, which were in strong force at the Royal Academy winter exhibition, mustered good shows at the Leicester Galleries and the R.W.S. Galleries respectively, the feature of the former being a collection of prints by distinguished French artists who have practised lithography with success—Daumier, Fantin-Latour, Steinlen, Manet, Renoir, Corot, etc. At the Painter-Etchers' we noted especially the contributions of some new recruits—Miss Sylvia Gosse, Miss Margaret Dobson, Mr. Leonard Squirrell, and Mr. Haigh-Wood—whose work, particularly when concerned with figure subjects, certainly added to the interest of the exhibition. The exhibition of the Society of Women Artists (R.B.A. Galleries) and the Women's International Art Club (Grafton Galleries) depended for their success upon the work of a comparatively small number of artists in both cases, but the average quality of the work shown was by no means discreditable, and in both cases some excellent examples of handicraft were on view. The Aeronautical Exhibition organized by the Countess of Drogheda at the Grosvenor Gallery in aid of service funds contained, besides many interesting models, a unique collection of prints and pictures of various dates, some very recent, in which air-craft are represented. Modern aerial locomotion has provided artists with a new motive, but their representations of aircraft in motion are not always successful, though several notable exceptions were included in the exhibition.

EDINBURGH.—Hitherto Scotland has occupied a very subsidiary position as regards monumental or any form of the noble art of sculpture, but it may be hoped that with the Gladstone Memorial recently unveiled there will be created a new sense of the value of sculpture, in Edinburgh in particular, where there are so many ideal sites for such work. Yet with this wealth of available spaces, and spaces that could well be made available, there was such acute controversy over the site to be chosen that years of delay in the erection of the statue occurred, and the site eventually selected is the least suitable of the six which were in contemplation. Its chief claim is that it is in the very heart of the city—



GLADSTONE MEMORIAL, EDINBURGH
PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY, R.S.A., SCULPTOR



GLADSTONE MEMORIAL—FIGURE OF "HISTORY"
PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY, R.S.A., SCULPTOR

to the thrilling tones of the greatest orator of his time, could just realize his countenance as Dr. MacGillivray has modelled it, in the dignified repose following some conclusive statement. The robes fall in graceful lines, and even the back view, so frequently not treated with the same skill as other portions of the drapery, conveys a feeling of air in the enveloping folds.

The four symbolic figures set round the pillar have in them much of the romantic and humanistic, while classic in style. *Faith* holding to her breast a Bible on which is a crucifix, and *Fortitude*, her hands resting on a shield which bears a thorn-crowned head of the Saviour—the design used by Gladstone as a book-plate—emblemize the great place the Church occupied in the life of one who amid all the distractions and anxieties of Premiership yet esteemed it a privilege to read the lessons in a country church. *Measure* appropriately symbolizes his duties as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and *Vitality* that quality of leadership which he possessed in superlative degree.

in St. Andrew Square and in line with the spacious George Street—and that it provides the essential southern exposure. For the selection of Mr. Pittendrigh MacGillivray, R.S.A., LL.D., as the sculptor, Scotland is indebted to the prescience of the late Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., and the result has thoroughly warranted the choice. The architectural base—a soft shade of red unpolished granite—as well as the statuary was designed by the artist, and the modelling of the figures, untouched by any other hand, was entirely his work. The result is a co-ordination of sculpture and architecture such as is seldom met with.

Both in painting and sculpture Gladstone has been well depicted in simple morning dress. Here the artist has presented, not the politician, but the statesman, clothed in the uniform of a Privy Councillor over which is thrown the robe of Chancellor of the Exchequer. We have thus an added dignity imparted to the portrait, which, however, does not lose any of its arresting personality on account of these sartorial adornments. Indeed those who have frequently, as the writer of these notes has done, seen Gladstone facing an audience ready to respond



GLADSTONE MEMORIAL—FIGURE OF "ELOQUENCE"
PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY, R.S.A., SCULPTOR

The two larger statues *History* and *Eloquence* bear a most important place in the group, and their position removed from the central group suggests that they represent these less intimate and more general qualities associated with the life of Gladstone. The hooded sibylline *History* is the dispassionate recorder for all time. *Eloquence*, on the contrary, appeals for the verdict of the moment, yet there is nothing energetic or impulsive in her mien, but an earnest persuasiveness, a feature of Gladstone's public speech which was as powerful in winning support as the fervid oratory that characterized his denunciatory utterances. The group on the rostrum—two boys holding a scroll—is restrainedly decorative yet full of vitality. These finely modelled nude acolytes are depositing the laurel wreath of victory on a tripod on which are represented three gleds, or kites, an allusion to the family name in its original spelling, "Gled-stane."

The artist in this truly national monument has advanced Scottish sculpture to a stage it has not hitherto occupied. A painter for some years, Dr. MacGillivray, though concentrating for the greater part of his artistic life on sculpture, has from time to time shown the vein of Celtic imagination that pulsates within him by sonnets that evince a deep insight into human nature and a wide sympathy with the impulses which lead to noble action. But the memorial which from its elevated position faces the historic old town

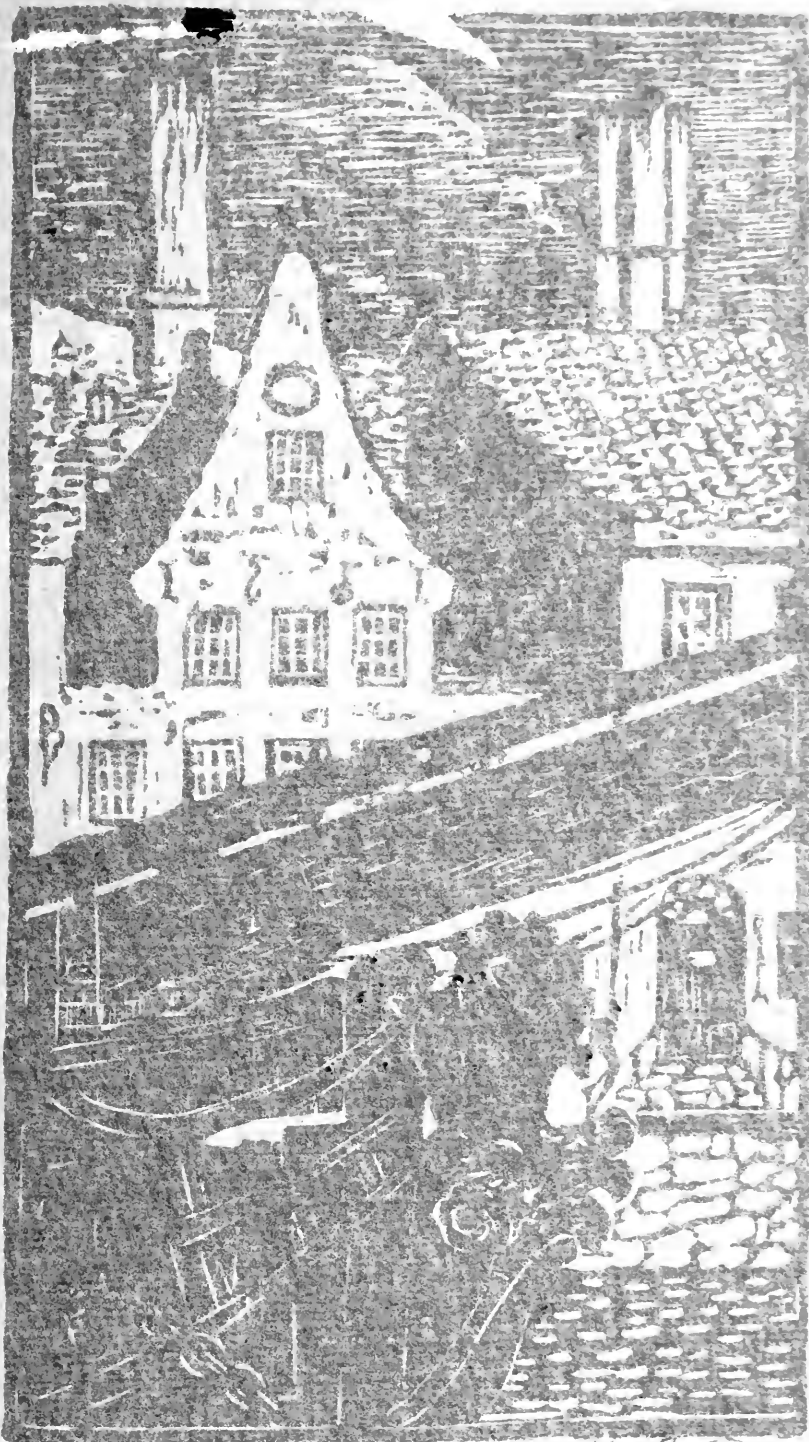
of the Scottish capital is the supreme embodiment of his art in its realization of a great statesman, and its symbolic representation of the inward qualities which led to eminence. It is an epic in bronze and stone. A. E.

CHRISTIANIA.—Olaf Willums is a young Norwegian artist of considerable promise, with an appreciation both of the different *motifs* which appeal to him and of the treatment to which they most advantageously lend themselves. The result is a clever and pleasing rendering of widely varying subjects, to which justice, in almost all cases, has been done with a certain self-contained sincerity, as a rule equally far removed from aggressive radicalism and stale tradition. Of the latter, anyhow, there is



"SPRING"

FROM A COLOUR-PRINT BY OLAF WILLUMS



Nyhavn

Olaf Willumsen

15



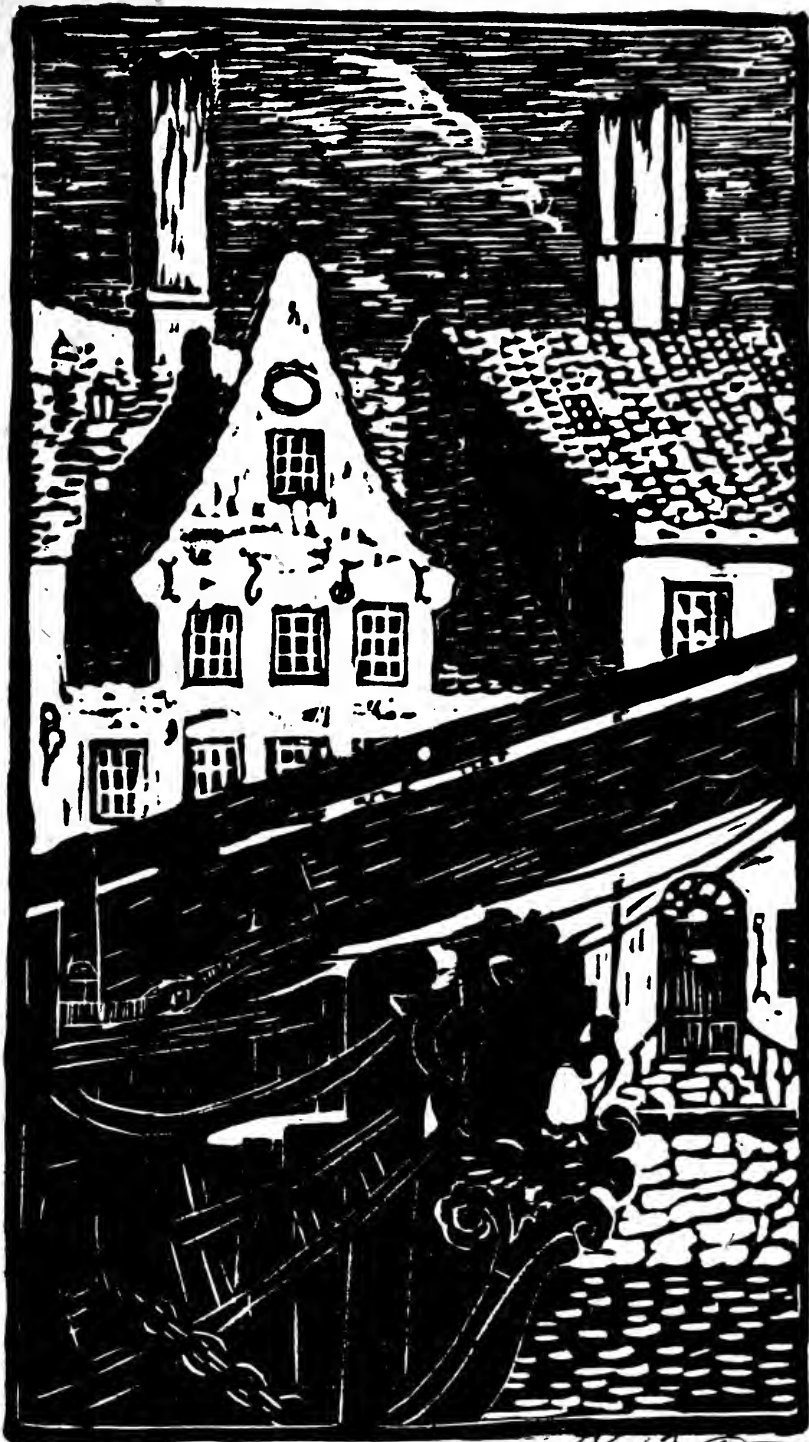
NYHAVN. FROM A WOOD
ENGRAVING BY OLAF WILLUMSEN

of the Scottish capital is the supreme embodiment of his art in its realization of a grandeur, and its symbolic representation of the inward qualities which led to eminence in the epic in bronze and stone. A. 2

CHRISTIANIA.—Olaf Willums
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FROM A COLOUR-PRINT BY OLAF WILL



Frø Nyhavn

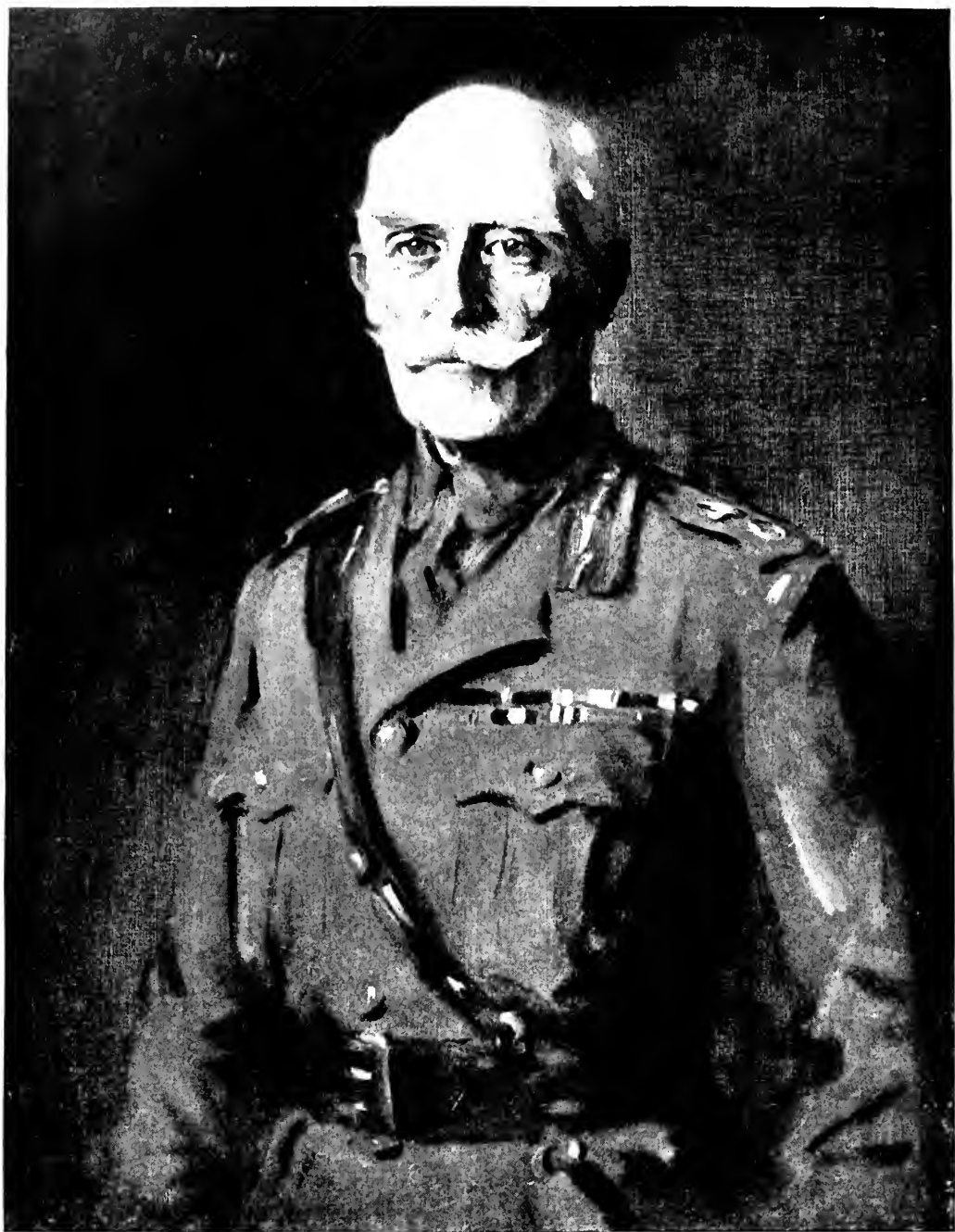
Olaf Willums



"NYHAVN." FROM A WOOD
ENGRAVING BY OLAF WILLUMS.



"CHURCH AT SKOGEN." FROM
AN ETCHING BY OLAF WILLUMS



PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. THE
DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. BY
GERTRUDE DES CLAYES

none in his etchings, and certainly not his woodcuts, and his sense of the picturesque always stands him in good place.

G. B.

MONTREAL.—To commemorate the term of office as Governor-General of Canada of Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Montreal Chapters of "The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire" recently presented to the Art Association here an interesting portrait of His Royal Highness executed by Miss Gertrude Des Clayes, to whom the commission was given. Miss Des Clayes is one of a trio of sisters, each one of whom is a talented artist. Miss Gertrude Des Clayes specializes in portraiture, Miss Berthe Des Clayes is a landscapist of merit, while the third sister is a painter of animals. Miss Des Clayes is particularly successful with her portraits of men, some of which evidence quite uncommon powers of observation and of psychological insight.

H. M. L.

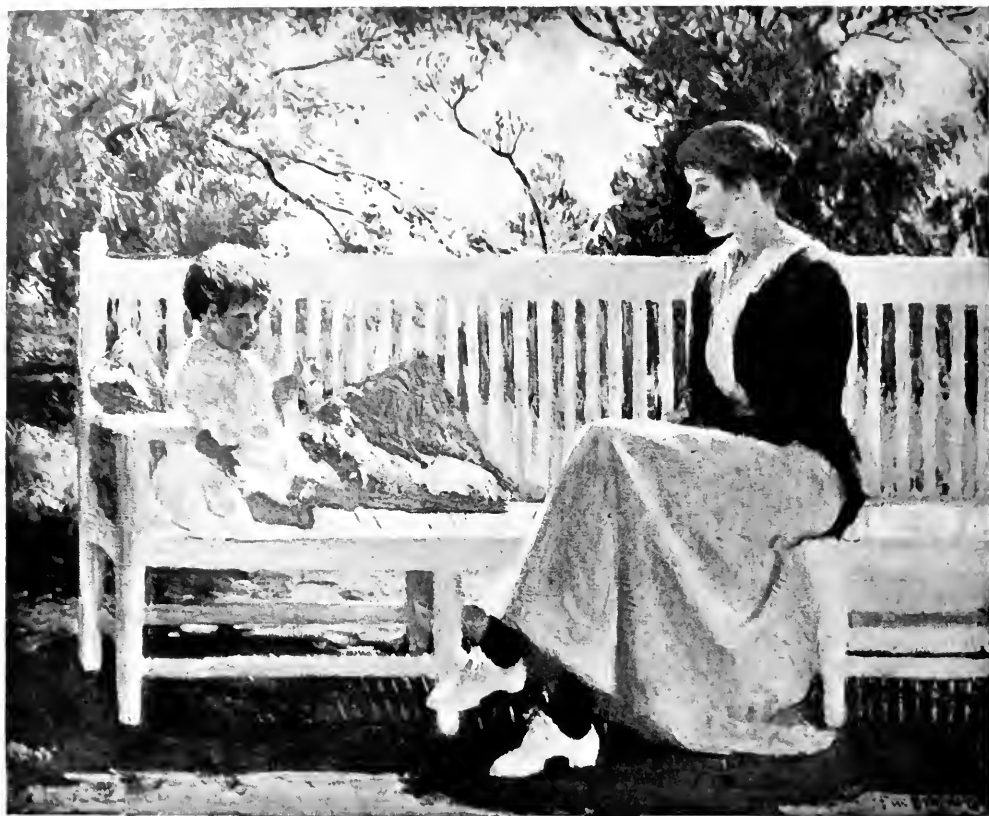
WASHINGTON. The display of original oil paintings by living American artists not previously shown in Washington was opened to the public on December 17, in the Sixth Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary Art at the Corcoran Gallery, and included four hundred and eleven works. The First William A. Clark Prize of two thousand dollars and the Corcoran Gold Medal were awarded to Mr. Arthur B. Davies on his exhibit entitled *Castalias*; the Second of one thousand five hundred dollars and the Silver Medal to Mr. Ernest Lawson for his work entitled *Bout House, Winter, Harlem River*; the Third of one thousand dollars with the Bronze Medal to Mr. Hugh H. Breckenridge for his *Nude with Still Life*; and Honourable Mention with five hundred dollars to Mr. George B. Luks for his *Woman and Macaws*. The Hanging Committee did its work well, and the pictures were exposed in the most favorable way in a series of top-lighted galleries. One of these, known as



"A ROAD IN WINTER"

(Corcoran Gallery, Washington)

BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD



"MOTHER AND CHILD"

(Corcoran Gallery, Washington)

BY FRANK W. BENSON

"Gallery G," was given over exclusively to a group of eighteen of Mr. John Singer Sargent's works, most of them family portraits lent by the owners. A landscape entitled *Mountain Torrents* was lent by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, and a very fine nude *Egyptian Girl* added to the interest of the group.

Cox's portrait of Emil Carlsen, Mr. Herman G. Herkomer's portrait of Sir Hubert Herkomer, R.A., a portrait of Miss Barbara Brown by Miss Lydia Field Emmett, and that of Rollin D. Salisbury by Mr. Ralph Clarkson, lent by the University of Chicago, all contributed to the significance of the collection.

The late Wm. M. Chase's portrait of the Hon. William A. Clark, the donor of the prizes, drew much attention from the visitors, a note of mourning on the frame recalling the recent death of the painter. A *Portrait Group* by Miss M. Jean McLane embodied familiar sentiment as well as distinction in colour and design. One seemed to be introduced to a charming interior by Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell in viewing his portraits of *Nell and Elinor* lent by C. W. Wheeler, Esq. Mr. Frank W. Benson's *Mother and Child*, Mr. Frank Duveneck's early portrait of *John W. Alexander*, lent by the Art Museum of Cincinnati, Miss Marie de Ford Keller's portrait of Miss Emily Dobema, Mr. Kenyon

One of the best nudes in the exhibition was by Mr. Childe Hassam and was entitled *Against the Light*. Mr. Leopold Seyffert also showed some very skilful painting of the flesh in his nude figure called *Resting*, reflected in the background of the picture. Miss Mary Cassatt charmed with beautiful contrasts of complementary colour in the lavenders and pale greens of the figure subject, *Femme à sa toilette*. Mr. Richard Miller was also very successful in the colour-scheme of *The Mandarin Coat*, and Mr. Gari Melchers gave a very brilliant and vibrant effect to a church full of gaily costumed people in a large canvas entitled *Easter Sunday*. A wonderfully powerful note of realism was



(Corcoran Gallery,
Washington)

"THE MANDARIN COAT"
BY RICHARD E. MILLER

Studio-Talk

scored by Mr. George B. Luks in a life-size group of *Wrestlers*. Mr. Randall Davey's *Old Portuguese* was a fine bit of character painting.

Landscape art at its best in America has its exponent in the work of Edward W. Redfield, who exhibited here several works, among which *A Road in Winter* is perhaps a typical one. Mr. Childe Hassam with a different technique succeeded in giving an impression of a subtle envelope to his picture of *The Old Elm*. Japanese suggestion was discernible in a decorative canvas contributed by Mr. Joseph T. Pearson, Jr. entitled *Winter*, in which some very closely studied geese of a rather rare breed give wonderful interest to a very extraordinary work of art. Mr. George Bellows contributed a sort of human document, registering the hysterical excitement of a religious revival in his impressionistic *Sawdust Trail*. Mr. Guy Pene Dubois told a pathetic story of modern life in his

suggestive figures of *The Doll and the Monster*. Mr. Sergeant Kendall's *Sabrina* was a fine example of his skill as a figure painter in this semi-draped bathing-girl. *Memories*, by Mr. Frederick Frieseke, conveyed an expression of tender sentiment in terms artistic and colourful. The semi-obscurity of early morning faintly defining docks and shipping was convincingly translated by Mr. Hayley Lever in *Dawn*, and the soft radiance of the *Moonlight on a Calm Sea* was equally well expressed by Mr. Emil Carlsen. Mr. Charles H. Woodbury exhibited a *Fantasy* of the sea vibrating with prismatic colour, and Mr. Charles Morris Young presented a different mood in his *October Sea* and *The North Wind*.

As an object-lesson, showing impartially what American artists of the present day are doing, the Exhibition effectively recorded the progress that has been made in the art of painting during the last two years.

E. C.



"THE OLD ELM"

(Corcoran Gallery, Washington)

BY CHILDE HASSAM



"NUDE WITH STILL LIFE"

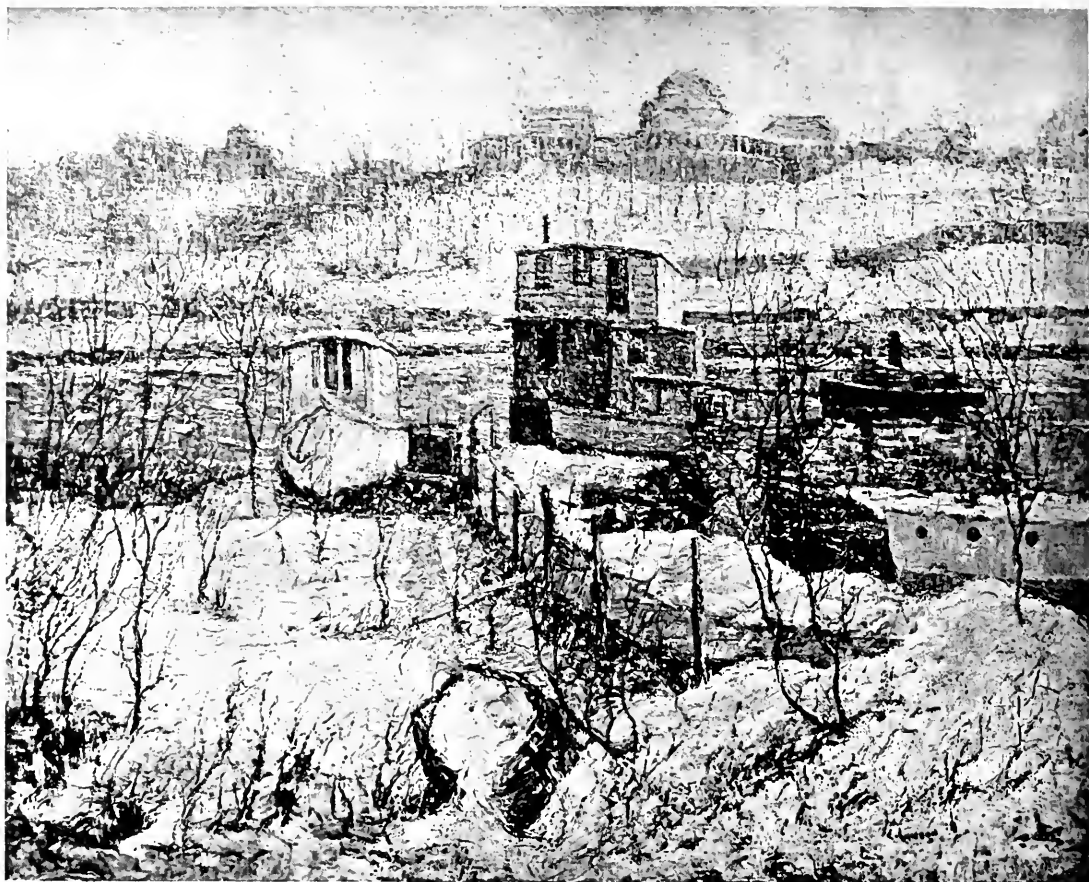
BY HUGH H. BRECKENRIDGE

(Corcoran Gallery, Washington)



"WOMAN AND MACAWS"

BY GEORGE F. TINS



"BOAT-HOUSE, WINTER, HARLEM RIVER"

BY ERNEST LAWSON

(Corcoran Gallery, Washington)

REVIEWS.

The Royal Scottish Academy, 1826-1916. (Glasgow: Maclehose and Sons.) 42s. net.—The chief part of this massive volume consists of a complete list of works by Raeburn and by Members (honorary included) and Associates of the Royal Scottish Academy exhibited between the years 1808 and 1916 at the exhibitions held by the institutions which preceded the Academy, and those of the Academy itself from 1827 onwards, and in this list a special note is made of any works that have passed into public galleries. The list has been compiled under the direction of Mr. Frank Rinder with the sanction of the President and Council, and a narrative filling nearly a hundred pages, tracing the origin and development of the Academy, is contributed by Mr. W. D. McKay, one of its principal officers, so that the work has all the character of an

official document. By way of frontispiece there is a reduced reproduction of a fine etching of the Academy by its gifted Associate, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, and Mr. McKay's paper is illustrated by portraits of the seven Presidents who have preceded Sir James Guthrie. Besides the compilers themselves only those who have to make frequent use of catalogues such as this really appreciate the amount of work and care involved in their compilation, but if Mr. Rinder's task does not evoke from the living all the gratitude which its accomplishment deserves, he may be sure that in years to come there will always be some who in profiting by his labours will not fail to acknowledge their indebtedness.

Needlecraft in the School. By MARGARET SWANSON. Introduction by Prof. John Adams, M.A., B.Sc., LL.D. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.) 5s.—An American giving his impressions of London in war-time is reported

to have said that what most astonished him was the sight of a chauffeuse sitting on her box and busily plying her needle while her employer was paying a call. He would have been still more astonished no doubt if he had seen a male driver doing the same thing. But why not? Many of them—taxi-drivers especially—waste much time in doing nothing when they might at least be knitting or mending socks. Prof. Adams, whose commendation of this little book on School Needlecraft as "the outcome of long and patient and humane experiment guided by a particularly vigorous and inventive mind" we heartily endorse, says it is no longer out of place for a man to talk about needlework, because boys are now taught it as a manual exercise. As a matter of fact the craft has long been recognized as by no means incompatible with manliness. Have not our bluejackets, and indeed our marines generally, always plied the needle with dexterity? And their skill is not exercised wholly on the useful, for Jack can do a turn at "fancy" work to pass away the time between watches. So no one ought to find fault with Miss Swanson for bringing boys of six to fourteen within the scope of her scheme of needlework instruction for schools. Buttonholing, darning, and marking by *appliqué* are among the items in this part of the programme, but æsthetic considerations are not lost sight of; here, as all through her book, the useful and the beautiful keep company. Garments of various kinds are dealt with, millinery receiving special attention, and there is a chapter on dyeing which is timely. Miss Swanson hails from the Glasgow School of Art, where needlecraft flourishes as a vital force, and her name with that of Miss Macbeth of the same institution has already appeared on another of Messrs. Longmans' books on the subject, "Educational Needlecraft," the scope of which is different from that of the present volume.

A Holiday in Umbria. By Sir THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON, Bart., R.A., etc. (London: John Murray.) 10s. 6d. net.—Unknown to the great majority of tourists, the part of Italy with which the veteran Royal Academician is concerned in this book, embodying reminiscences of the visits he paid to it in 1881 and 1888, is, as he says, not inferior to any in historical associations and in beauty of nature and art. The little republic of San Marino,

with its capital perched high on volcanic Mount Titan, has for centuries maintained its independence and its traditions of freedom, in the assertion of which the fighting forces of this diminutive nation have ranged themselves on the side of the Allies in the great conflict. Sir Thomas Jackson has, however, more to say of Urbino, the capital of the famous Duchy whose story is set forth at length in Dennistoun's comprehensive *Memoirs of its Dukes*, of which a new and copiously annotated edition made its appearance some seven or eight years ago. One of the chief sources of information concerning this history is Castiglione's "*Il Cortegiano*," and an abstract of this forms the longest and not the least interesting chapter in Sir Thomas's book, which is made additionally attractive by reproductions of some of his own sketches and a few photographs.

Port Sunlight. A Record of its Artistic and Pictorial Aspect. By T. RAFFLES DAVISON, Hon. A.R.I.B.A. (London: B.T. Batsford, Ltd.) 5s. net.—Port Sunlight occupies a prominent place in a movement which, in the years before war intervened to check it, was gathering force and promised great things in the way of ameliorating the conditions of existence among the industrial population, and the scheme of this "garden village" as presented in this well-illustrated record is worthy of the close study of those who, actuated by the same exalted motives as its founder, will, it is to be hoped, be forthcoming in the near future to follow his example. The domestic dwellings and other buildings of the village present an agreeable diversity of appearance which could hardly have been attained had the various designs emanated from a single architect or even a small number, and in distributing his commissions among a fairly considerable number Sir William Lever acted with that excellent judgment which has marked the development of the scheme from the beginning. In his prefatory note Mr. Raffles Davison speaks with appreciation of the part taken in the preparation of this record by the late Mr. Herbert Batsford, head of the well-known publishing firm, whose death a few weeks ago has removed one whose intelligent sympathy for architecture and the arts generally enabled him to render such signal service in the diffusion of knowledge relating to them.

THE LAY FIGURE : ON SIMULATED SIMPLICITY.

"I OFTEN wonder whether the claims which so many artists make nowadays to be advanced and progressive, and so on, have any real foundation," said the Art Critic. "I mean that I would like to know whether these claims are honestly made or whether they are simply affectations."

"Honestly made! Of course they are!" cried the Young Artist. "The modern men are striving very sincerely to get art out of the rut in which it has been wallowing so long; and they are keen enough in this desire for progress."

"Oh, yes, that may be so," commented the Man with the Red Tie. "But in which direction is this progress going, forwards or backwards?"

"Why, forwards, of course," exclaimed the Young Artist. "That is obvious. Any change that brings a new note into art and inspires it with fresh ideas must revivify it and carry it further. Progress, I take it, means the substitution of a more advanced type of thought for the obsolete and worn-out creeds."

"There I am with you," agreed the Critic. "If you can introduce legitimately and effectively a new idea into art, and if you can work out this idea with real sincerity and conviction, you are undoubtedly making progress."

"But have the modern men got hold of a new idea, and have they any real sincerity and conviction?" broke in the Man with the Red Tie.

"That is the point on which the whole question turns," declared the Critic; "and that is the point on which I am in some considerable doubt. The modern idea does not seem to me to possess any startling novelty, and when it is put forward as something supremely advanced I cannot help doubting the good faith—or shall we say the intelligence?—of the men who claim so much for it."

"Anyhow, they have brought into art a sentiment which was not in it before, and a sentiment which is convincing and persuasive," protested the Young Artist. "Surely you will not deny that."

"But I do deny it," returned the Critic. "I deny that there is in this sentiment, which you claim as so characteristically modern, anything that you will not find expressed over and over again in the art of the past, and I say that this sentiment is not convincing because it is

out of relation to the feeling by which the world is governed to-day. If mankind has not reverted to a primitive type why should art?"

"You are backing up my suggestion that the progress in modern art is mostly backwards," chuckled the Man with the Red Tie.

"Well, I am inclined to think that you are right," replied the Critic. "I do not find a new note in modern art, I find an old one dragged into it artificially and a dead-and-gone sentiment galvanized into sham vitality. That is certainly progressing backwards."

"I do not agree with you at all," objected the Young Artist. "Even if I go so far as to admit that in some respects the modern point of view owes a little to examination of the achievements of past masters, I do not see why it cannot be a living thing and I do not understand why you should deny to it sincere conviction."

"I deny it because I hold that no second-hand conviction can ever be really sincere or rightly progressive," asserted the Critic.

"But, good heavens! cannot men so sincerely assimilate the teaching of the past that they can evolve from it an entirely new creed?" exclaimed the Young Artist.

"Most certainly they can," answered the Critic. "But if this assimilation were complete the work resulting from it would be in no sense a reflection of the work done in the past. What I argue is that this so-called advanced art is not an assimilation of ancient principles but an imitation of past processes, that it simulates the sincere simplicity of the early masters without really feeling it and professes a primitive manner of expression which is artificially acquired."

"I am sure that there are many artists to-day who aim at this sincere simplicity by natural instinct and to whom what you call the primitive manner of expression is a temperamental necessity," declared the Young Artist.

"And I do not believe that there are," returned the Critic. "The natural instinct of the true artist is to be natural, to be the product of his period, and to reflect the sentiment of the age to which he belongs. There was no simulation in the simplicity of the early masters because they thought simply and lived in an atmosphere of devout sincerity. We moderns are set in complex surroundings and think complicated thoughts; so for the present-day artist a primitive disguise is merely a pretence."

THE LAY FIGURE.



"ON THE NILE." WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL.

(By courtesy of George N. Sargent, Esq.,)

WILFRID BALL. WATER-COLOUR PAINTER. BY C. LEWIS HIND

I CLOSE my eyes, and am back a quarter of a century, and out of the mist of memory comes Wilfrid Ball, quick of speech, quick of smile, quick of comprehension, more vivid to me than many of the living. These were the days of the old Hogarth Club, and regularly, when he was in London, he would descend from his spacious boy studio in Abchurch Lane to lunch and dine at the Hogarth Club. His habits were methodical. Early in the morning an accountant had taught him to manage his mind, too, was orderly. Keen on the latest revolutionary opinion,

it did not interest him. His pleasure and duty was to produce Wilfrid Ball Water-Colours. On that he concentrated. He loved painting; he loved etching; he loved nature, and he was quite content to march modestly along the pleasant road of his pleasant choice. I do not think that he was in the least ambitious, and I am sure that he had no vanity, and no illusions about himself. He liked to sketch and to paint, and he was delighted to find that art dealers and the public also liked his water-colours and etchings. For years Agnew's showed a panel of Wilfrid Ball's at their annual water-colour display. He was successful. In a quiet way his work was in greater demand than the performances of men with a much greater reputation. The explanation is simple. His patrons were not professional buyers. They bought his water-

colours because they liked them in their own homes. They had been brought to notice by the Hogarth Club. He had a wide circle of friends, and many of them were artists. He was a member of the Hogarth Club, and he was a member of the Royal Academy. He was a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. He was a member of the Royal Society of Etchers. He was a member of the Royal Society of Sculptors. He was a member of the Royal Society of Photographers. He was a member of the Royal Society of Musicians. He was a member of the Royal Society of Writers. He was a member of the Royal Society of Artists. He was a member of the Royal Society of Architects. He was a member of the Royal Society of Engineers. He was a member of the Royal Society of Physicians. He was a member of the Royal Society of Lawyers. He was a member of the Royal Society of Clergymen. He was a member of the Royal Society of Statesmen. He was a member of the Royal Society of Scholars. He was a member of the Royal Society of Students. He was a member of the Royal Society of Teachers. He was a member of the Royal Society of Parents. He was a member of the Royal Society of Children. He was a member of the Royal Society of Women. He was a member of the Royal Society of Men. He was a member of the Royal Society of All.



PORTRAIT OF WILFRID BALL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

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In Memoriam : Wilfrid Ball

IN MEMORIAM : WILFRID BALL,
WATER-COLOUR PAINTER. BY C.
LEWIS HIND

I CLOSE my eyes, dream back a quarter of a century, and out of the mist of memory comes Wilfrid Ball, quick of step, quick of smile, quick of comprehension, more vivid to me than many of the living. Those were the days of the old Hogarth Club, and regularly, when he was in London, he would descend from his spacious sky studio in Albermarle Street to lunch and dine at the Hogarth. His habits were methodical. Early training as an accountant had taught him method. His mind, too, was orderly. Revolutionary art, revolutionary opinions, did not interest him. His pleasure and duty was to produce Wilfrid Ball Water-Colours. On that he concentrated. He loved painting; he loved etching; he loved nature, and he was quite content to march modestly along the pleasant road of his pleasant choice. I do not think that he was in the least ambitious, and I am sure that he had no vanity, and no illusions about himself. He liked to etch and to paint, and he was delighted to find that art dealers and the public also liked his water-colours and etchings. For years Agnew's showed a panel of Wilfrid Balls at their annual water-colour display. He was successful. In a quiet way his work was in greater demand than the performances of men with a much greater reputation. The explanation is simple. His patrons were not professional buyers. They bought his water-

colours because they liked them, liked to hang them in their drawing-rooms. A Beardsley would have been provocative; a Ball was sedative. His patrons were wide-cast and faithful. Last week when I asked a bank manager of my acquaintance, who spends his Sundays painting in water-colour, if he knew Wilfrid Ball's work, he smiled and invited me into his home. I counted over twenty Wilfrid Balls in various rooms. And Mr. Deighton, a lifelong friend and patron, tells me that for years he had only to put a Wilfrid Ball into his window to sell it immediately. They were not bought by *les jeunes*, or by those who scramble for fine Brabazons; they were bought by the solid, family English who never change. (How



PORTRAIT OF WILFRID BALL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

In Memoriam: Wilfrid Ball

Wilfrid would have laughed at all this: how his face would have puckered up into protesting smiles!) Yes, people liked his work, and they liked him. He never roughed anybody: a man with such a genial, sympathetic nature was always welcome. He was companionable, he was retiring. If he had been asked whether he would like to spend his evenings performing the duties of President of the Royal Academy, or playing a game of snooker pool with his friends, I know what answer he would have made. He never talked about himself, so it happened that although we met constantly for years, I did not know, until after his death, that in his youth he had been a great athlete. He was the holder of the London Athletic Club's Challenge Cup for walking in 1876, and he was a good man with the oar, and a splendid cross-country runner. Yet when I come to think of it, that trim figure, and the bird-like movements of that active body showed that he had practised and retained the advantages of physical culture.

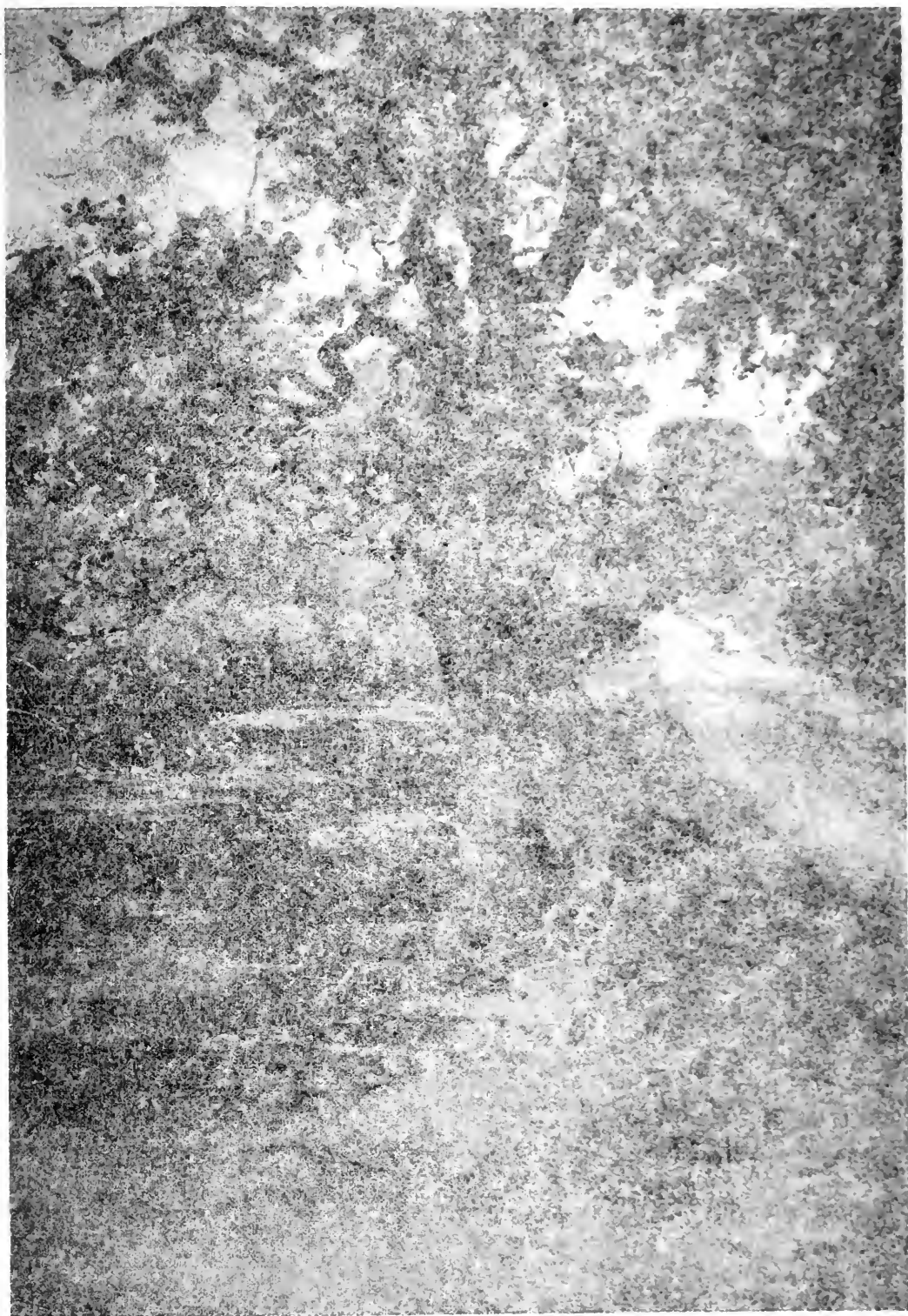
When the Hogarth Club closed, Wilfrid Ball was one of those who migrated to the Arts Club, and when in 1895 he married Miss Florence Brock-Hollinshead, and went to live at Lymington in Hampshire, naturally we did not see so much of him as formerly. He would come to

town for "Varnishing Days," or to attend a Council Meeting of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, or a dinner of the "Sette of Odd Volumes," of which he was a popular member, or to hang a one-man show of his works at the Fine Art Society's or Dunthorne's; and on those dates, looking in at the Arts Club it was a distinct joy to me to see Wilfrid's smile, that rippling puckered smile, and to hear him ask for news. Oh, yes, we always had what *Border Men* call a "crack" about the old days, and latterly about the strange new days in which we are living. He deeply regretted that he was over age (he was born in 1853) and so could not offer his services to his country. The last time I saw him, in the Academy week of April 1916, we mingled our regrets at being "out of it," and he filled his much-used, much-scarred pipe, almost viciously, because he was "letting go" at the Boche, and sorrowing for the English boys, many our friends, who are no more. And I remember we talked about *THE STUDIO* which was planned in the old Hogarth Club days, when Mr. Charles Holme was a member, and for which Ball wrote and illustrated charming articles, one on "Egypt" in 1893, and another later, on "Venice as a Sketching Ground." So we talked and parted, and with that parting



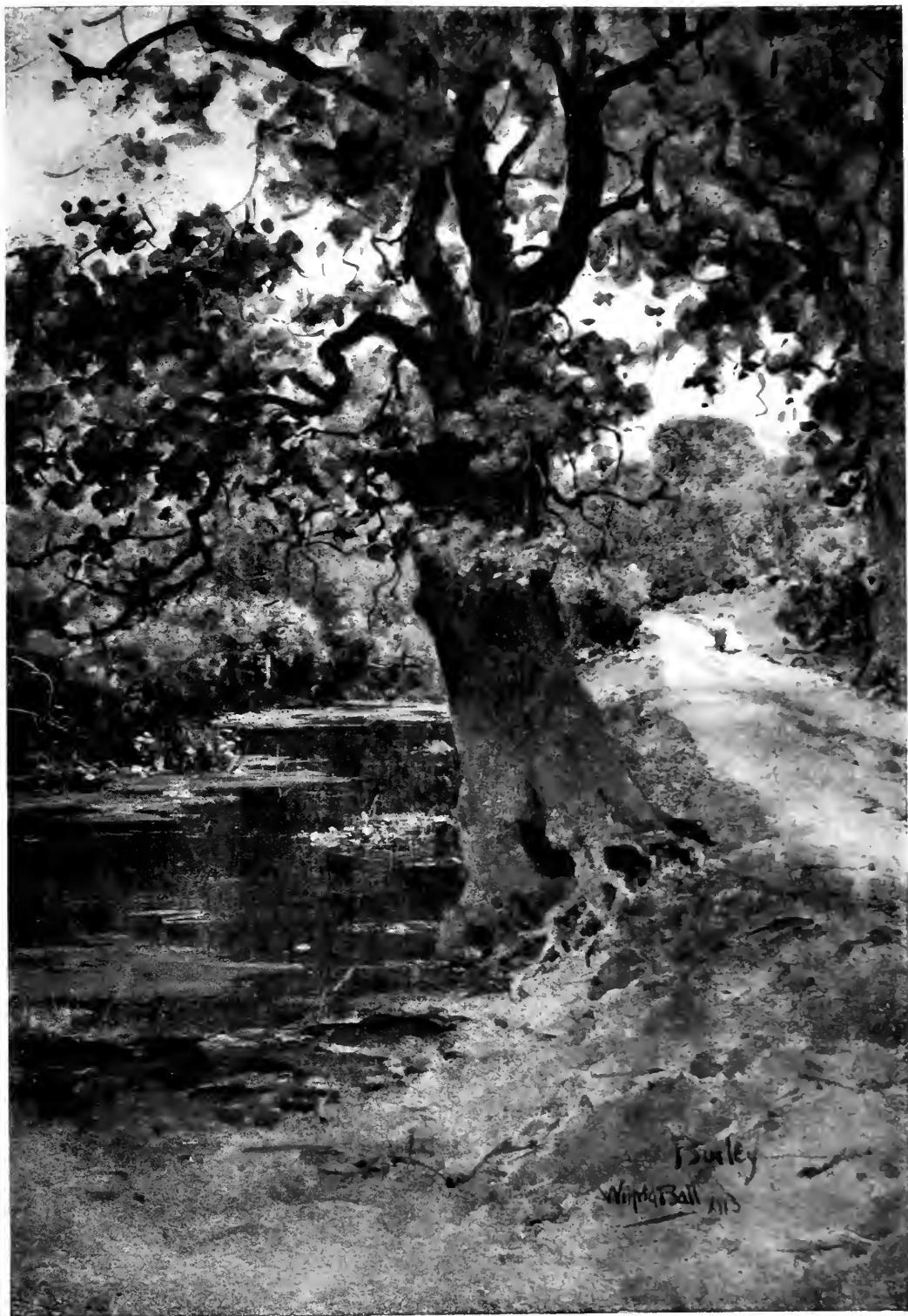
"VIEW AT BOSHAM, SUSSEX"

WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL



(8) courtesy of
Arthur P. M.

A VIEW IN THE NEW FOREST
PALESTINE ALFRED HALL



*(By courtesy of
Arthur R. Mow, Esq.)*

"A PATH IN THE NEW FOREST"
WATER COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL



(The property of Mrs. Pidgeon)

"CROMER." WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL.

In Memoriam: Wilfrid Ball

his bodily presence passed out of my life for ever.

For in May I went to live in the country, and was rather out of touch with things; and when I thought of Wilfrid Ball I thought of him as the English Village Painter of these days, of the village green, the village pond, lanes, woods, and lakes, for he loved to paint water, and loved the serene simplicity of Bosham, the Hamble river, and Lymington. I thought of him easing the agony of many of the days through which we have lived since August 1914 in trying to pursue the happy avocations of peace-time.

Then one day—it was February 19 of this year—I received a letter from his wife which startled, shocked, and grieved me. And yet it was a beautiful death—a death one may envy. It may be summed up in the following brief announcement: "Wilfrid Ball, R.E., died at Khartoum on February 14th, 1917, from heat apoplexy, aged 64."

That was the bald, cruel fact, and the details, the steps that led up to it, are as follows. Since the war began, anxious to serve his country, he

had taken up, and performed with a will, uncongenial war work. While he was doing this news came to him that the firm of accountants with whom he had been associated as a youth were short-handed at their Cairo branch. The need for extra help was imperative as most of their staff had joined the army. Wilfrid Ball saw his duty clear, and, without any fuss, left England for Cairo in September 1916, to become an accountant again at the age of 63. He had been there but a short time when a message was received from the Commandant at Khartoum saying it was absolutely necessary that some one should be sent at once to audit the military accounts. Ball volunteered, knowing well that, owing to the excessive heat, the risks a man of his age ran were grave. The rest we know. He did his duty. No one can do more. All his friends agree, entirely and proudly, with a sentence in his wife's letter to me: "It was as much a sacrifice as if he had died in the trenches."

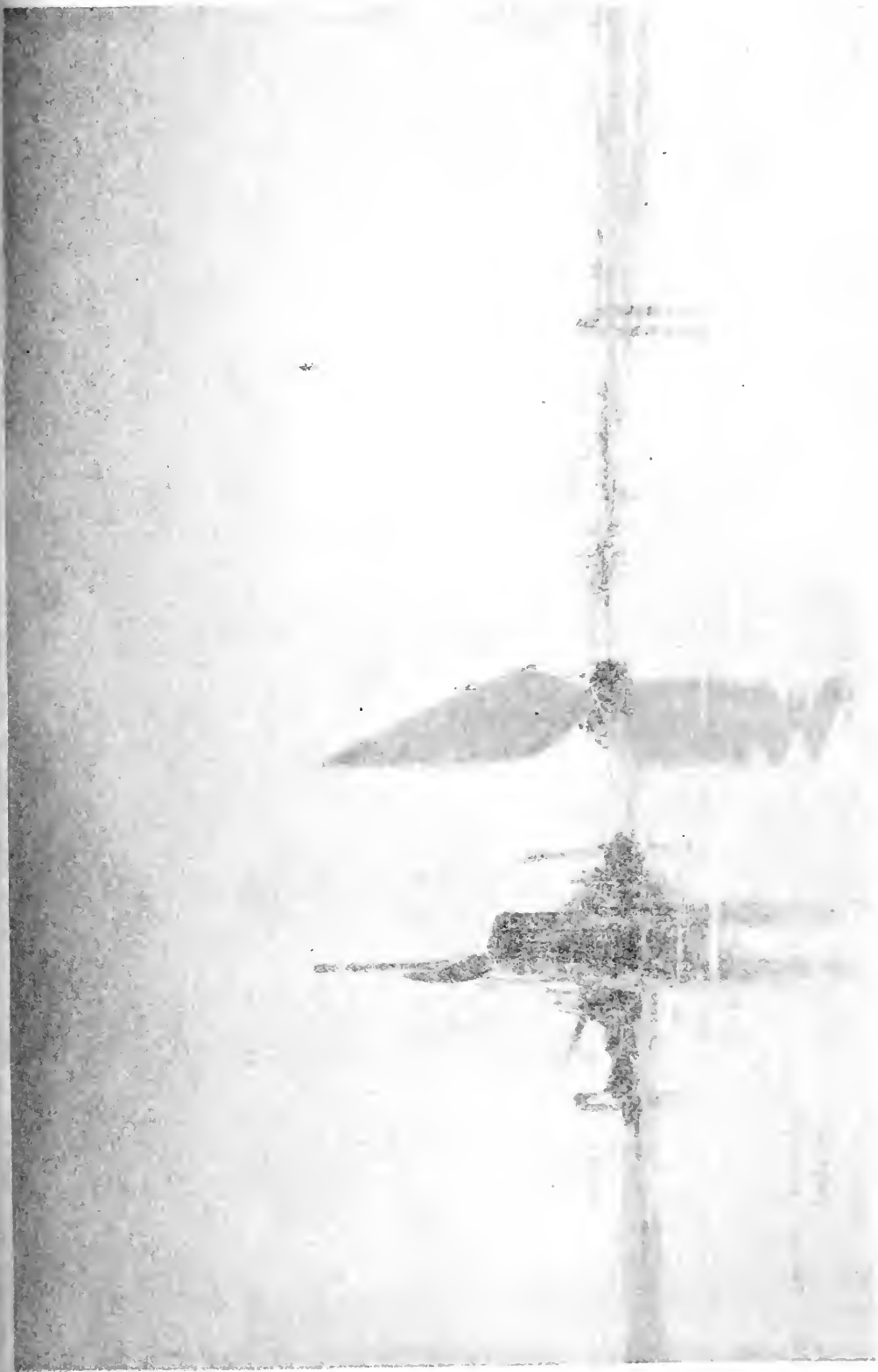
The illustrations that accompany this article illustrate admirably the purpose and the per-



"NEAR SOUTHBOURNE"

(The property of Miss S. N. Bolton)

WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL



In Memoriam: Wilfrid Ball

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For in May I went to live in the country, and was rather out of touch with things; and when I thought of Wilfrid Ball I thought of him as the English Village Painter of these days, of the village green, the village pond, lanes, woods, and also, as he loved to paint water, and loved the scenic beauty of Beaulieu, the Hamble river, and Southampton. I thought of him easing the anxiety of many of the days through which we have lived since August 1914 in trying to forget the happy avocations of peace-time.

One fine day, it was February 19 of this year, I received a letter from his wife which was much shocked, and grieved me. And yet it was a beautiful death—the death one may envy. It may be summed up in the following brief and succinct statement: "Wilfrid Ball, R.E., died at Khartoum on February 14th, 1917, from heat prostration, aged 64."

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(The property of Miss S. N. Bolton)

WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL





In Memoriam Wilfrid Ball



"A WET DAY, BOSHAM"

(The property of Dr. Neville Blogg)

WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL

formance of Wilfrid Ball's art. It never fell below an accomplished level; it never attempted wild experiments, or soared into rhetoric. It

was placid and serene, and instinct with a deep love for the rural scene and the unassuming pastoral. Although Holland, Italy, France, and



"SOUTHAMPTON WATER, FROM WARSACK"

WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL

(The property of Arthur R. Mont. Esq.)



(The property of Arthur R. Moro, Esq.)

"THE PASSING OF QUEEN VICTORIA"
WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL



"TORBAY." WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL.

(The property of George N. Stevens, Esq.)

Egypt were included in his sketching grounds, he was essentially the painter of the English Village. Nowhere, I think, is his talent more completely expressed than in the two books on Hampshire and Sussex he illustrated for Messrs. A. and C. Black. The quiet, faithful scenes follow one another, like still, sunny days in those dear Home Counties, and I can imagine an exile in Khartoum, the burning sun above, the burning sand around, growing heartsick with longing while looking at these two volumes expressing temperately the tempered sunshine of patted, petted, pretty, unchanging England.

Almost all his work was in water-colour. He painted a few oil pictures which were shown at the New Gallery and the Dudley; but he never felt quite at home in oil. His etchings were as successful as his water-colours. The series of the Upper Thames had a great vogue; his etchings were constantly hung at the Royal Academy, and he was awarded a Bronze Medal in Paris for his etching of Venice.

It was a quiet and happy life—and the end—how dramatic, how strange, how enviable! An English water-colour painter whose deepest love was for quiet English landscape—to die for his country at Khartoum, where Gordon died, where G. W. Stevens did his finest descriptive work, and whence Lord Kitchener, “who placed five million men between Calais and Khartoum,” derived his territorial title!

Farewell, old Friend! You are remembered with love—you who loved our English hedgerows.

THE ART OF GEORGE HARCOURT.
BY G. FREDERIC LEES

LIKE to think of that home of art, Bushey, as having been discovered by Turner; and many a time have I tried to picture what it must have been like when the great painter used to shoulder his painting materials and walk out from London to paint on Merry Hill. Lovely indeed it must have been in those days when innkeepers and farmer folk entertained the landscape painter and, at the parting in the morning, received from him, in lieu of the charge for bed and board, a priceless and immortal work of art. But Bushey is still an inexhaustible source of delightful pictures. Some twenty years have I known it now, and, though Continental scenes have more often met my eyes than English cottages and lanes and hedgerows, the charms of Stanmore Common and Harrow Weald, of Bushey Mill and Aldenham, of Bushey village with its ancient timbered smithy and quaint jasmine-covered cottages, have followed me wherever I have wandered.

Bushey is generally associated with the painter of *Our Village*, and certainly its rediscovery in modern days and the setting forth of its advantages as the seat of a colony of artists is due to the late Hubert Herkomer. But to me the more ancient associations revived by our great national painter have always taken precedence over those of later days, and



“MELODY”

OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE HARCOURT



"SPRING, 1915." OIL PAINTING
BY GEORGE HARCOURT

The Art of George Harcourt

made so strong an appeal to my imagination as to overlay all others. Of the artists of modern Bushey, the one who has continued to stir my memories of the place the most is undoubtedly Mr. George Harcourt. He, it has always seemed to me, has comprehended its spirit the best and interpreted its beauties in the most convincing manner, though his landscape work may not be so well known as his subject pictures and portraits, with which the present notes are primarily concerned.

Hubert Herkomer established in Bushey a school of art of a unique character, where sound instruction in drawing and painting from life could be obtained under the guidance of a painter of assured reputation. The modern spirit in art instruction, as opposed to the old methods which led to mere imitation of the master's manner, may be said to have reigned there. This nurturing of the latent talent of each individual student bore the happiest result in the case of the subject of our article. No one could say, when his three years' course

was over and he began to exhibit, that his work labelled him as a Herkomer pupil. Inspired by a deep love of nature, gifted with a keen eye for the beauties of line and colour, capable of combining subject and technique in such a manner that they form a harmonious whole, he worked out his artistic salvation in a way which at once began to attract attention.

The first occasion on which Mr. Harcourt's work indicated to connoisseurs and painters alike that a new artist of great promise had made his appearance in the artistic world was at an exhibition of the pictures of Hubert Herkomer and of his pupils at the Fine Art Society's rooms in Bond Street. His contributions to this memorable collection were two: one a large landscape entitled *Evening Time*, painted just above Merry Hill, Bushey, exemplifying the painter's love of subtle effects of light and colour; the other a subject picture called *The Heir*, bringing to light his inherent love of the dramatic.

In 1893 Mr. Harcourt made his first appear-



"THE PAINTER'S FAMILY"



"THE LEPER'S WIFE." OIL
PAINTING BY GEORGE HARCOURT



"A LADY AND HER CHILDREN"

OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE HARCOURT

ance at the Royal Academy with a picture, which at once attracted wide attention, entitled *At the Window*, with the quotation from Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale":

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.

In this picture, presenting artistic problems which were distinctly new in those days, the figure of a girl in evening dress is standing by a window in a lamp-lit room, and her face, sharply silhouetted against the deep blue of the night, is wonderfully expressive of the meditative mood aroused by the poet's words and their coincidence with the chanting of the nightingales in the distant woods.

A more ambitious attempt expressing human emotion, combined with the beauty of natural effect, was to be made in view of the Royal Academy of the following year. On this occasion Mr. Harcourt attained, with his *Psyche: Farewell*, a veritable triumph. Lines

from William Morris's "Earthly Paradise" were expressive of the moment represented:

Farewell,
O fairest lord; and since I cannot dwell
With thee in heaven, let me now hide my head
In whatsoever dark place dwell the dead.

Psyche, with raised arms and uplifted face full of despair, is standing at the edge of the water in the full sunlight. The beautiful nude figure, goddess-like in its idealization, stands out against flower-gemmed meadows, bounded in the middle distance by trees, and beyond by a range of blue hills. The manner in which both the subtle colour-scheme and the emotional side of the subject are worked out came as a surprise to many well-known judges of art. As one of them said: "There are drawing, colour, and sentiment here in a degree which, displayed by so young a painter, prophesy as clear as paint can speak, a striking career in achievement and success."

In order to seize the truth of this prediction



The Art of George Harcourt



OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE HARCOURT

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The Art of George Harcourt

and to comprehend the artist's growth the better, we will pass over the exhibit of 1895 as rapidly as possible. His picture of that year, *Thought Reading*, was well received at the Academy and also at the Paris Salon, where he was awarded a third-class medal for it; but the true continuation of the golden qualities seen in *At the Window* and—in greater measure still—in *Psyche* is observable, not in this clever representation of an ephemeral society amusement, but in *The Leper's Wife*, where we have a subject which, through its lofty spiritual idea, is of eternal interest. No wonder that Watts, who had silently noted Mr. Harcourt's previous work, was impelled, on seeing this noble canvas at the Royal Academy of 1896, to send his congratulations to the painter.

The idea of *The Leper's Wife*, though suggested by Tennyson's "Happy, or the Leper's Bride," was not done as an illustration to the poem, but as a representation of the great ideal of self-sacrifice. I know of nothing in art so dramatic and at the same time so simply and finely expressed as this figure with hidden face, who shrinks back in generous horror into the gloom of the forest. Naught of him save that warning hand is visible, but how much it tells us of his unhappy state and his unwillingness to accept the magnificent sacrifice of the divine creature who is still ready to succour him. These figures are types of boundless devotion and unutterable suffering rather than the individual man and woman of the poem, and it is because of their symbolism that the picture ranks so high and came to mean so much to Watts, who assuredly detected in it many of his own intellectual and æsthetic ideals.

The artistic kinship between Watts and Mr. Harcourt is one on which some emphasis must be laid. Both in *Psyche* and in *The Leper's Wife* * we see the influence—but in its most legitimate aspect—of the great modern master. There is the symbolism of human emotion, combined with decorative qualities of a high order. Though the idea of painted anecdote is as abhorrent to Mr. Harcourt as it is to Mr. George Moore, he is by no means content to hobble his genius by the rigid application

of artistic shibboleths, such as "Art for Art's sake," of which we used to hear so much. Like the painter of *Love and Death*, he does not see why the finest pictorial qualities should not exist in a work that has subject.

At the Academy of 1899 he exhibited *Forgiven*, the theme of which was the return of an erring wife, whose dress of beautiful old-world material gave him an opportunity of displaying his mastery in the rendering of colour harmonies. This picture was purchased by the South Australian Government for the National Gallery at Adelaide. Then came *Dawn*, a single-figure child study, which obtained an honourable mention at the Paris International Exhibition of 1900. *The Wanderer*, painted some two or three years later, went to the New Zealand Academy.

Meanwhile, in 1901, Mr. Harcourt, after being for a number of years Herkomer's assistant, was appointed by the Allan Fraser Trustees as Governor of the Art School at Hospitalfield, near Arbroath, a wildly picturesque region which Scott immortalized in "The Antiquary," and Southey used as the scene for his poem. "The Abbot of Aberbrothock." Mr. Harcourt's eight years' sojourn in this romantic district was fruitful in many notable works of art. Readers of this magazine are already acquainted with some of them, such as *The Tracing*. Others are *The Painter's Family*, *Melody*, *At the Harpsichord*, and *Supper in Summer-Time*—all exhibited at the Royal Academy. He also produced an important piece of fresco work, depicting *The Founding of the Bank of England in 1694*, eighteen feet in height, which forms one of a series, the first of which was painted by Lord Leighton, at the Royal Exchange. It was presented by members of the Stock Exchange.

In 1909 Mr. Harcourt returned to his old haunts in Bushey, with which his connexion, moreover, was never really severed. The following year saw the production of *The Birthday*, a portrait group awarded a gold medal at the Amsterdam International Exhibition of 1912. This picture and others which both preceded and followed it marked a new departure in the treatment of portrait-groups, inasmuch as interesting problems of light were attacked and successfully solved by the artist. These canvases are, indeed, both subject-pictures and portrait groups. The subjects

* This painting now hangs in the building known as "School" at Winchester College, to which it was presented by the artist in memory of his son, who was a member of the great public school.



"HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A." FROM THE
OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE HARCOURT

were little everyday incidents observed in the life and surroundings of the sitters—incidents seized *sur le vif*, and this freedom from pose is the reason why they strike the onlooker as being so exceedingly lifelike, and are such convincing representations of actuality.

Whilst continuing to produce those fresh and elevating subject-pictures in which children and nature are the constant source of his inspiration, and of which we have such a fine example in his recent Academy picture, *Spring*, 1915, the painter has devoted much of his thought and energy to portrait painting.

From a long list of works, including the portraits of the late *Hubert Herkomer*, *Sir J. Forbes Robertson*, *Miss Maxine Elliott*, *Mr. Frank Fletcher*, Headmaster of Charterhouse (painted for Marlborough College), *Dr. Wynne Willson*, *Dean of Bristol*, *Mrs. Ernest Trench and Children*, *Mr. Nathaniel Micklem, K.C., M.P.*, and *The Arbroath Whist Club*, two representative examples are selected for reproduction with these lines. The portrait of the artist under whom he studied was painted some time before Professor Herkomer's death and was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1915. Here we see Herkomer depicted as the craftsman. He is holding in his hand an enamelled plate, and on the table are the materials which he used. The portrait group called *A Lady and Her Children* was painted in the summer of 1912. Here again we see one of those charmingly natural domestic episodes which, as stated above, have become, as it were, a characteristic of Mr. Harcourt's most recent phase; there is nothing that smacks of the studio about this scene, which was evidently painted under the actual conditions represented.

A few final words as to Mr. Harcourt's art methods. He cannot be classed as a follower of the Academic School. After the manner of the painter under whom he obtained his early training and attained control over his tools and material—like the artist who pointed to him the way of using them intellectually, he does not build up his pictures on a basis of multitudinous studies. After preparing a slight sketch of the composition and colour, he designs the picture direct on the canvas, evolving his idea as he proceeds. This method applies both to subject-pictures and portrait groups. He has found that this spontaneous method of creation is best adapted to his temperament.

THE THAMES FROM MY TOWER WINDOWS. BY EMILE CLAUS.*

I HAD just finished showing my pictures to the Editor when, after a moment's silence, he said: "Monsieur Claus, will you write your impressions of the Thames for THE STUDIO?"

Such a question startled me. "What! you want me to *write*?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, "I should like you to set down for me all the things that have impressed you while working up in your tower."

I paused a moment to reflect and, whilst hesitating, caught sight of my palette, my constant friend, which suddenly appeared to assume a frowning look and thus to reproach me: "What! you hesitate? Ungrateful one! I who have given you so much joy, who even here, during these long months of exile, have been your great consolation! Must I remind you that, wherever you have gone, I have been your faithful companion, in torrid heat and bitter cold? Even when I was almost frozen, you still sought my help to fix the delicate shades of the snow, the sombre hues of winter." Then my brushes also joined in a chorus of reproaches.

"That is all very true," I hastened to reply, "but be not upset, dear companion. Fear nothing from 'Madame la Plume,' I am no worshipper at her shrine. Give me but one day's liberty and to-morrow we shall be together again."

Calm being thus restored, I agreed to endeavour to write down what I had seen from my tower windows.

To my left lies Blackfriars Bridge and far away on the horizon is the Tower Bridge; on the right I see Waterloo Bridge and the silhouette of Westminster. Those are the vistas that, day by day during the past months, have provided me with the varied and entrancing impressions of the river. Oh, how wonderful is the play of light produced on certain days by this London atmosphere, with its myriads of reflections in the water! Never do I weary in my admiration of this enchanting river with its constantly unfolding marvels. Often it

* The distinguished Belgian landscape painter is shortly having an exhibition of his Thames paintings at the Goupil Gallery (Messrs. Marchant and Co.), 5 Regent Street, and the reproductions accompanying this article belong to this series.

The Thames from my Tower Windows

recalls to my mind, with its mysterious effects of the opposite shore, those fascinating mirages which impressed me so much some years ago at Venice as I went my way to work, in the early morning, on the lagoons towards Burano and that delightful Torcello

The Thames is the ideal of the romanticist. At the very sight of it one's imagination soars to realms of fancy. Turner, that glorious master, that beautiful songster, bewitching and fascinating to all true lovers of light, was able to secure its momentary and fugitive effects with a mastery almost miraculous.

Pittsburgh, with its forest of great gaunt factory chimneys belching forth, night and day, their dense clouds of heavy smoke, presents the terrifying effect of an eclipse or a cataclysm; but London, with its mists and fogs, is something truly phenomenal, without parallel in the world. Whatever the cause—whether it be the damper atmosphere of a country set in the seas, or the mingling of the smoke from thousands of chimneys with these misty vapours—the effect of this great city is one of indescribable mystery.

There are days when the scene before me is in a constant state of transformation. From the height of my tower I gaze down upon the river whose bosom displays, as far as eye can reach, an infinity of variations; the play of light is magical—the jewels scattered broadcast by the rays of the sun, now pale, now sparkling, give one the impression of an enchanted journey through some country of the Arabian Nights.

Each day, full of eagerness and curiosity, I hasten to my tower, knowing that some fresh seduction awaits me there, and never do I meet with disappointment. One morning, with the sky pale almost to whiteness, the arches of Waterloo Bridge—itsself barely visible—will appear shrouded in silvery vapours, the atmosphere being tinged with rose—all is tender and delicate. But, towards the Tower Bridge, a grey coppery tone insidiously rises in the far distance, gradually blotting out every object from view, until within a few minutes London is enveloped in a dense fog, so dark and so thick that nothing is visible—it is black night in the middle of the day. Then, softly, high up in the sky, a gleam of light pierces through, showing that earth's great benefactor is struggling to reappear. Here and there he scatters the fog, and his rays, penetrating this curtain of moisture, take the colours of a fairy rainbow

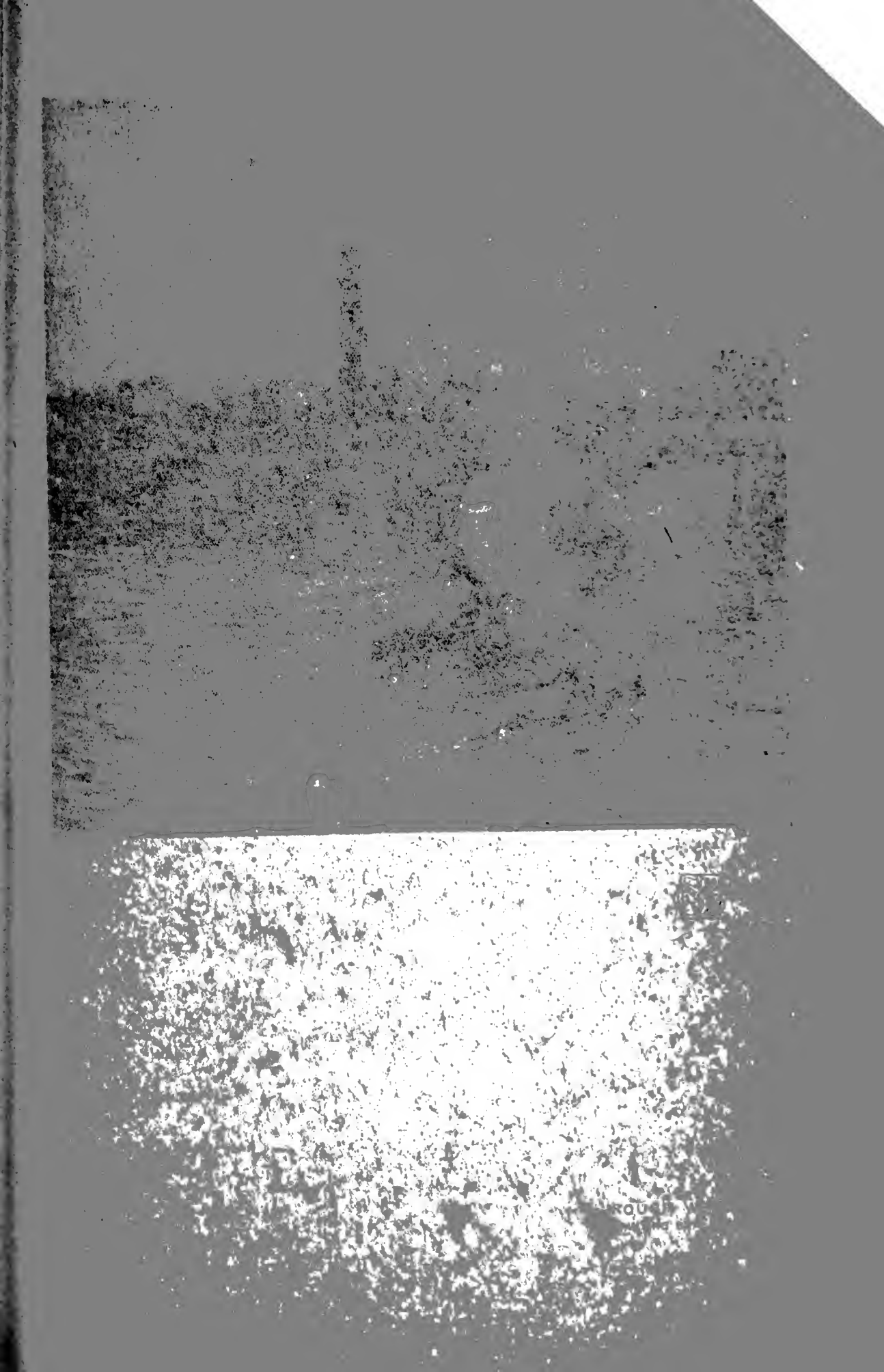
which showers glittering gems on towers, monuments, bridges, and water.

On one such day there flashed across my mind the memory of a recent visit to the National Gallery, when Rembrandt's brilliant work, *Sastria as Flora*, so filled me with admiration. Suddenly the magical colourist of *The Resurrection* and of many other masterpieces that still dazzle the world seemed almost to be standing beside me in my tower.

Winter is the alluring lover of this impressionable river, decking her in the most enticing and varied robes; to-day she will be clothed in sumptuous brocades, sparkling with threads of gold; to-morrow, lightly veiled in delicate and diaphanous gossamer; yet another day she will wear a shroud, sombre and grim, mournful and menacing. The fog, woven with threads of white silk, floats in the air like down, the noise of the great city being hushed and deadened. Low down in the midst of this intangible and mysterious colour, a few little stars and sparkling lights dance fantastically, forming themselves into an arabesque which, in its setting of pearly blue, resolves itself at last into a pathway of flowers all aglow, extending to the farther shore. Then, phantom-like, little shadowy sails come into view only to fade away into nothingness—and so the dream of beauty goes on, with its never-failing charm.

Whatever aspect the river may wear—clear, sombre, or even tragic—the transparency of the water, as seen from my tower, is always remarkable. Heavy rains pierced with rays of sunlight are of frequent occurrence, and then the embankment and river appear merged into one. From the height of my window it looks like a great flood, and all beneath me—barges, tugs, motor-cars, and pedestrians—seem to be sailing and swimming in the vast stream. In the numberless reflections of the sky, changing from slaty-grey surfaces to moving masses of brilliant gold, the effect of all this incessant coming and going is one of bewildering fascination. The teeming life of the embankment, by the side of this mighty river, always gives me the impression of a swarm of midges zigzagging in a ray of sunshine. But, oh, what tremendous work there is for the observing eye when squalls and snowstorms are raging!

When I behold the magnificence of the Thames, I cannot refrain from thinking how this gorgeous river might have been immortalized by



which is ever, like a giant's son towers, now
in the distance, and water.
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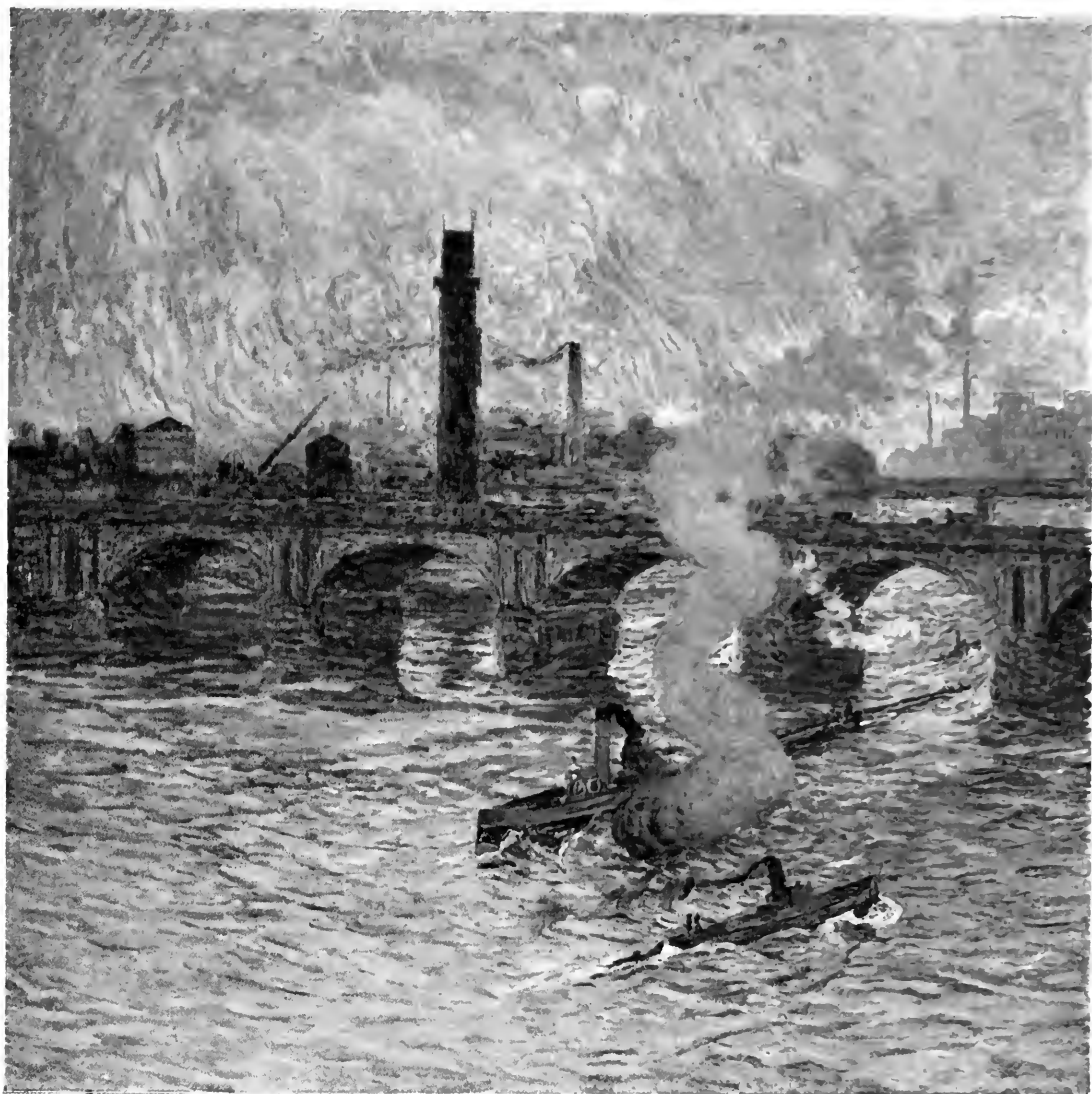
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"ROUGH WEATHER" OIL
PAINTING BY EMILE CLAUS

The Thames from my Tower Windows



"WINDY WEATHER"

BY EMILE CLAUS

my illustrious compatriots and dear friends—now, alas, no more—that beautiful colourist Camille Lemonnier and that superb poet Emile Verhaeren.

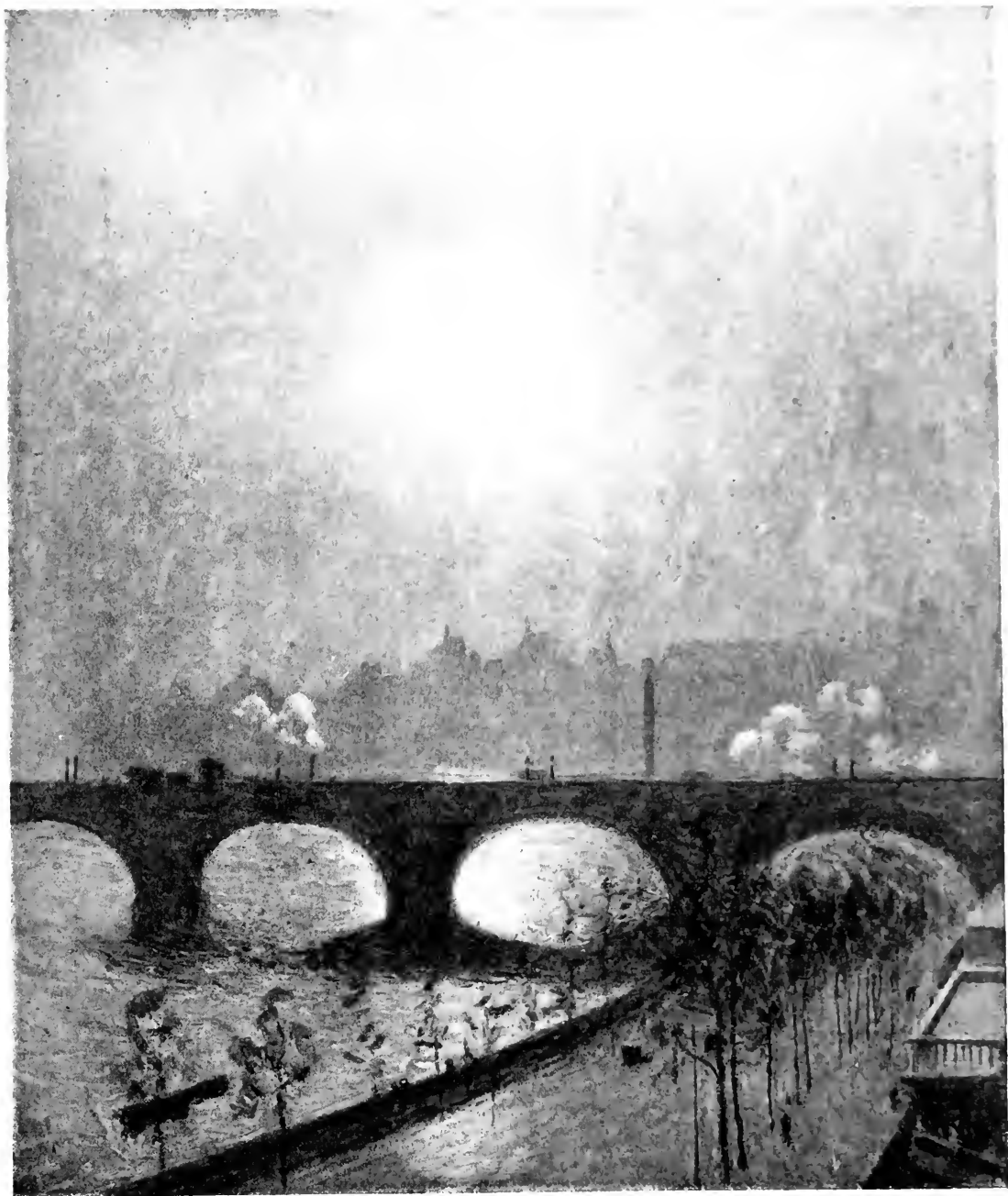
The day is fresh and clear, it is the herald of spring, summer skies will follow with their big fleecy or golden clouds sailing like massive ships through the air. What immense brilliance this sparkling midday sun sheds on the river, in which steamers and barges are swallowed up in a golden mist! A soft wind comes and sweeps away the haze; the light is joyous and springlike, bringing gladness to the heart of man and warmth to the bosom of the earth. The opposite shore, with its towers and monu-

ments, is steeped in an atmosphere of seductive and delicious restfulness; everything seems to foreshadow a time of future happiness, when the present terrific cataclysm having come to an end, the world once more will be living in peace.

The rays of the sun plunge into the river, and far away to the south of this glorious highway my thoughts go out to that cherished land, my country—Belgium—ruined, oppressed, and martyred. My eyes become dimmed . . . ; but I hear the chant of approaching Victory, heralding a speedy return to the sunlit banks of the beautiful Lys and to my well-beloved Flanders.

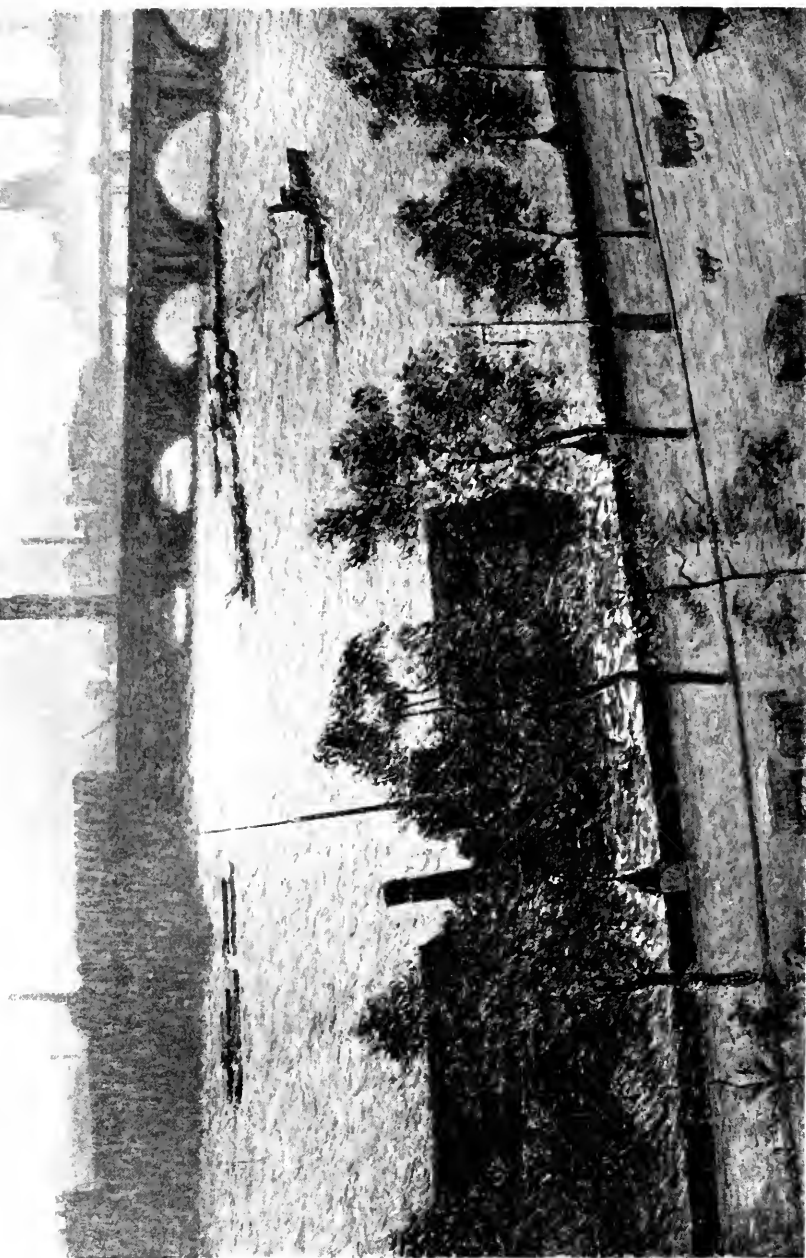


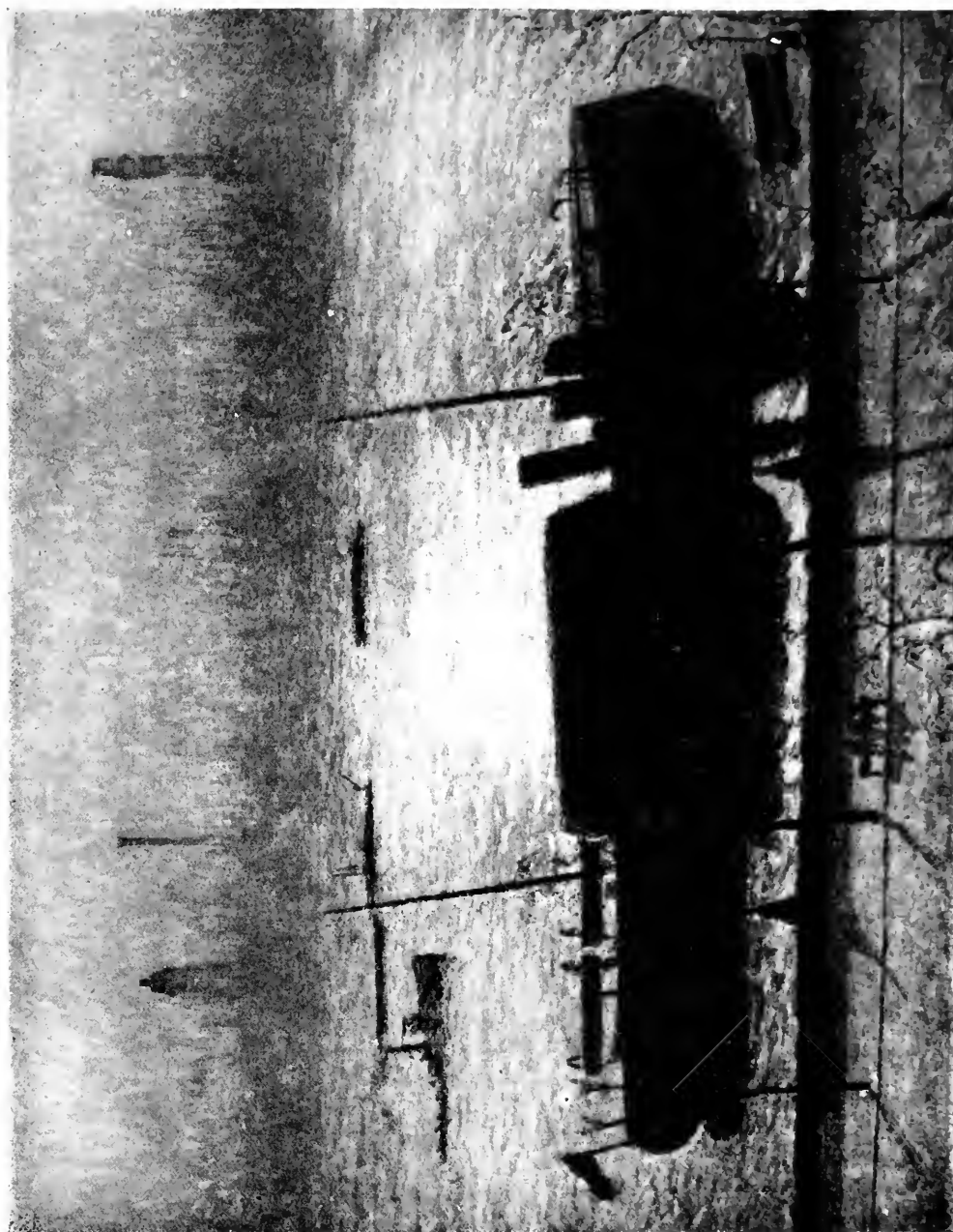
"A MORNING IN MAY." BY EMILE CLAUS



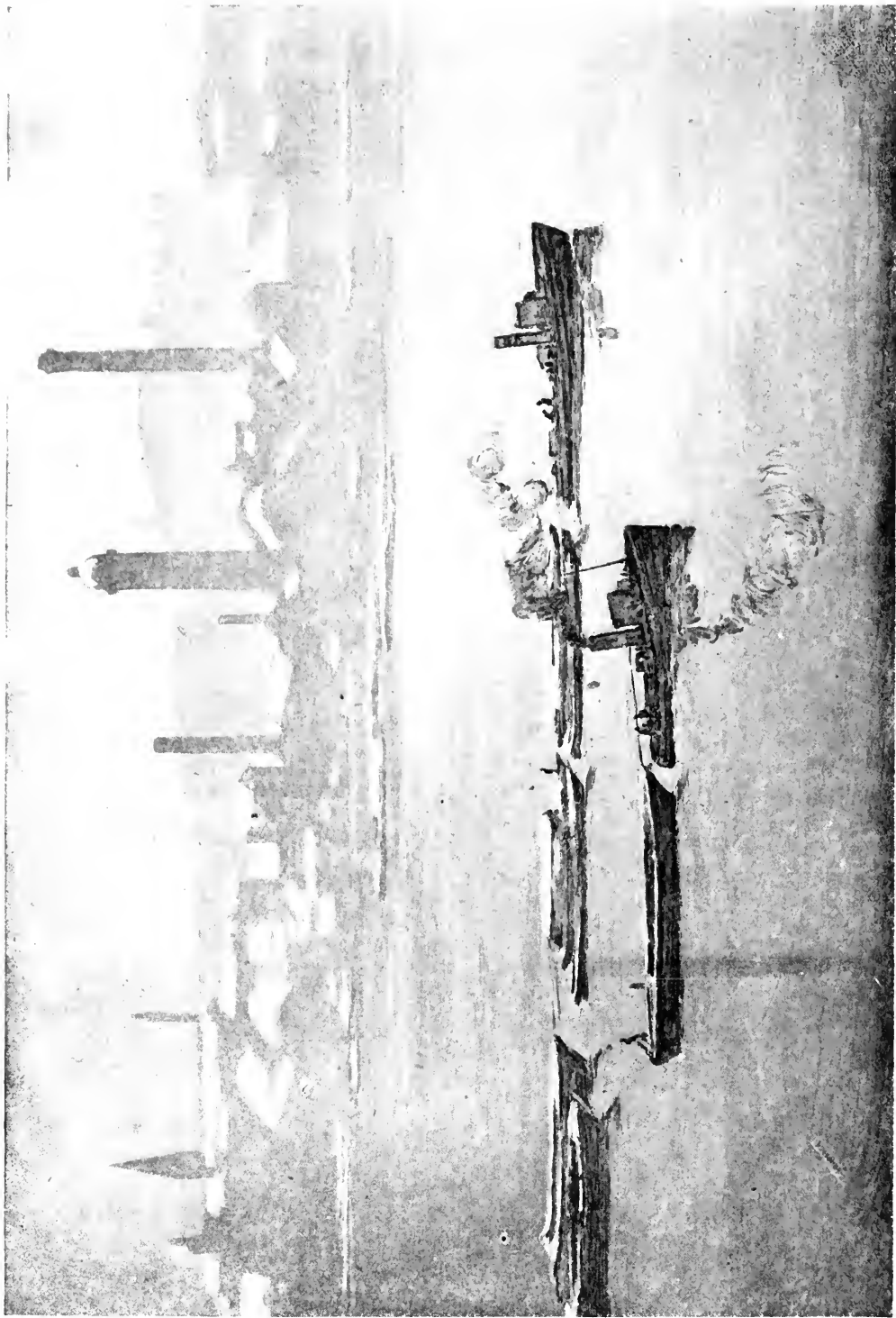
"SUNSET." BY EMILE CLAUS

"NOVEMBER." BY EMILE CLAUD

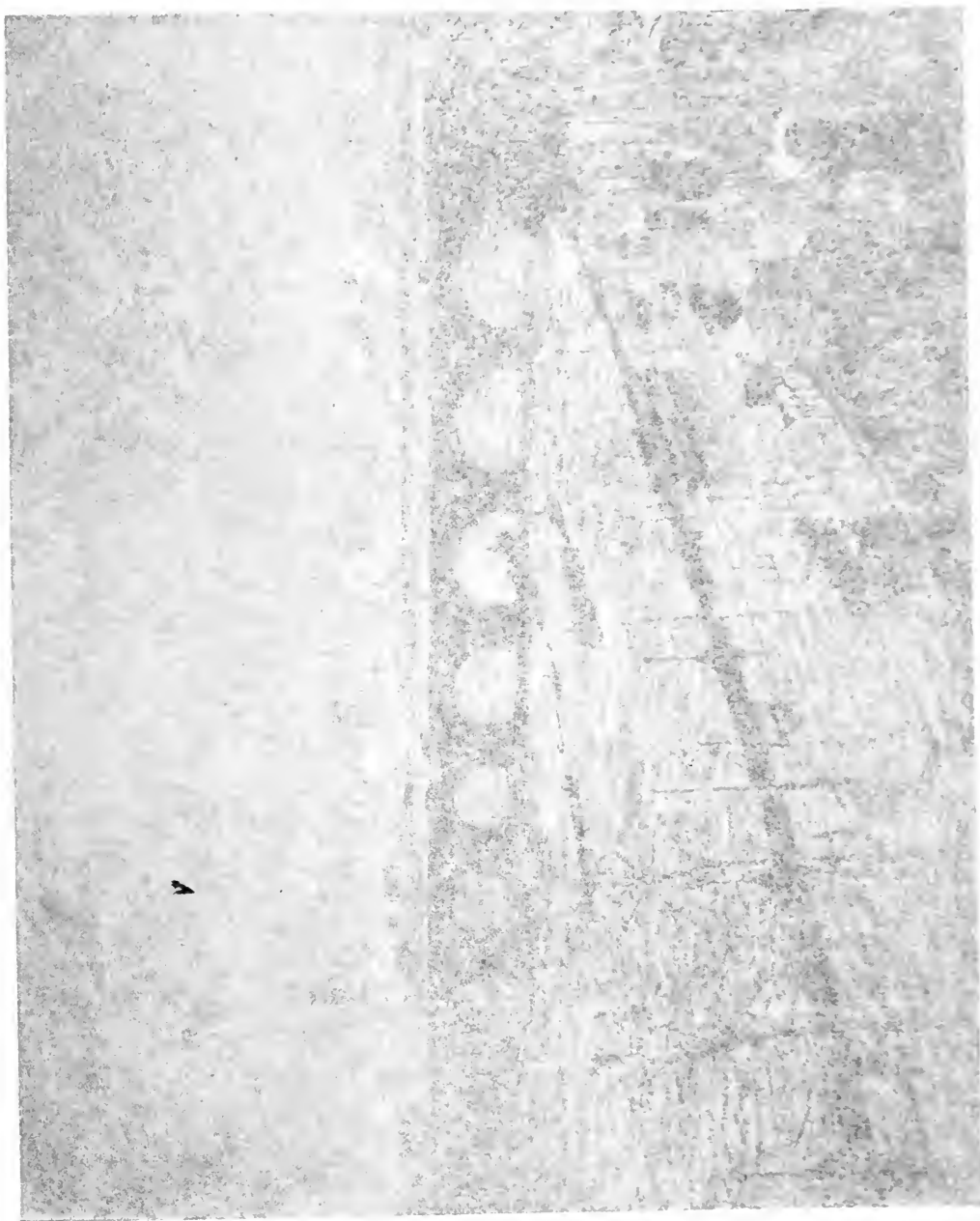


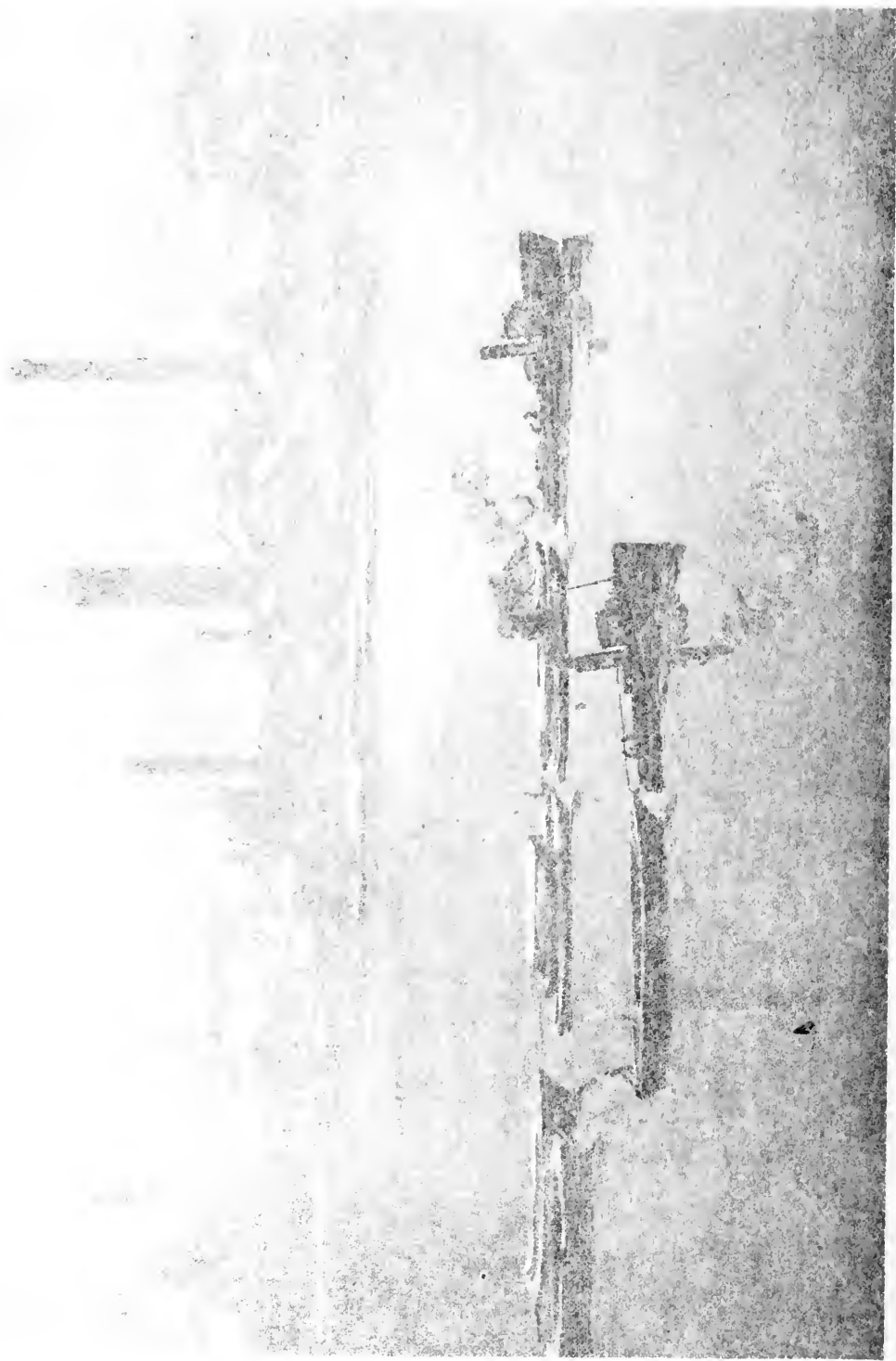


"THE TRAINING SHIP" BY EMILE CLAUDE

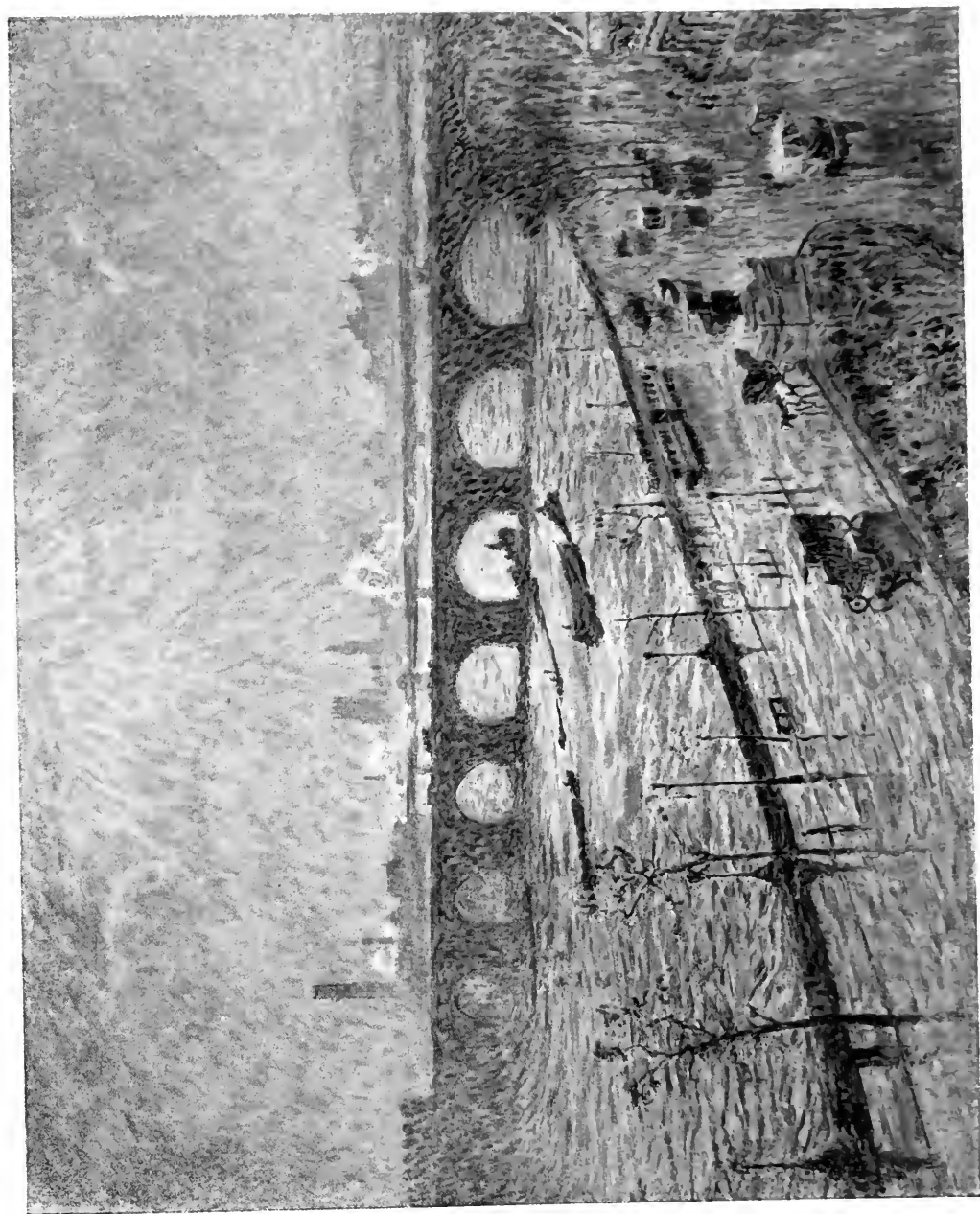


"SNOW ON THE ROOFS." BY EMILE CLAUSS





"SNOW ON THE ROOFS." BY EMILE CLAUDE



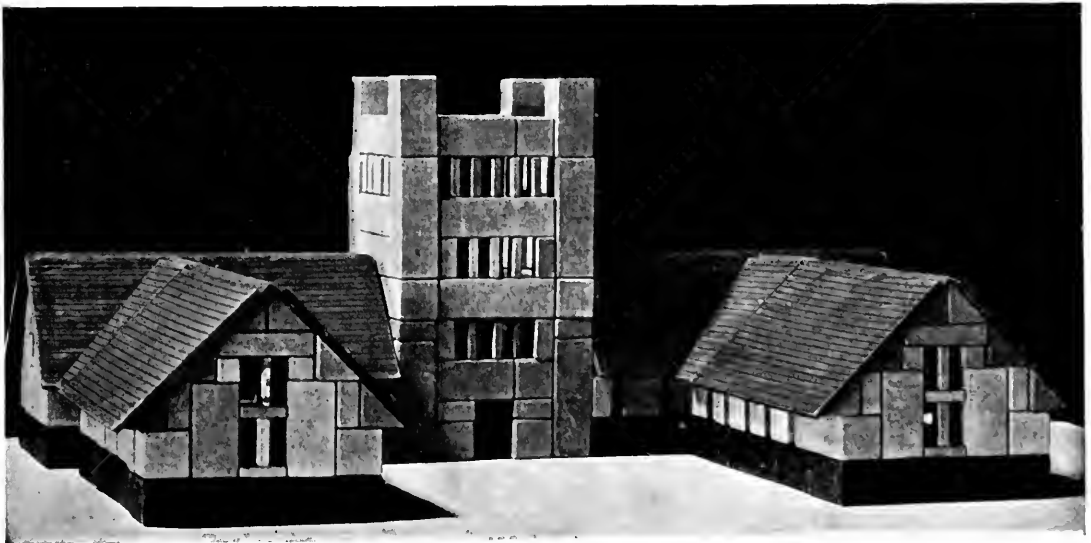
STUDIO TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The third British Industries Fair organized by the Board of Trade was like that of last year held at South Kensington, but whereas on that occasion the whole of the Fair was located in the Victoria and Albert Museum, this time the numerous stalls for toys and games were accommodated at the Imperial Institute, the arrangement being decidedly advantageous. So far as the display as a whole is concerned, though it appears to have been a success from a commercial point of view, there is little to record in the direction of an improvement in the artistic quality of the goods shown, and such exhibits as those of Mr. Reginald Hallward looked rather out of place in the midst of "trade" productions of a more or less commonplace character.

From a purely industrial point of view the most significant feature of the Fair of 1917 was undoubtedly the section of toys. When the first Fair was held at the Agricultural Hall, a few months after the outbreak of war, it was hardly possible to speak of a toy industry in this country, but in the meantime the manufacture of children's playthings has undergone a remarkable development, and the number of workers engaged in producing them now runs

into tens of thousands probably. In Liverpool alone over three thousand are occupied in what promises to be a highly important addition to the industries of the city. On the whole the exhibits in this section showed a noticeable improvement in qualities of inventiveness and finish, and in most cases they compared very favourably with the toys imported from Central Europe before the war. In one department certainly a great advance on the German product has to be noted. We refer to the little model buildings exhibited at Stand B 30 by Lott's Brick Co., Ltd., of Watford. The originator of these models is the well-known architect, Mr. Arnold Mitchell, who in his spare moments has worked out a considerable variety of designs capable of being constructed of small "bricks" of artificial stone, the designs including, besides models of the kind we illustrate, various types of domestic architecture—among them the four-gabled house for which Mr. Mitchell was awarded a prize in a competition organized by the "Daily Mail." There can be no question that these toy model buildings, which are in all cases accompanied by plans, are vastly more interesting and instructive than the boxes of bricks which used to be sold in the toy shops, for the only buildings which could be made from these were mostly constructions of an unintelligible character. The success which has attended the manufacture of Mr. Arnold Mitchell's models is



ONE OF A SERIES OF TOY MODELS BUILT OF STONE BRICKS FROM DESIGNS BY ARNOLD MITCHELL
MADE BY LOTT'S BRICK COMPANY, LTD., WATFORD

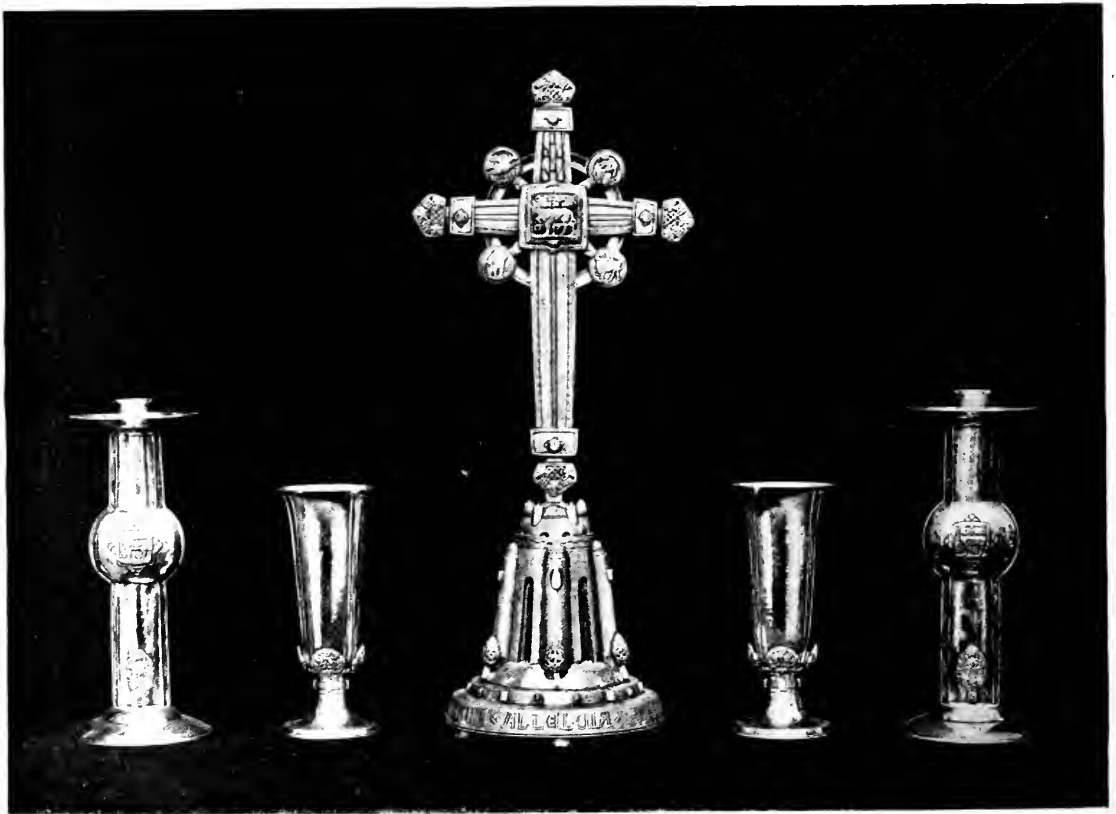
gratifying evidence of the value of artistic co-operation in industrial enterprises.

Our illustrations this month also include a Communion service in silver executed for the cathedral in Nagpur, India, by the Artificers' Guild, and a brilliant example of painting by Mr. P. A. de László, in whose portrait of *J. P. Morgan, Esq.*, our readers see a characteristic likeness of a generous friend of art and a whole-hearted supporter of the cause which our nation is fighting for.

The restricted space which the abnormal circumstances of the times compel us to be content with permits only a brief reference to the various exhibitions held in London this season. Neither at the Royal Society of British Artists nor at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours have any great surprises awaited the visitor to the spring exhibitions of these bodies. The former body, it is true, have been favoured this year with a contribution from their presi-

dent, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, whose large picture, *A Venetian Palace*, though not one of his best in point of colour, possesses those qualities of breadth and energy which are instinctive with him; but with this exception and a few others the display as a whole must be described as quite "ordinary," though smaller and certainly better arranged than usual. And much the same must be said of the collection of water-colours at the Royal Institute, where amidst abundant evidences of sound technical manipulation there is little sign of any deviation from ideals to which this society tenaciously adheres.

At the French Gallery in Pall Mall a fine collection, representing some of the best phases of modern British, French, Dutch, and Belgian art, has been brought together in aid of the French Red Cross Hospital. At the Leicester Galleries the memory of that remarkable French artist Henri Joseph Harpignies has been honoured by a well-chosen collection of his works in oil, water-colour, and charcoal, including a few



CROSS, CANDLESTICKS, AND CHALICES FOR NAGPUR CATHEDRAL, INDIA. DESIGNED BY EDWARD SPENCER (UPPER PART OF CROSS BY J. H. M. BONNER) AND EXECUTED BY C. MOXEY AND F. JOBE (ARTIFICERS' GUILD)



PORTRAIT OF J. P. MORGAN, ESQ.
BY PHILIP A. DE LÁSZLÓ, M.V.O.

examples executed during the last ten years of his long and fruitful life, and the display was of particular interest as revealing his genius as a painter in water-colours, as well as his remarkable facility in using charcoal, while the canvases left the impression that the oily pigment was never quite a congenial medium with him. Concurrently with this exhibition the same galleries presented a display of sculpture by Mr. Jacob Epstein, consisting chiefly of portrait busts and heads in bronze or plaster, but including also a marble figure labelled *Venus*, which, from the attention paid to it in the Press, attracted a big crowd of people to Messrs. Brown and Phillips's galleries, and evoked many speculations as to the artist's intentions. We prefer not to indulge in the game of speculation, and are content to restrict our admiration to the busts and heads, which certainly reveal the artist as a sculptor gifted with an uncommon power of characterization.

SHEFFIELD. — To the casual traveler passing by train on his way North, Sheffield is a nightmare of tall chimneys, belching forth smoke and flame under a gloomy pall of cloud and fog, but the nature-lover who has been resident there has quite a different impression on his mind. To him, the word Sheffield brings up visions of wide moorlands, hills and dales and rippling brooks, and all the delights of a lovely countryside, and he is well aware of the fact that there is no large manufacturing town in the British Isles that can compare with Sheffield for the natural beauties by which it is surrounded. Such being the case it is no wonder that the great majority of Sheffield artists turn their attention to landscape painting, and

prominent among the younger men is Mr. Stanley Royle, who recently held an exhibition of oil paintings at the Independent Gallery. He has been rejected as medically unfit by the Army, and has also been compelled to withdraw from work on munitions for the same reason. Still on the sunny side of thirty, Mr. Royle has been seen to advantage on the walls of the Royal Academy, Royal Institute, and elsewhere for some half-dozen years, and he is fast gaining much more than a merely local reputation. The exhibition now under notice included several of his Academy pictures. We illustrate *The Edge of the Wood*, a finely designed landscape full of sunlight and glowing with colour.

W. E.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—In continuation of the record of works by deceased local artists, a special loan exhibition of paintings in oil and



"THE EDGE OF THE WOOD"

BY STANLEY ROYLE



"CORFE CASTLE"

(By permission of Mrs. Lund)

BY NIELS M. LUND, R.O.I.

water-colours by Joseph Crawhall and Niels M. Lund was brought together at the Laing (Municipal) Art Gallery recently. No previous collection so fully illustrated the work of Joseph Crawhall and the extensive range of his art, clearly showing his profound knowledge, his keen sense of colour and form, and his independence of outlook and method. All the pictures were of the greatest interest, even the slightest sketch containing distinct promise of the brilliant work he afterwards achieved.

Niels M. Lund received his early training at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He made such rapid progress that his father decided to send him to London to pursue his art career. He studied at the Royal Academy School, and afterwards in Paris. He had a gift for the portrayal of rushing water, and painted many notable pictures at Killin, in Perthshire, where he found abundant scope for the development of

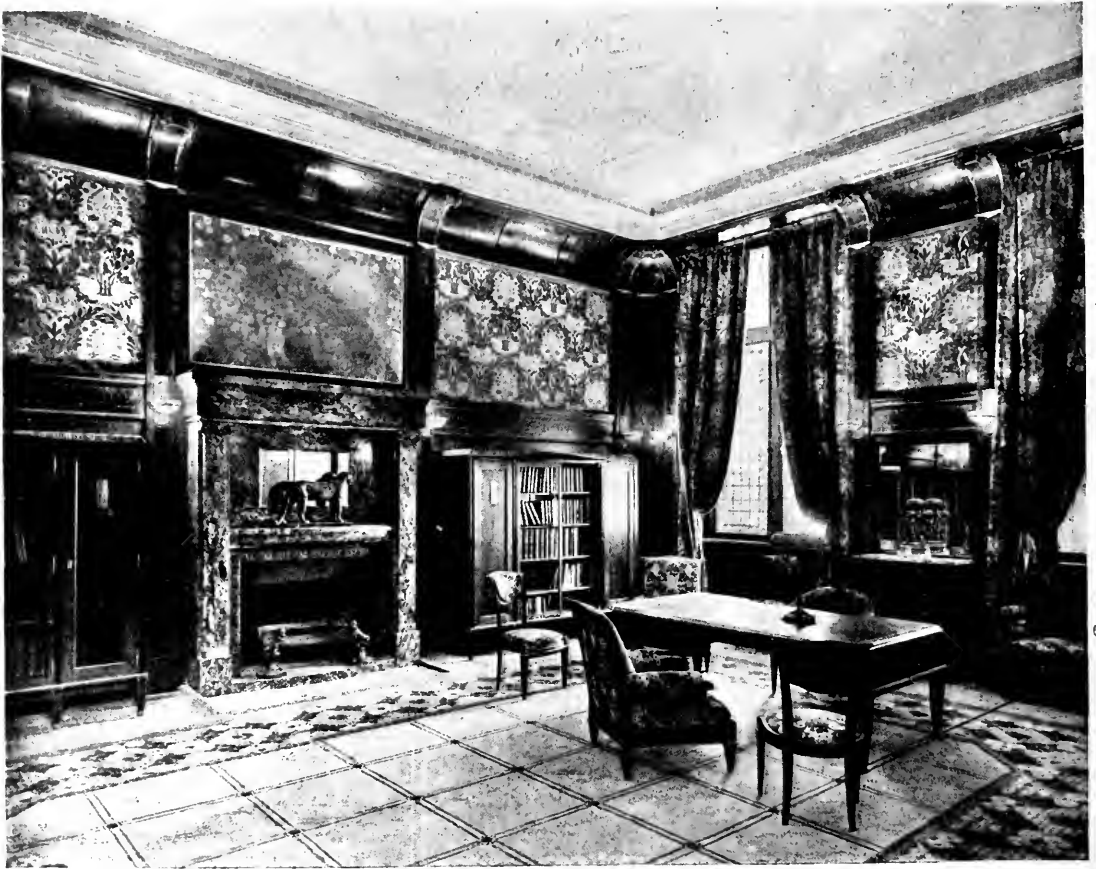
this particular talent. In 1887 Mr. Lund made his first appearance on the walls of the Royal Academy, and four years later his reputation was greatly enhanced by his large picture, *A Winter's Night*, which in 1895 was awarded a gold medal at the Paris Salon, and in 1905 was presented to the Permanent Collections of the Laing Art Gallery by the late Sir John D. Milburn. In all he contributed forty-two pictures to the Royal Academy. *The Land of the Leal*, exhibited at the Salon, Paris, under the title of *Paysage Ecossais*, was purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg Galleries. In 1912 Mr. Lund joined Sir Frank Short's etching class, and became an Associate of the Royal Painter-Etchers in 1915. For the exhibition under notice Mr. C. Bernard Stevenson, the curator, collected over two hundred examples of Mr. Lund's work, including a large decorative subject-picture, *The Bath of Diana*, and several portraits. A series of his

etchings and engravings was arranged on a screen. It was the first time Mr. Lund's work had been brought together as a "one-man" show, and it clearly proved him to have been an artist of uncommon power and versatility.

PARIS.—When towards the close of October 1915 the equipment of the room of the President of the Municipal Council at the Hôtel de Ville was completed, the occasion called forth many criticisms and reproaches. How could the Government permit such absurd extravagance in war-time when money was so precious? There was a great deal of talk of this kind, and many unpleasant remarks were uttered about the business. But as a matter of fact, this presidential *salle* was the outcome of a competition instituted by the Paris Municipality in connexion with the Lyons exhibition. The furniture having been made before the war, it was

not necessary to defer its installation till the termination of hostilities. Such was the opinion of the authorities.

The room assigned to the chief representative of Paris symbolizes admirably the richness and vitality of La Ville Lumière, and it has been furnished with excellent taste. It is at once a *cabinet de travail* and a *petit salon* in which the President receives official personages. Tony Selmersheim set himself to accomplish this double purpose, and his achievement has earned the success it merited in being awarded first place on the occasion of the competition. Luxurious simplicity is its keynote; the gilt ornamentation and dazzling *miroiteries* which one finds in certain Ministerial *salons* is not to be met with here. The well-thought-out decoration of the room is indeed a triumph for the modern school; it is an attestation of good French taste. Entirely free from exag-



ROOM OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONSEIL MUNICIPAL AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS, WITH DECORATIONS AND FURNITURE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY TONY SELMERSHEIM



ROOM OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONSEIL MUNICIPAL. HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS, WITH DECORATIONS AND FURNITURE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY TONY SELMERSHEIM

geration and without a discordant note, the entire equipment is characterized by a remarkable elegance: a truly national harmony is observable in the smallest details.

Our modern school of decorative artists has hitherto come in for a good deal of hostile criticism because too many of its adherents have looked to Germany for inspiration and have imported from beyond the Rhine notions which clashed violently with our artistic ideals. Others in seeking to introduce innovations have lapsed into excesses and extravagances, but it must not be forgotten that it is always more difficult to create than to copy. France, an origination nation *par excellence*, is strangely conventional in matters of art. Certainly our forerunners have bequeathed to us a host of remarkable works which call for admiration, but is that a reason why we should look askance at modern productions? Modern art rightly

understood partakes of the character of our age, in which practicality is studied equally with elegance and comfort, whereas luxury as understood by the ancients was often associated with inconvenience.

Tony Selmersheim has proved that modern art is capable of creating an ensemble at once sumptuous and serviceable. Especially felicitous is the effect he has obtained with wax-polished mahogany, which he has employed for panels, wainscoting, overmantel, chairs, and sofas. The lines of the furniture are neat and comely; their harmony is not disturbed by any complicated ornamentation, but some beautiful marbles and bronzes form a striking relief to the rich woodwork. The fireplace, which is of marble, with the capitals and bases of the columns in bronze, is flanked by two bookcases, and between the doors there is another large piece of cabinet work of the



"PREPARING A NET" OIL PAINTING BY ISHII-HAKUTEI

same character. The table is of very imposing appearance; the fauteuils are comfortable, and the chairs have an air of welcome. An awkwardly placed door has been concealed by a cleverly contrived niche. On the walls fine hangings take the place of wood at intervals, and the floor coverings of a neutral tone give relief to the furniture placed thereon. Other interesting features of the room are the electric light fittings in the shape of marble-like basins supported by arms at the height of the frieze; the windows with stained glass by Socard; and a clock by the sculptor A. Marque, flanked by two vases by Metthey. H. L.

TOKYO.—In order to be faithful to their artistic ideals, and for the purpose of encouraging originality and freedom of expression in art, a number of progressive artists who practise the European style of painting resolved not to show their work at the annual Mombusho Art Exhibition (organized by the Department of Education), and formed some time ago a society named Nika-kai, which recently held its third annual exhibition of paintings in Tokyo. The society is composed of artists most of whom have studied art in Europe at one time or another. The exhibition contained some ex-

cellent examples of their work, as well as that of outsiders, in oil and water-colour.

Ishii-Hakutei, who is recognized as the leader of this society, was a prominent exhibitor. We reproduce here two of his paintings—*Under the Pine-Tree* and *Preparing a Net*. The former, in its general feeling, in the simplicity of treatment, shows an approximation to the Japanese style of painting, which, strange to say, is a quality very seldom seen in the works of our oil painters. In the latter painting, Hakutei is in his usual self, still revealing his special talent in the treatment of nature.

HARADA-JIRO.



"UNDER THE PINE-TREE" BY ISHII-HAKUTEI

REVIEWS

Bench Ends in English Churches. By J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A. (Oxford University Press.) 7s. 6d. net.—This amply illustrated volume, the latest of numerous important contributions to ecclesiastical archaeology and art for which we are indebted to Dr. Cox, represents the realization of a wish he has long cherished—to draw attention to the skilled carpentry of the mediæval period extant in English churches all over the land and bearing an essentially English character. To achieve this purpose he has personally visited a vast number of churches, and the result is a treatise which we are sure will be warmly appreciated by antiquarians and students. In four introductory chapters the author discusses the various kinds of church seating, the history of pews, and especially of those special varieties with which most of us are familiar, and the erection of galleries, but the bulk of the book takes the form of a survey based on a topographical plan, the shires being dealt with in alphabetical order—an arrangement which will be found very convenient for those who desire to visit the churches referred to and inspect the examples cited. There is much interesting lore associated with the subject, and among other things it is curious to read in these days that in olden times it was held to be "highly indecent" for a man and his wife to sit together in the same pew.

The Cleveland Museum of Art: Catalogue of the Memorial Exhibition, 1916. Not an ordinary catalogue this, but a really sumptuous volume which will be treasured in years to come as commemorating an important event in the history of the City of Cleveland, Ohio. The Museum of Art inaugurated last summer owes its existence to three citizens who independently of each other bequeathed funds for the establishment of such an institution, and the successful realization of the project was made possible by the willingness of the respective trustees to join forces and so to permit the erection of a substantial building capable of accommodating a considerable permanent collection as well loan collections. The inaugural exhibition, of which this fine volume is a record, was remarkably diverse in its character, the arts of antiquity, of the Middle Ages, and of modern times, as well as Oriental art, being represented—features of special interest being a collection of

works by American artists, living and deceased, a series of Italian tapestries representing the story of Dido and Æneas which Mrs. Dudley Allen presented to the museum, and a collection of Old Masters presented by Mrs. Liberty Holden. Besides views of the Museum, the illustrations comprise over a hundred excellent reproductions of the principal objects exhibited.

The National Stud: A Gift to the State. A memorial of it compiled, edited, and decorated by GEORGE A. FOTHERGILL. With portraits of Lynwood Palmer and the Editor. (Printed by T. and A. Constable for private circulation.)—Two years ago Colonel Hall-Walker, M.P., a patron alike of Art and Sport—his name is indissolubly associated with the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, of which he is Deputy Chairman—presented to the State his valuable stud of thoroughbred sires, brood mares, yearlings, foals, and horses in training, computed to be worth close on a hundred thousand pounds, as well as cattle to the number of over three hundred head; and of this magnificent gift the present volume forms a worthy memorial. The entire preparation and arrangement of the volume was entrusted by the donor to Dr. Fothergill, a remarkably versatile Scotsman who, besides his medical qualification, has a considerable reputation as a poet and artist. To his accomplishments in the latter capacity this memorial bears ample witness; in addition to reproductions of several water-colour drawings of race-horses he has contributed all the decorative embellishment of the volume in the shape of borders to the numerous pedigrees, headings, and so forth, executed in line and embodying motives *en rapport* with the subject. Most of the strictly pictorial matter is, however, the work of Mr. Lynwood Palmer, whose paintings of many of the fine horses owned by Colonel Hall-Walker are reproduced in colour. Both in these and in Dr. Fothergill's drawings there is evidence of a knowledge of equine form which could only have been acquired by close and sympathetic observation, and it is this knowledge which, besides contributing to the attractiveness of the memorial, gives it unquestionable value as a documentary record.

In our last issue a print by Miss Ada L. Collier reproduced in colours was through inadvertence described as a lithograph instead of as a wood print.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON SOME
MATTERS OF NATIONAL IM-
PORTANCE.

"I WANT to make a protest," said the Art Critic, "against the inartistic spirit of our Government officials. I have, I consider, a just cause of complaint against people in high places; and I would like to know how the matter strikes you."

"Go ahead," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "I always enjoy an attack on men in authority. It is a mistake to let them think they are infallible."

"Well, has it not occurred to you that the Treasury notes, which we have had to carry about since the war started, are from the artistic point of view a disgrace to the country which has produced them?" asked the Critic. "Did you ever see anything more commonplace or more hopelessly wanting in any idea of design?"

"I regret to say that I have seen so few of them lately that they have not offended me as much as I should like," sighed the Man with the Red Tie. "But I entirely agree with you that, apart from their money value, they have no claims whatever to consideration. Artistically they are about as bad as they could be."

"What does that matter?" broke in the Business Man. "Who wants a bank-note to be a work of art? So long as things of that sort are practical and convenient who cares what they look like?"

"I do, for one," returned the Critic. "Things of that sort, as you put it, enter intimately into the lives of us all and do something to mark the standard of taste in the country which produces and uses them. If a nation tolerates a currency, whether in paper or metal, which is ugly and ill-designed it stamps itself as devoid of taste."

"Yes, and as the currency of a nation is not entirely for home consumption the want of taste of the people concerned is advertised all over the world," supplemented the Man with the Red Tie.

"Certainly! We cannot hide our shame," agreed the Critic. "We are convicted of indifference to our artistic obligations by one of our chief articles of export. If our money is so bad our customers abroad are justified in believing that all our art is false currency."

"No, that is nonsense," cried the Business Man. "Our artistic products stand or fall in the markets of the world by their own merit.

If they meet the public demand they are saleable, if they do not they are left on our hands. That is a very simple business position."

"So it may be," said the Critic. "But you do not quite see the point of my argument. The public demand in commerce is very much affected by prejudice, and if you create a prejudice by failure in one direction you will find that it operates harmfully in others. If you prove that you are indifferent to artistic considerations in your domestic affairs you will not find it easy to convince other people that the art you offer them is either sound or sincere."

"Do you look upon the currency of a country as a sort of advertising medium?" inquired the Business Man.

"Most decidedly I do," replied the Critic; "and I regard attention to artistic details in such matters as a real factor in commercial success. What view will other nations take of us if they think that we are satisfied with the things which our Treasury officials have lately imposed upon us?"

"But are any other nations more particular on this point than we are?" asked the Business Man.

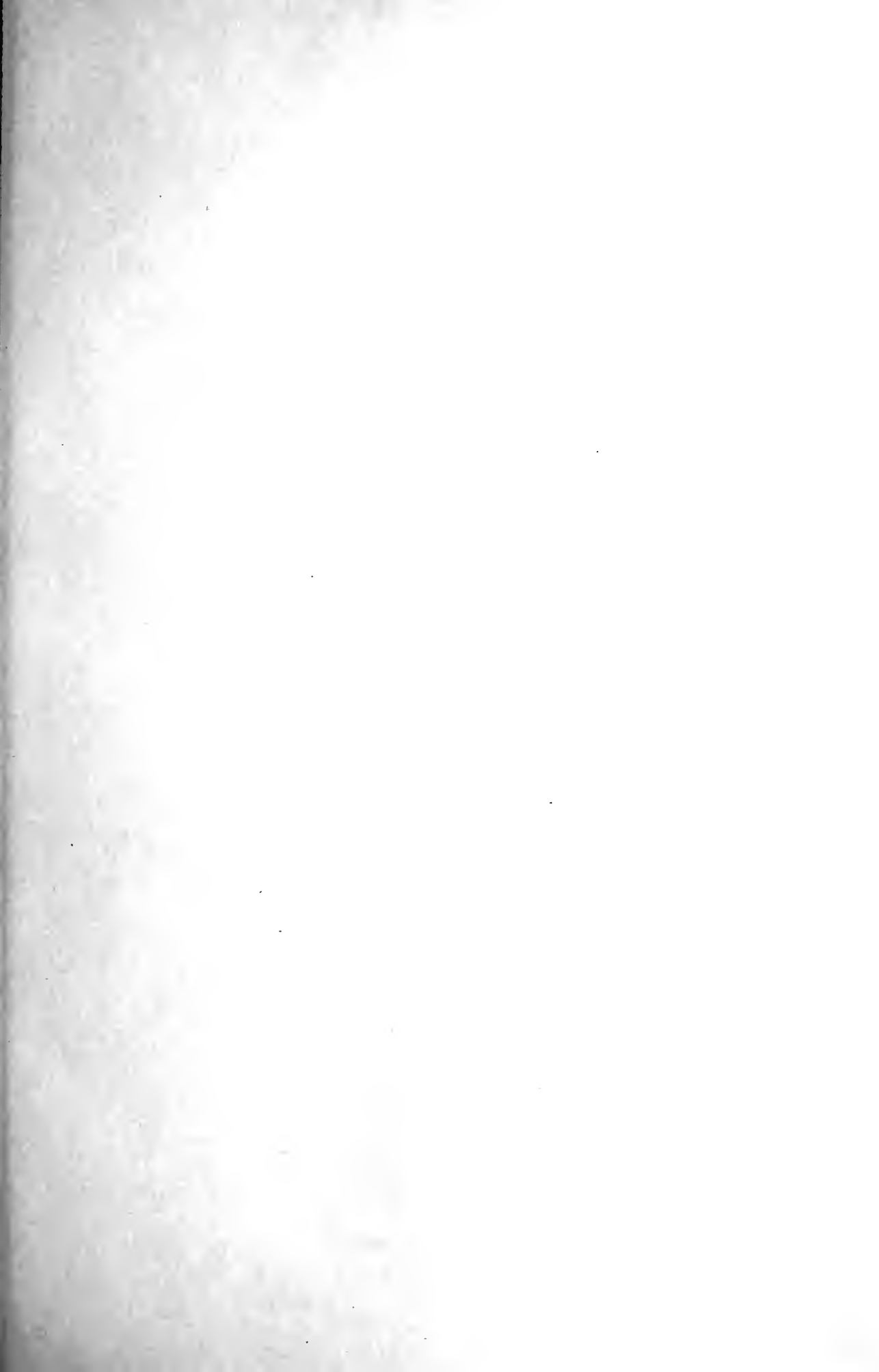
"Good Heavens! Yes!" exclaimed the Man with the Red Tie. "I should say that there is hardly any other country in the world where the things we are talking about would be tolerated."

"Without going quite as far as that I can assure you that we do not compare at all well with most of the other nations. In America, for instance, the note-engravings—and the postage-stamps too, by the way—are admirable examples of well-considered production. In Japan the Government bonds are delightful things, as attractive in design as they are excellent in printing; and I could quote other examples of thought and taste bestowed upon such official documents. My point is that if other countries take pains to secure artistic collaboration in things of this sort we cannot afford to be so lax and careless. We must show that we are not behind the rest of the world."

"I will take your word for it," scoffed the Business Man; "but it seems to me that you are making a great fuss about nothing."

"That is apparently the view taken by the Treasury officials," commented the Man with the Red Tie; "and that is the view we want to alter."

THE LAY FIGURE.





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